

25 Cents. Vol. 1, No. 1, March 1922

# The AMERICAN LEGION

*Monthly*



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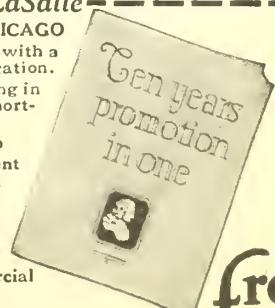
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## THE STARS IN THE FLAG

**S**OUTH CAROLINA: One of the original thirteen colonies. Explorers from Spain, France and England early sailed along the coast. The French settled at Port Royal in 1562 but the colony failed. In 1663 Charles II of England granted eight noblemen the territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific lying between the 31st and 36th parallels. In 1669 John Locke, the philosopher, drafted for the colony his "Grand Model," a fundamental constitution with feudal features. It did not work in practice, was revised and finally abrogated in 1693, after which the colonists were governed by "instructions." In 1710 Carolina was divided for better administrative purposes into North and South Carolina. Charleston, founded by the English in 1680, welcomed large numbers of French Huguenot refugees. In 1729 North Carolina changed from a proprietary to a crown colony. Population, 1790, 240,073; 1920 (U. S. est.), 1,820,021. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 12.8; 1910, 14.8; 1920, 17.5. Area, 30,089 sq.

miles. Density of population (1925 est.), 57.4 per sq. mile. Rank among States, 26th in population, 30th in area, 16th in density. Capital, Columbia (1920 U. S. est.), 41,800. Three largest cities (1920 est.), Charleston, 74,100; Columbia, Greenville, 23,127. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$2,404,845,000. Principal sources of wealth (U. S. 1923): Finished cotton products, \$243,488,830; lumber products, \$29,256,670; natural products (1920), \$437,121,000, in cotton, corn, rice, peanuts, tobacco and sugar cane. South Carolina had 68,480 men in service during the World War. State motto: "Under God the people rule." Origin of name: Authorities say it received its name both from Charles IX of France, in whose reign Jean

Ribault in 1562 set out on an expedition of discovery, and from King Charles II of England, who granted a patent to the land under the name Carolina. Carolus is the latin word for Charles. Nickname: Palmetto State.



ROBERT F. SMITH, General Manager

JOHN T. WINTERICH, Editor

PHILIP VON BLON, Managing Editor

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# I Turned To Ice When I Tried To Talk

## - But Now I Can Sway An Audience of Thousands!

I HAD always been painfully bashful. When trying to carry on even the most commonplace conversation my voice would sound unnatural and my hands and knees would tremble. Often I would listen to an argument among a group and become so keenly interested that I would want to voice my own opinion—yet timidity would keep me silent. I never had the courage to stand up for what I knew to be my rights—I was always afraid of “what people will say,” of ridicule. Since my childhood I had had a secret desire to appear in public, to be active in politics—but my shyness was so great that I turned to ice when I tried to talk—in even the smallest gathering!

My inability to talk was also affecting my business success. I dreaded going in and asking for a raise—I was afraid of any situation that meant using my voice—having to express myself. I didn't know how to present the ideas which I was sure the firm could use. I was just a plodder, a truck horse, capable of doing a lot of heavy work but of no use where brilliant performance is required. Often I would see men who were not half so thorough nor so hard working as I, promoted to positions where they made a brilliant showing—not through hard work, but through their ability to talk cleverly and convincingly—to give the appearance of being efficient and skillful.

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# THE MESSAGE CENTER



CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND is a native Michigander, ex-newspaperman, one-time editor of *The American Boy*, member of the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers. On top of all that he is one of the country's best known story writers. In 1918 he was director of overseas publicity for the Y. M. C. A. We recall visiting him in line of duty at his Paris office on the Rue d'Aguesseau and listening to him use words that we never suspected had a place in a Y man's vocabulary. So when it came time to print "Why America?" in the Monthly we asked Mr. Kelland to give us a few words (the kind that can be printed) about his war record.

THESE are they: "I was the Y's director of publicity and had in my department such stolid and untemperamental souls as Maximilian Foster, Maude Radford Warren, Richard Henry Little, Walter Kellogg Towers, Eddie Batcheller, Jane Lee and an otherwise bunch of old newspaper men and women. Those folks did a darn good job of work in their own way, and we were all distinctly misunderstood and not loved nor revered by the Powers of 10 Rue d'Aguesseau. And I guess maybe we didn't altogether understand them. There was no time for give and take in 1918, nor to establish understandings. As I look back they were ill-equipped men doing a monstrous job a thousand times better than they knew how. They have been criticized. Honestly I believe they deserve only the highest praise. They were tack-hammers trying to do the job of hydraulic rams, and they came close to doing it. Which is a miracle. They were pitifully ignorant little men, but on the whole they contrived to do pretty well a job which would have frightened magnificently wise men of colossal size. Their successes were big, and their failures were petty. They erred in believing that a noontime prayer-meeting was the chief delight of God; but they were beautifully right in knowing that the desire to serve and sacrifice does a pretty good day's work. The executive heads of the Y in Paris were nincompoops who believed a business half as large as the Steel Trust could be operated efficiently by eloquently pious incantations; the rank and file of the subordinates were men who did a great deal better than their best and who deserve nothing but commendation and gratitude. And, while we are on the subject, let us remember the Y was the fall guy for the A. E. F., which passed the buck for a thousand blunders to an organization

which could not defend itself. The asses were not all at Y headquarters; quite a parcel of them gnawed oats at Chaumont."

THE suspicion surges up within us that Mr. Kelland's words will arouse some comment. If they do, we shall select the best letters, whatever they may have to say, and print them in one batch, ourselves to be sole judge of what we pick. And that, as we see it, will be about the last word on the Y "controversy" that this publication will ever publicate. Mr. Kelland's article further on also, will probably stir things up a bit. We wish to advise the stirred in advance, however, that the sentiments are Mr. Kelland's property, and that any parcel post offerings, be they bricks or Corona Coronas, be aimed at Mr. Kelland in care of us.

SYDNEY GUMPERTZ is not a showman by profession, but an attorney-at-law. Nine years of association with people who comprise every department of the entertainment business, however, have qualified him to enter any theater on Broadway by the stage door. It also has given him the background for his article, "The Play's the Thing." Therein Mr. Gumpertz records the place of his birth and a few other incidental personal details. He omitted, however, to mention that he was a sergeant in the Thirty-third Division, and that for capturing a machine-gun nest without any assistance except an automatic pistol he was awarded a Congressional Medal of Honor—the highest award for valor that America can bestow.

AS PREVIOUSLY reported, the Society of Legionnaires Who Have Read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" Entire closed 1927 with twenty-six names on the membership roster. It gives us pleasure to announce the enrolment of three more. One of these rates a special star after his name for being the Member Farthest From Home. Dr. G. W. Twomey, Past Commander of Edward Sigerfoos Post, Tientsin, China, reports: "I wonder how many of those who have read Gibbon realize that his work contains a fund of valuable information about China? I have a set of Gibbon that I have read, and those sections that relate to the migrations from Asia have been read several times. The set I own was printed in England in 1854 and was presented to me by a patient a few years ago." Percy D. Ames

of the United States Custom House at New Bedford, Massachusetts, writes: "Emerson said that there were not in the world at one time more than a dozen persons who had read and understood Plato, but I had no idea that Gibbon's immortal work was in the same class until I learned that only twenty-six Legionnaires had pleaded guilty to reading 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' through. I admit having waded through the entire work, or rather swam, because in some places it was quite over my head, but I had no idea I had accomplished anything out of the ordinary." Dr. C. J. Snitkay of Belle Plaine, Iowa, writes: "I want to enroll John Jennings Post of the Department of Iowa in the Hall of Immortals. We have a member—lowly, self-sacrificing, and quiet, but withal a deep student of world affairs. He is Charles E. Hughes, an attorney of our city. He informs me that he has read Gibbon not only once from cover to cover but has re-read many of its pages many, many times."

C. E. SCOGGINS was born in Mexico. His voting residence is Muncie, Indiana. Just now he is traveling with his family (wife and daughter) in Spain and vicinity. Mr. Scoggins's father was a Methodist minister who died when the son was six. Mrs. Scoggins and the three children came to Texas, and the children attended school at Ballinger, Henrietta, Denton (birthplace of Past National Commander Alvin Owsley) and Austin. Mr. Scoggins attended the engineering department of the University of Texas for two years and then went back to Mexico, working on railroads, bridges and dams. He has been writing since 1920, his two best known productions being "The Red Gods Call" and "The Proud Old Name."

L. R. GIGNILLIAT is superintendent of Culver Military Academy . . . Parkhurst Whitney was the first editor of The American Legion Weekly . . . Meredith Nicholson, William Slavens McNutt, and Arthur Van Vlissingen, Jr., are frequent contributors to the Monthly.

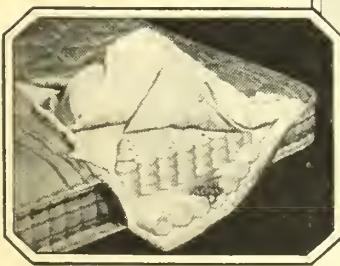
THE April number will contain stories by Karl W. Detzer and Samuel Scoville, Jr., and articles by Henry Sydnor Harrison, Marquis James and Gene Tunney.

*The Editor*

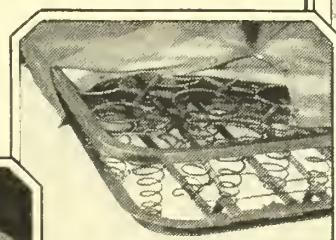
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He won the Distinguished Service Cross and Medal and is an officer of the Legion of Honor and Commander Couronne, Belgium.

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# ALL for ONE-ONE for ALL

*By Meredith Nicholson*  
*Decoration by Hanson Booth*

**A** FLAG flying from a school house somewhere in Iowa had inspired the talk in the smoking compartment. In the company was a Regular Army captain on his way to Washington, a prosperous-looking gentleman I had previously noted in his section studying business reports, a college professor on a lecturing tour and several unidentified citizens who smoked in glum silence and only occasionally roused themselves to affirm or dissent from what was being said.

"Our country, right or wrong," quoted the professor as the school house and the flag vanished. "Who's going to fight in future wars when men begin to think wars unnecessary?"

"Loyalty to that flag we just passed is your answer to that," tartly replied a man whose dexterity in placing his feet on a washbowl, from his position in the only chair in the room, had won my admiration. "No man's bigger than his government. You can read history and say that every war that was ever fought was unnecessary and could have been avoided. But that isn't the answer. No man with any red blood in him will turn his back on his flag."

"Politicians make wars," said a man we had already discovered to be a Wyoming ranchman. "But war occasionally is a good thing for any nation. It pep's up the people—warms their patriotism."

"Rot!" said a pipe-smoker in the corner of the divan. "I got a dose of gas over yonder and haven't got it all out of my system yet. I'd be glad to trade my lungs with some bird who stayed at home and did his fighting in a mahogany chair and rolled up a big wad of money out of our little scrap with the Kaiser."

"Industry," remarked (a little resentfully) the man who traveled with documents, "is as important in war as the man who fights."

"Then why should industry make money out of war? The boys in the trenches didn't!"

"Industry's entitled to its profits," was the rejoinder.

The man with his feet on the washbasin lighted a fresh cigarette.

"I got a pint of the Kaiser's shrapnel in my left leg. This one I bought in a store. That's why I have to keep 'er stretched out.

I'm not sore or anything but I'd like to know what price profit to me!"

"The satisfaction of a noble service, rendered in a splendid spirit of sacrifice," the professor put in, just a bit ironically.

"Everybody has got to help when it comes to war," said the business man of the documents. "I was past age when the war broke; but my son was liable for military duty. I was sorry but I had to keep him at home. He was a necessary member of my organization and the Government needed every ounce of man power I could muster in my factory."

"Hell, yes!" muttered the man who had been gassed.

"Let the Regulars do it," remarked the army officer and disappeared through the curtain.

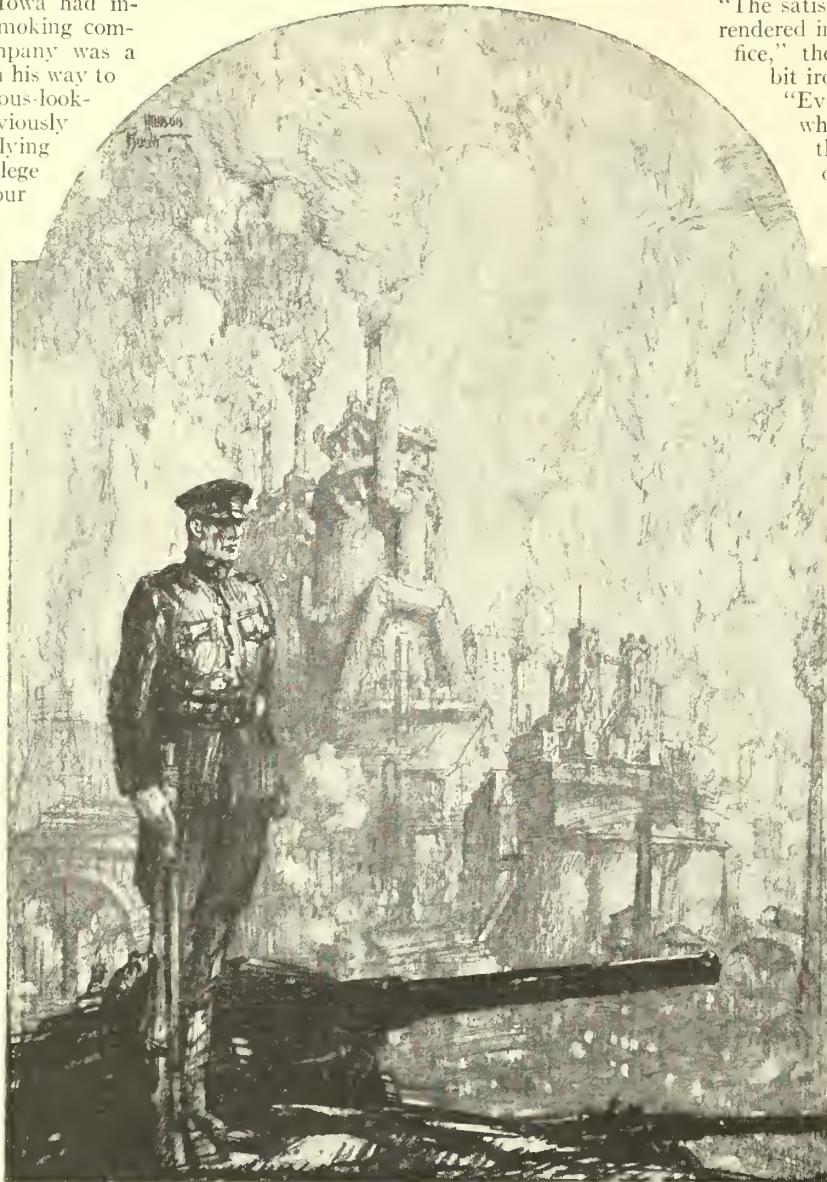
"I'm for a standing army that counts for something," said the documentary gentleman. "And the training camps are now an established institution—a splendid thing. I guess if anybody gets gay with Uncle Sam he'll find something unpleasant happening to him."

"In time, yes," remarked the veteran with the damaged leg. "It always takes time for Uncle Sam to get organized. We've trusted in good luck and three cheers for the flag."

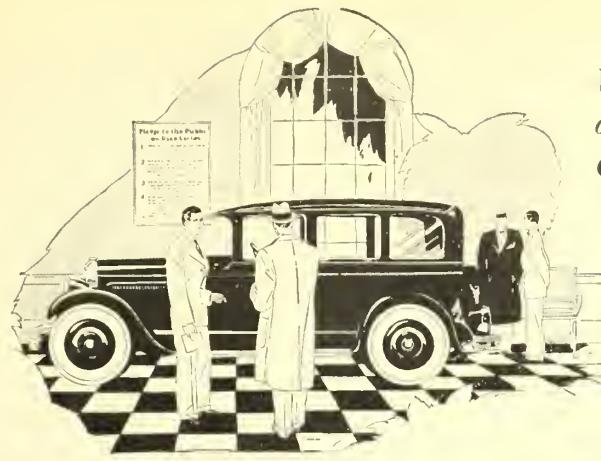
It struck me that there was a significance in the fact that men meeting in this

incidental way were thinking about the danger of war. Even the professor, who spoke bitterly of war as a relic of barbarism and strongly favored the League of Nations, received a respectful hearing, though his views were passed in silence save for a growl from someone that we must beware of entangling alliances.

I was all the next day on trains touching prosperous towns and cities; seeing often the flag fluttering on school houses and several times marking the site of army posts. Everywhere the flying landscape expressed contentment and prosperity. Happy America! But I kept thinking of the man with the artificial leg and the fine young fellow with the gassed lungs whose cough I had heard in the sleeper whenever the train stopped. No doubt he too was thinking a good deal about war! When will the world shake again under the thundering cannon? Here is a question that most of us like to avoid. But we (Continued on page 46)



*"The Legion's demand for a more equitable distribution of responsibilities and the elimination of financial profit in war is not to be waved aside as fantastic. It is deep-rooted in common justice"*



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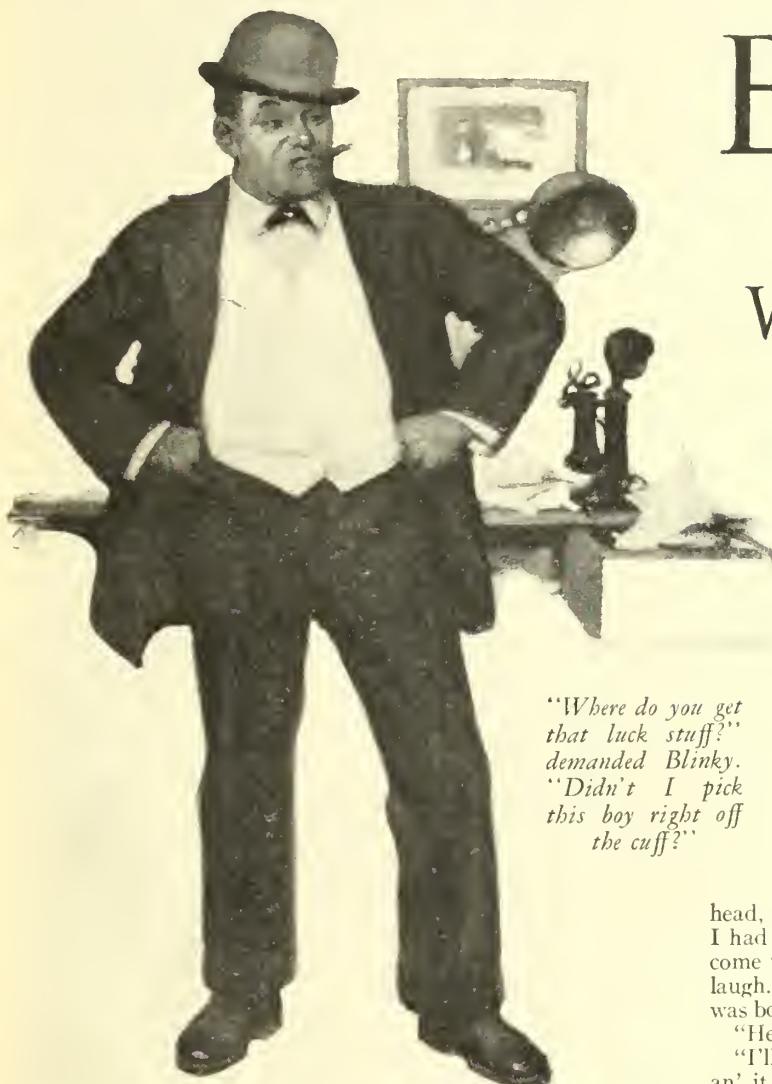
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# ADLER COLLEGIAN CLOTHES

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# BROAD-MINDED BLINKY



*By*  
William Slavens McNutt

*Illustrations by*  
Kenneth Camp

*"Where do you get  
that luck stuff?"  
demanded Blinky.  
"Didn't I pick  
this boy right off  
the cuff?"*

**B**LINKY GOGGIN was happy. He had money in his pocket, alcohol in his system, a cute little blonde flapper at his table and a high pride in his heart.

"I make 'em an' break 'em!" he boasted to the blonde. "This tramp come whinin' at my doorstep when he didn't have so much as the memory of a piece o' beef to keep his stomach from wrappin' itself around his backbone, an' what do I do for him? I bring him along an' get him dropped in for a semi-final at the Garden last night. We get two grand for the loser's end an' then, just 'cause he didn't do like I told him an' look out for this bird's left to the body, why this tramp o' mine gets three ribs knocked loose an' goes sour on me. Ain't that gratitude? Why, after the fight I take him up to the hospital in a taxicab an' get him a private room all to himself an' even then he ain't satisfied. Quits me. Quits the fightin' game. Throws it all up. Why? Simply 'cause he forgets to look out for this guy's left like I told him an' we get three ribs busted."

"It must hurt something terrible to have one's ribs broke like that," the blonde said sympathetically.

"A toothache's worse," Blinky assured her. "Why I had a little Polish welterweight once an' we got three ribs cracked in the first round, an' you know what we done? We went fourteen tough rounds after that an' copped the duke. Yeh! An' did we squawk? We did not! Why we never even so much as told the boxin' writers that we was hurt."

"He must have been a brave man," said the blonde.

"It wasn't that," Blinky insisted. "He was a guy who would listen to what I told him. That's all. When he come back to his corner after the first round he says to me, he says, 'Blinky, I think some o' my ribs is come loose.' I says to him, I says:

'Listen,' I says. 'You lemme do the thinkin', I says. 'You just leave all that heavy mental stuff to me an' wade into this bozo. Stay in close,' I says, 'an' keep plenty o' leather in the air all the time. He can't hurt us,' I says. Now this boy was my kind of a fighter. He's the kind I like. He listened to what I told him an' went right ahead an' won our battle. I'd o' made a champ out o' him only he had a weakness."

"Poor fella," said the blonde. "Did he drink?"

"Naw," said Blinky disgustedly. "Wisht that had been it. A good manager like me can cure a boy o' drinkin'. This boy was shy between the ears."

"Shy?" the blonde questioned.

"Sure," said Blinky. "Lame back o' the eyebrows. The squirrels got him. The doctors said it was account of his havin' been punched too much around the head, but that's just a lot o' icicle soup! Time an' again while I had him we used to get beat around the head an' when he'd come to our corner I'd ask him was it botherin' us an' he'd just laugh. Them punches in the head we took never hurt us. He was born goofy an' finally it broke out on him. That's all."

"He went crazy?" the blonde asked. "Oh! That was too bad."

"I'll say it was!" said Blinky. "I wasted a lot o' time on him an' it went for nothin' 'cause he came loose above the collar. That's the way. You take 'em an' make 'em an' then they break on you. Like this boy last night. Got him up to where I get two grand for us for one shot and he shoves his ribs into this guy's left an' quits me flat. Won't fight again. Sore at me, too. What do we care? We got fun, ain't we? I make 'em an' break 'em. A fighter's just a fighter, but a manager's somethin' else again. I'll get me another boy somewhere an' build him up. There's plenty around that'll get the dough if they're handled right. Let's dance this, huh?"

The blonde smiled and rose. Blinky took her in his arms and edged into the close packed, jiggling crowd on the tiny dance floor. Neither noticed that their waiter was watching them intently. He was a slim young fellow with dumb, hungry blue eyes, ash colored hair and a pale, lean, leathery face with a wide mouth and a thick thumb of a nose.

"Did ya hear what 'at guy said?" he whispered to a bus boy. "He's a fight manager."

"Date him," the bus boy urged. "Tell 'im about yourself. Ask him where's his office an' go see him. Go on."

"He'd get sore," the waiter said pessimistically. "Everybody gets sore if a waiter asks 'em anything but what do they want an' how do they like it. I wisht I could meet him outside an' talk to him."

"Maybe there'll be a fight while he's here an' you can show him your stuff," the bus boy said hopefully.

"I dunno," the waiter said doubtfully. "I ain't got much luck."

The waiter was Chris Hensen. He dealt dishes merely to keep busy in the intervals of peace in the Green Swan. His real job began when war broke out among the customers.

The Green Swan was a Greenwich Village cabaret the astute

proprietors of which diligently fostered the delusion that it was a tough dump. This reputation attracted uptown respectables looking for a thrill and drew visiting collegiates in search of action. Once in a while some gin-dazed patron obliged with a flying fist or a thrown bottle, whereupon Chris Hensen would gleefully lay aside his tray and go to work at his real trade.

He was the Green Swan bouncer and every employee in the place was willing to wager his little all that Chris could lick any man of his weight and time. They were one in urging him to take up a ring career, but none of them knew how to find the trail that led to the roped arena and the big gate money.

The bus boy spread the word that Blinky Goggins was a fight manager and by the time he returned to his table, damp of brow and dry of throat, all the waiters in the place were interested. Here perhaps was a chance for their boy Chris to get his start.

"You know, Miss Desmond, I took a shine to you right off," Blinky was saying as he seated the blonde after the dance. "I don't very often go cuckoo about a frill but I'll own up you could spin me dizzy an' make me like it."

"Now you're just being a flatterer, Mr. Goggins," the blonde teased.

"I ain't being no such thing!" Blinky insisted. "The way I am if I like a dame I spill it. Tell her right out. I don't stall around like some. I'm tellin' you now. I'm for you, see? Now let's go from that."

"You're awful kind, Mr. Goggins," the blonde murmured.

"Call me Blinky," Goggins urged. "All my friends do."

"All right, Blinky," the blonde said coyly.

"My!" said Blinky. "Don't that sound sweet?"

"You got to call me Estelle then if I call you Blinky," the girl bargained.

"Now we're friends," Blinky said warmly. "Estelle! That's a lovely name, ain't it? Now listen, honey, you had somethin' on your mind when we come down here; said you wanted to talk to me. What was it? Tell your daddy your troubles an' we'll see what we can do about 'em."

Estelle hesitated. "I—I think I made a kind of a mistake about you," she admitted. "When Mr. Nyson introduced us yesterday he said you was a manager and I thought you was a theatrical manager."

"You in show business?"

Estelle nodded. "Vaudeville," she explained.

"Workin' single?"

"Not yet," she admitted. "There's six of us. I'm kind of in the chorus. I ain't really just a chorus girl, you understand."

"Sure you ain't," said Blinky. "Anybody could see that just by lookin' at you. Anyhow, what if you are? I'm broad-minded."

"Oh, I got lines," Estelle assured him. "I would of had a solo only the wife of the fellow that owns the act is in it with him and after she heard me sing —"

"She got jealous," Blinky interrupted. "I know show business. Listen, what do you want? An act of your own?"

"That's it," Estelle said eagerly.

"Want to meet some theatrical managers?"

"I wish I could!"

"Why not? Leave it to me. I know 'em all. Forget it. I'll fix you up."

"That'd be swell!" Estelle said gratefully.

"Forget it!" Blinky urged. "Let's have another drink. Hey, waiter. Give us a little service here. Some more ginger ale."



*It was a fight with nothing barred and one against five,*

"Yes, sir!" Chris Hensen said it briskly. "Be right along, sir. Anything else, sir?"

"Naw," said Blinky, sourly. "I got a voice, ain't I? If I want anything else I'll ask for it."

"Yes, sir," Chris said meekly and went for the ginger ale, crestfallen.

"Just like I told you," he said to the bus boy. "I just only asked him did he want anything else an' he barked at me."

The bus boy surveyed the room thoughtfully and then whispered in the ear of a gray-haired, flatfooted old veteran of the napkin and plate. This old timer hearkened and smiled and nodded. A few minutes later he stopped and spoke to the noisy host of a well jingled party of eight directly across the floor from Blinky's table.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said softly, "but is that man annoying your party, sir?"

The host was a large man with a florid countenance.

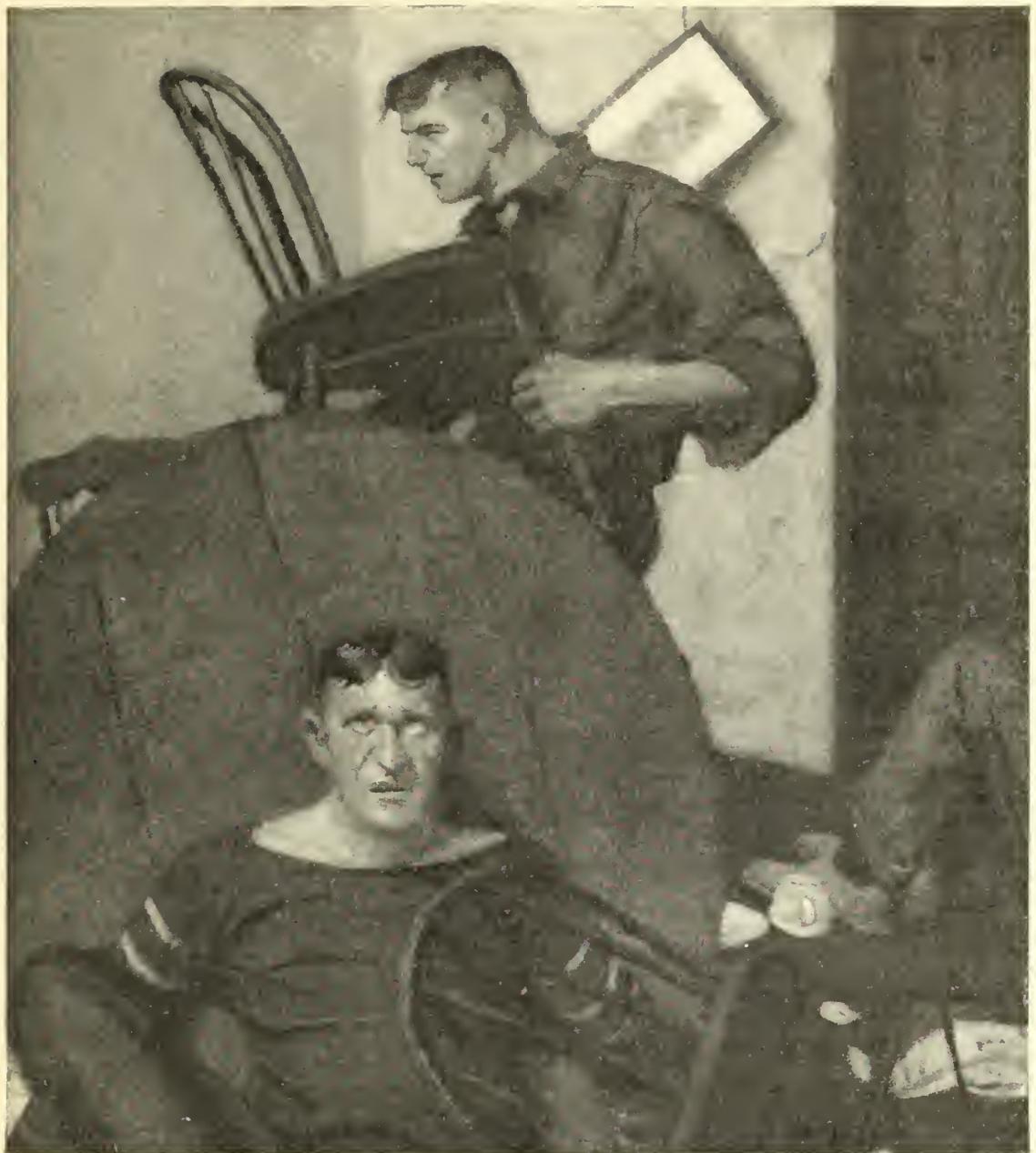
"What man?" he demanded truculently. "What's the matter? What's comin' off here?"

The old waiter discreetly indicated Blinky.

"Perhaps I'm mistaken, sir," he said apologetically. "It just seemed to me, sir, that he might be annoying some of the ladies in your party. I just thought I'd inquire, sir."

"That man been bothering you girls?" the big fellow demanded loudly, pointing at Blinky.

The girls all looked at Goggins. He saw them watching him



but the Hurricane earned his name by staying in action a full five minutes

and grinned goodhumoredly. The florid host saw the grin and rose growling.

"Like that, eh?" he said, starting for Blinky.

The three other men of the party arose and followed him. The women implored them to return. Blinky smelled trouble and got up from his chair, pale and trembling. He dealt in violence but was unaccustomed to personal participation therein and, moreover, had no desire to become better acquainted with the mechanics of black eyes and undone noses by experience.

"Help!" he cried, flapping his fat hands at the advancing bellicents in a frantic, shooing gesture. "Keep 'em off me. I ain't done nothin'. Help!"

"Don't you worry, sir," Chris Hensen said happily. "Just watch me, will you?"

He stepped forward then and smacked the first of the four advancing men on the jaw with a left uppercut. The large man thus smacked developed a bad case of round heels and lay where he lit.

"Notice that left?" Chris called anxiously over his shoulder. "Watch the right."

The right was a straight sock to the mouth of the second man in line. This individual collapsed and joined his friend in slumber on the floor.

Two of the four who had left their chairs on mayhem bent remained erect. They were men of sense. They looked upon their prostrate brethren and then upon the advancing figure of Chris

Hensen, hell bent.

"Wait a minute," said one, holding up his hands, palms out. "We don't want any trouble."

"That's right," his companion agreed. "Just let us pay our bill and leave peaceably. That's all we want."

Chris Hensen gave an exclamation of disgust.

"I was goin' to show you my one-two on this next guy," he explained to Blinky. "He's walkin' out on me."

"Let 'em go," Blinky said magnanimously. "They ought to be worked on for startin' a fuss in a nice place like this but I'm broad-minded."

"Did you notice my left, sir?" Chris inquired anxiously as other waiters shooed forth the offending party.

"Not bad," Blinky admitted. "If you was taught right you might make a fighter. Why'n't you try the ring?"

"Yes, sir," Chris said eagerly. "Will you get me a fight?"

"Um—I don't know," Blinky said doubtfully. "I do need a boy."

"I can fight," Chris assured him. "Gimme a chance."

"Please, Blinky!" The blonde suddenly came to

life and pleaded in Hensen's behalf. "Give him a chance."

"Oh, all right," Blinky agreed reluctantly. "Come up to Burton's Gym tomorrow afternoon at two o'clock an' I'll put you on for a workout an' see what you got."

"My!" Estelle exclaimed admiringly when the ecstatic Chris was at last out of earshot. Her eyes were all aglow. "Ain't he strong, though?"

"A tramp!" Blinky catalogued him contemptuously. "Don't ever get het up over a fighter, sister. They're all alike. I make 'em an' break 'em! Now then, what kind of an act would you like to do? Just gimme a fill-in on what you want an' then watch what I do for you."

**B**LINKY GOGGIN sat at ease in his private office dishing dirt with a brother manager, one Amos McGannon. Blinky's fat white fingers were crusted with diamonds; a suit of the most expensive texture encased his frame; a fifty-cent cigar protruded from between his large, loose lips, cocked upward at an aggressive angle.

"Pretty soft for you, Blinky," Amos said enviously. "Some guys got all the luck."

"I got a brain," Blinky explained. "Where do you get that luck stuff? Didn't I pick this boy Chris Hensen right off the cuff? Didn't I train him an' ballyhoo him till he was up there in the money? Who thought o' callin' him Hurricane Hensen? Who give the boys the idea o' nicknamin' him the Swattin'?"

Swede? Who dug up that other good one, Cyclone Chris? Who did all that?"

"I give it to you, Blinky," Amos agreed reluctantly. "You've sure brought him along right."

"All in one year," Blinky reminded him. "Twelve months ago Hurricane Hensen, the Swattin' Swede, now known from Coast to Coast an' right this minute out trainin' for the battle that'll make him the logical contender an' get him a shot at the champion, was jugglin' china in a dump down in Greenwich Village. I got one flash at him an' see what he had. Picked him right off the cuff, I tell you. Look at him now. Made more money the last six months than the champion himself. Fightin' twice an' sometimes three times a week. Now I got him matched with Dandy Dugan an' when he takes him—the Champ. I make 'em an' break 'em, kid. That's me!"

A blonde swung open the door that gave on the outer office. It was Estelle Desinond, the erstwhile ambitious vaudeville chorine.

"A fellow from Pittsburgh to see you, Mr. Goggin," she announced. "He's a promoter."

"I'm in conference," Blinky informed her.

"Yes, sir," Estelle replied meekly, and closed the door.

Amos McGannon winked. "You can pick 'em, Blinky," he declared admiringly. "She looks—that one."

Blinky sighed. "Life ain't all sugar," he admitted. "I've had a lot o' trouble with that girl."

"Mean?" Amos asked.

"Good," Blinky explained regretfully.

"Good?" Amos repeated incredulously.

"Good an' ungrateful," Blinky went on. "You wouldn't believe what I've stood from that girl! I meet her an' she's in the chorus, see?"

"Sure," said Amos. "I know."

**O**H no you don't," Blinky contradicted him. "You only think you know. She wants an introduction to a manager. I tell her I know 'em all an' I'll fix everything. See? Then I make a little play. You know. Just a kind of a fatherly kiss to begin on, an' she writes her name all over my face with her fingernails!"

"She was stallin'," Amos said scornfully.

"Sure," Blinky agreed. "That's what I thought. I pass it up for a while an' she goes on the road with the act she's in. When she gets back she hunts me up an' wants to know am I ready to stake her to some o' them theatrical managers I told her about. I figure it's ripe by then an' I make another little play. You know. Just a little light pettin'. Nothin' to scream about."

"She didn't scream, did she?"

"Listen," said Blinky impressively. "A girl that can squirm an' kick an' scratch the way she can don't have to scream."

"Still stallin', huh?" Amos chuckled.

"That's the joke on both of us," Blinky replied. "She wasn't stallin' at all. She's good."

"Go on!" said Amos.

"No kiddin'," Blinky assured him. "I wouldn't believe it either for awhile, but I do now. She went broke an' I give her a job here in the office answerin' the telephone an' all such. She's good, I tell you."

"You ought to know by now," Amos agreed.

"Um," said Blinky, fingering the faint remains of a thin red scratch on his cheek. "I'll say I do! For awhile I couldn't figure out why she hung around. Then I got it. She's hipped on the Swede."

"Hensen?"

"Nutty about him. I never knew it till the night he fought One Punch Timmons an' got knocked down five times in the first round. She was ringside that night an' I got a flash at her while Hensen was on the floor. Then I remember that she fronts for him when he first ask me will I get him a fight."

"Smarter with Hensen? Don't he like her?"

Blinky chuckled. "He's goofy about her. You know me though, Amos. When I handle a boy I handle him. I'd look sweet, wouldn't I, havin' one o' my fighters snare himself a gal I'd reached for an' missed?"

"How do you keep him away from her?"

"Cinch!" Blinky said. "I just leave him think she belongs to me, see? Drop a little word now an' then to make him sure of it. It ain't hard. Then I get me a laugh now an' then tellin' her about the gals he plays around with an' watchin' her pretend she don't care."

"Ladies' man is he?"

"Hell no!" said Blinky. "Everything but. I just string her along with that stuff for the laugh in it. See?"

"Heh, heh, heh," Amos chuckled.

"Ha, ha, ha," Blinky chimed in. "I'm gettin' sick of it, though. I think I'll stake her to the street for good this afternoon."

"Why not?" said Amos. "No use havin' 'em around when they're useless. Well, I'll ooze along an' see if I can't make a dollar somewhere around town."

"Send the gal in as you go out," Blinky requested. "I might as well slip her the outgoing ticket now as any time. I just thought of a good one to pull on her for a laugh."

Amos went out and a moment later Estelle entered.

"You wanted me, Mr. Goggin?" she asked timidly.

"Mr. Goggin?" Blinky repeated. "The better acquainted we get the less we know each other, huh? The first night we was out you called me Blinky an' now, after all this time, it's Mr. Goggin."

"I didn't think," Estelle apologized.

"You do a lot o' things without thinkin'," Blinky scolded. "An' when you do think you think wrong. You don't care much about workin' here, do you?"

"I don't mind," Estelle said.

"I don't either," Blinky informed her. "But there's others to consider. I'll have to give you the gate."

"You mean I'm—fired?" she asked.

"That's about what it amounts to," Blinky admitted. "Mind I wouldn't do it if it was up to me. It's Hensen."

"Hensen!" she exclaimed.

"Oh he ain't got anything against you," Blinky assured her. "Don't think that. It's just he wants the job for one of his girls."

"Oh," Estelle said faintly. "One of—his girls!"

"Yes," said Blinky. "You know how he is."

Estelle nodded. "Yes," she said drearily. "I know. When shall I quit?"

"Now's a good time," Blinky suggested.

Estelle got up and put on her hat and coat.

"Goodbye," she said timidly.

"Toodle-oo," said Blinky.

She walked out. Blinky laughed.

"That rocked her," he said to himself. "She looked like somebody'd clipped her on the button with brass knucks."

Ten minutes later Chris Hensen entered the office. Blinky scowled at him.

"What's the idea you bein' in town when you're in trainin'?" he asked.

"I felt like I was gettin' stale," Chris explained. "An afternoon off ain't goin' to hurt me." He looked around the office. "Where's Miss Desmond?"

Blinky thought fast and began to act. He sighed and shook his head.

"I had a bad break with that little one, Chris," he said confidentially. "You know how she an' me've been."

"Yes," Chris admitted. A deep flush dyed his face.

"I trusted that gal," Blinky said sadly. "Told her all my secrets. Yesterday I found out that she'd been runnin' around with Dandy Dugan."

"Dugan!"

"Nobody else. He's a bear with the ladies, you know. I put it up to her this mornin' an' she owned up. I been tellin' her all our plans for fightin' Dandy an' she's been feedin' the info right over to him all the while. I'm sorry, Chris. It was all my fault. I should ought to've known better than trust a gal."

Chris Hensen said nothing. He sat in his chair, staring at the floor. Blinky watched him anxiously.

"Never mind, kid," he said soothingly. "You go into that ring next week and take it out of Dugan's hide for both of us, huh?"

Chris got up and started out.

"Where you goin', kid?" Blinky called after him.

Hensen did not reply. He went out and closed the door. Blinky half rose as though to follow and then settled back in his chair.

"I'll let him alone," he said to himself. "He'll brood about Dugan grabbin' the gal from now until he climbs into the ring an' then he'll bust him loose in a round. I know these dumb Swedes!"

**B**LINKY was right about Chris brooding. Walking out of his manager's office he descended to the street and got into his sedan, scarcely conscious of his actions. On his way across town to the entrance of the Queensboro Bridge he missed an average of a collision a block by inches only and left a wake of curses uttered by enraged taxi drivers.

A few miles out on Long Island the law of averages got him. He crashed into a truck and smashed the left front wheel of his



*"I make 'em an' break 'em," Blinky boasted to the blonde. "A fighter's just a fighter, but a manager's somethin' else again"*

car. Without answering the belligerent and verbose truck driver he crawled out of the wreck and walked till he found a taxi to take him the rest of the way to his training quarters, a small farmhouse beyond Manhasset. Arrived there he explained the accident briefly, despatched a sparring partner to salvage the wreck, went to his bedroom, locked the door and crawled under the covers fully dressed. When he refused to answer the summons to dinner his trainer got Blinky on the phone and the latter came hurrying out.

"Get away from that door!" Chris growled in answer to Blinky's knocking. "I'll come out when I get ready an' if I come sooner God help anybody that's there."

"It's all right," Blinky assured the trainer. "He's just brooding!"

"Brooding!" the trainer exclaimed. "What do you think the boy is? A hen?"

"I framed him to get him sore at Dugan," Blinky explained.

"That's what he's broodin' about, all right. It's good for him."

If Blinky could have seen through that locked door he might have changed his mind. Chris Hensen lay tense under the covers, wide awake, writhing slightly in a rhythmic continuing spasm of silent fury.

The year that had seen his rise from the lowly combination job of waiter-bouncer at The Green Swan to a nationally known welter-weight fighter had been the most miserable twelve months of his life.

He was in love with Estelle Desmond. He had been in love with her from the time she interceded in his behalf at his first meeting with Blinky Goggin. He had believed all along that she was Blinky's girl and this belief had been as poison in his heart. He had tried to erase all thought of her from his mind and failed. Now she had betrayed him to Dandy Dugan and all the repressed love and dissembled misery of the year was fused into a hate of his rival that tortured him like grating. (Continued on page 50)

# Why AMERICA?

*By Clarence Budington Kelland*

IT WOULD seem, in spite of everything that we ought to stick to the United States a little longer. I, for one, was about ready to give it up as a bad job and become a naturalized Armerian or a non-resident Hottentot, or anything except an American—and then I thought I'd look into the matter a little for myself. I've been listening to other folks and taking their word about this country, and I was pretty disgusted. I've listened to Americans, from day laborers to multi-millionaires, from poets to pie-bakers, from piano-players to lath-and-plasterers, and everywhere I got the same story—that the United States was a sort of cockroach among nations, and that any self-respecting citizen had better pick him a new flag, hitch up his britches and take a fresh start.

I've listened to Frenchmen and Englishmen and Irishmen. I have had a few pointers from Arabs and Teutons and Egyptians and Turks and Lithuanians and Russians. They agree, one and all, that the United States of America is a complete and perfect wash-out, and that a body ought to be ashamed of himself if he has an American passport hidden in his pants pocket. Their idea seems to be that an American should come out only at night, and with false whiskers; and that he should have learned by heart a groveling apology to anybody who discovers who and what he is. Apologizing for being an American seems to have gotten to be the first or second largest industry in the country.

Being an American is, according to folks I meet, like owning an old-model Ford. You have to go into details explaining why it isn't a Panhard.

So, perceiving that all the nations of the world, including the Scandinavian, held these views of the country in which I was born, and where I can vote if the day isn't too rainy, I got pretty worried. I said to myself: A lot of these nations were nationing around when the Mound-Builders were throwing up their first shovel-full in the State of Ohio. They've had a lot of experience and know just what a nation should be—or anyhow, what a nation shouldn't be. They are experienced help. And they must be right.

I also perceived that a great many native-born New Yorkers, who came from Michigan and Wisconsin and Indiana, held similar views. Many of these were the best people, who admitted their intelligence and let on to having a big, thick streak of esthetics in their systems. If it was American it was crude; if it was French it wasn't crude, it was naive, which is much superior when you spell it. So what was I to do when smart people like that told me? I got to be pretty low in my mind about it.

I made me a list of what the United States *was* that it shouldn't be; and what it *wasn't* that it should be. And I was pretty humiliated, I can tell you. I envied an Eskimo.

I found that America was:

1. New—which was awful in a country but not so bad in a pair of pants.
2. Rich. Which is criminal in a nation, but very desirable in an individual.
3. Businesslike. Which is splendid in a grocery store, but shows a lack of finer sensibility in a people.

Those were the three great charges against us, and when I wrote them down and read them over, I just couldn't bear it. For days I hid in the house, and then I slunk out only at night, praying that I wouldn't meet an Italian or a Pole or a Frenchman. Of whom there seem to be several living in my town. Through generosity, I imagine. Because they never would have left countries so superior to this one and come to America to live from any but altruistic motives. To teach us, probably, and at a great sacrifice to themselves.

I found out there were Englishmen around, who had come over here from their country where everything is pretty grand, and

where about a quarter of the population doesn't have to work because it can't get jobs, and can live on the dole. And they were mighty supercilious, too. Imagine a body coming to a country where he has to take a good job when he could have stayed at home and loafed in a pub while the taxpayers paid for his beer! Supreme self-sacrifice.

There were Italians around who could talk and vote and think about us as they pleased, when they might have stayed at home and been made to drink a quart of castor oil by the Fascisti if they expressed an opinion.

There were Frenchmen who might have stayed in Paris and spent francs worth about four cents a head, reduced from twenty cents, because they were noble and had no head for business like the abominable Americans. While they waited for Germany to pay indemnities to make them rich again and hated America for expecting to be paid back money she had lent fairly to save France from something rather worse than bankruptcy. The French, it seems, dote on being paid, but can't bear the thought of paying. Of course it isn't the money, it's the principle of the thing.

As I say, I slunk out hoping not to be seen by any of these nationals who would know me for what I am, and it was awful.

But I had not sounded the depths of despair. Not until I set down a list of what we are not.

1. We are not artistic.
2. We are not esthetic.
3. We are not altruistic.

You see they all end in tic, and a word that ends like that is the very dickens of a word. Only the best people use them, and when you aren't entitled to them you are in a pretty bad hole. Yes, sir. A nation that doesn't possess any tics at all is a pretty deplorable nation.

Well, that night I was close to suicide. I asked myself what was the use. I might as well end my shame right then and there, and show the foreign nations there was at least one American who realized just what sort of a degraded insect he was. Just imagine going through life without being anything at all that ends in tic! You can't do it. Nobody can do it.

BUT nobody likes to end his life if he can find any reason for staying alive. So I started out to find out if there was any little, tiny excuse for me to take the rope off the limb of the tree and stay around for another year or two.

And then I happened to read something in a newspaper to the effect that the population of England was about four hundred and thirty to the square mile, and the population of the United States was about thirty to the square mile. Figures not guaranteed, but approximate. I wondered if there was a glimmer of hope for me in this statistic. (And there, you see, I ran into one tic I could use.) And right off I saw that all the tics might be against us except the statistics, and we would still have something in black ink on the books. We've got a heavy preponderance of statistics. Commencing with thirty people to the square mile. Now let's see what we can whittle out of that one statistic.

England four hundred and thirty—America thirty.

Well, first off, a bookmaker who was posting odds would say that an American, in the race of life, was a 430 to 30 shot. Or a 43 to 3. Or to get to the lowest denominator, a 14 to 1 shot. An American has fourteen chances to the square mile of making a go of it, against an Englishman's one chance to the square mile.

Suppose there's a job in London—fourteen Englishmen will be after it—unless they prefer to loaf on the dole. In America only one man will be applying.

After all a country belongs to all its citizens. The title deeds are in the people. You and I and Tom, Dick and Harry own

every square mile of the United States. So does every Englishman own his proportionate share of England. But each American owns just fourteen times as much of *his* country as each Briton does of *his*. That's something. Practically, of course, and not artistically or altruistically or esthetically.

Which brings on a mild inquiry into those three qualities. Who are esthetic in England and France and Belgium and so on and so forth? Is it the so-called common people, the peasants, the laborers, the shop-keepers, the clerks? Well, hardly. Those folks can't afford to be artistic or altruistic or esthetic. It's too infernally hard for them to make a living against fourteen times the amount of competition an American faces. No. All those lovely qualities are possessed by a few folks who can afford them.

You can't have a great many ties in your system if you haven't plenty of cakes and coffee in your stomach. It's a class matter, very largely, and doesn't concern the masses at all. The masses can't pronounce them, let alone own them. Education has something to do with it, too.

Maybe England or France has more artists to the square mile than America has . . . But they ought to have—fourteen times as many. They ought to have fourteen times as many great thinkers. They ought to have fourteen times as many of anything. But that's where the voice has to fall. They haven't.

In an English or European square mile there are a few of the so-called gentry and intelligentsia. A few. And about four hundred and twenty people who are nice enough people, and admirable folks, but who haven't half as much tie as four hundred and twenty Americans picked at random from any place. And those four hundred and twenty Europeans have no more chance of acquiring tie than a Dominic rooster has of laying a china Easter egg. It just isn't done.

But, on the contrary, every one of the thirty Americans to each square mile has a chance, and a darn good chance, of acquiring anything that anybody else in all of America has.

What I'm getting at is that there may be one or ten or twenty Europeans who have more tie than any selected one or ten or twenty Americans. I'm not admitting it. I'm merely saying maybe. But when you come to the mass, there is unquestionably

more education, refinement, good taste, opportunity in any given thirty Americans on any selected square mile than there is in any four hundred and thirty Englishmen or Frenchmen or Germans or what have you?

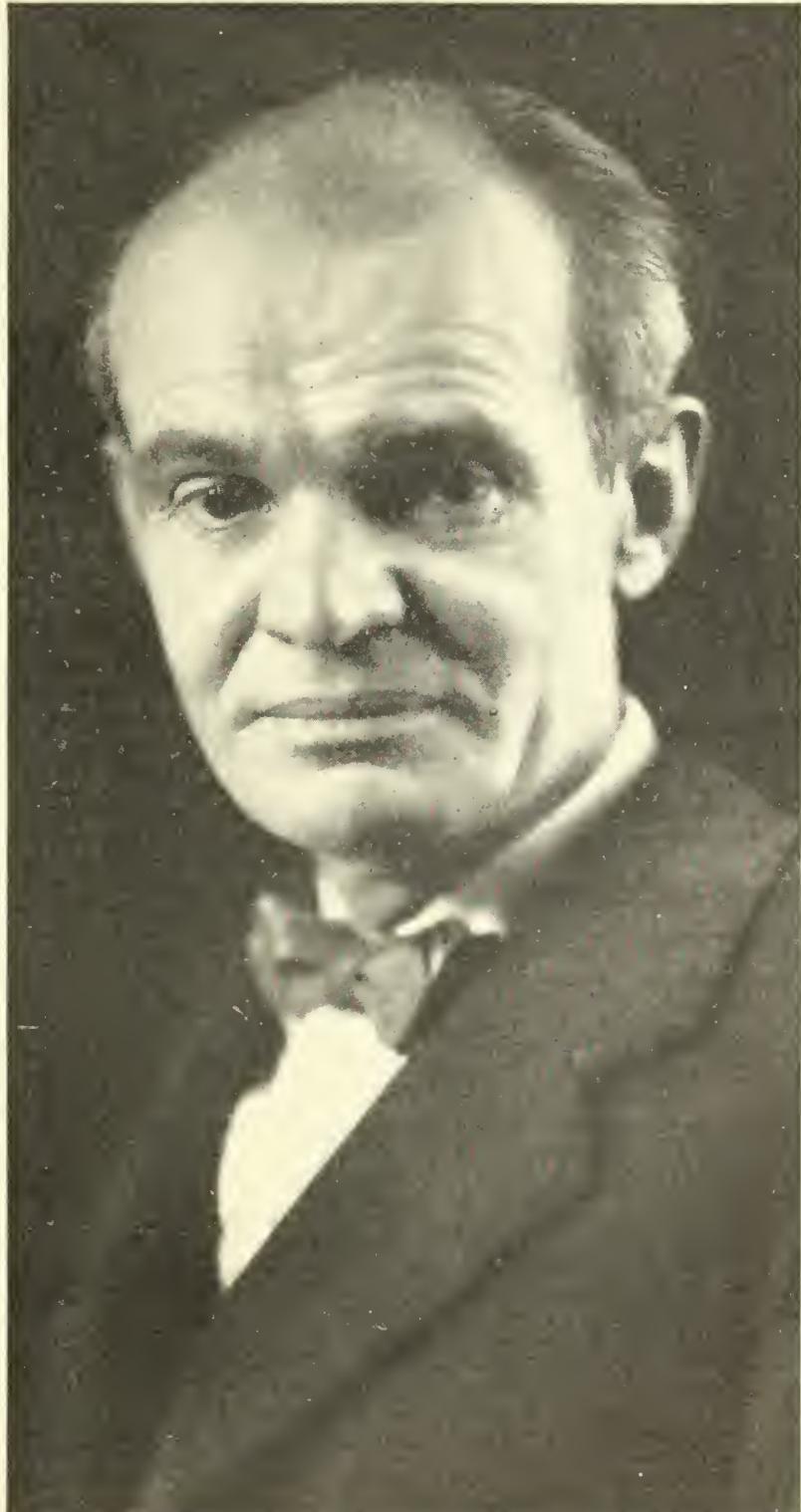
France claims to have no class. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity! These are painted on walls and look grand. But if you happen to go out in society of an evening you're apt to meet a Duke or a Prince or a Marquis. Not that there's anything against them. Mostly they are nice folks and polite. But it spells *class*. It spells special privilege and opportunity. Just so in England. Just so throughout Europe.

But in America you can search every square mile and you won't find one man who can claim superiority over any other man by reason of birth; or who can claim any special privilege because of inherited title. Naturally we have something which compares to an aristocracy. You can't help that. If every social inequality could be erased from the world tomorrow, by noon of the next day there would be established something comparable to an aristocracy. Ours is mostly of wealth, though we have a trifle of family tradition . . . But the slick thing about our aristocracy is that if you make any of them take off his full-dress coat you will find the marks of the arm-bands his grandfather wore around his red undershirt.

Our aristocracy is the result of opportunity. Some fellow stepped out in his blue jeans and earned it. And none of our aristocrats, so-called, can hang onto it merely by being born. No, sir, he has to step out and keep his eyes peeled, or some fellow in a red flannel undershirt will step up and grab it away from him.

Now the ties are all very fine; perhaps they are the very finest things the world has to offer. It is wonderful to have a great achievement in art, in architecture, in music, in literature, in abstract thought—which we sometimes call philosophy. But you cannot have an art without wealth to buy paintings and statues; you cannot have architecture without wealth to erect buildings; you cannot have music without the leisure to enjoy music and the money to educate one to appreciate music. These, when all is said and done, are luxuries—the most splendid of all

(Continued on page 71)



*"It would seem, in spite of everything, that we ought to stick to the United States a little longer. I, for one, was about ready to give it up as a bad job"*

wealth to buy paintings and statues; you cannot have architecture without wealth to erect buildings; you cannot have music without the leisure to enjoy music and the money to educate one to appreciate music. These, when all is said and done, are luxuries—the most splendid of all

# BROTHERS *in*

*Illustration*

*by*

*Douglas Duer*

**F**AR behind now were the quiet French towns, the estaminets and the vin blanc, the dark eyed Suzannes and Maries. Far behind, too, the bone-shaking camions that had carried the column to the edge of the zone of advance. Destiny waited not far ahead, in a dark wood beyond an open field, and the men had come over a long trail to meet it. Their faces were drawn with fatigue, gray as the dawn toward which their major led them.

The harsh voice of a sergeant, walking alongside the first platoon of the first company, sent a ripple of emotion through bodies that had almost ceased to feel. "Close up!" he bawled.

He waited to watch the effect of his command, then stepped toward one of the corporals. "You heard me!" he said coldly.

The corporal, without turning his head, answered in kind, "Yes, I heard you."

"Snap into it, then," said the sergeant, as he dropped back among the file closers.

The soldier thus specially singled out quickened his pace a little. He felt of the rifle that hung by its sling from his shoulder. "You big bum," he muttered under his breath. "If the Heinies don't get you—"

Among these lads of the new Army, bound to their first battle, Sergeant Britt and Corporal Collins were of the leaven of Regulars. The Philippines knew them, and the sun-baked posts along the Mexican border; and several other corners of the world where men practise the profession of arms, even in the piping times of peace. They knew each other well, these two old hands at war, and they did not love each other. There was a woman—but this is not her story.

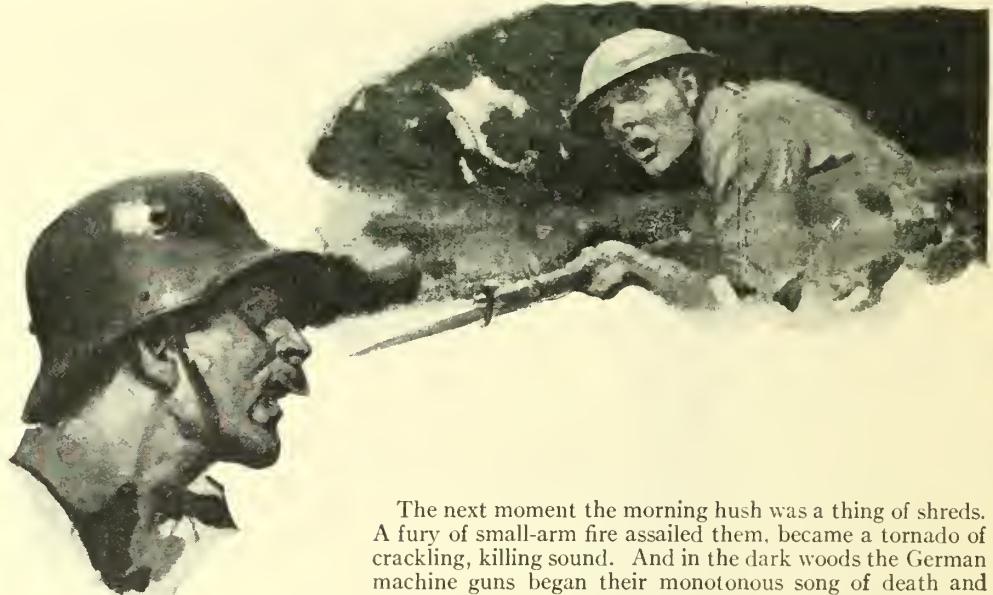
**T**HE battalion, deployed in attack formation, came up to the edge of the open field, entered it, moved forward with slow, deliberate pace. This was according to orders, but one might have imagined that the men disliked to shatter the early morning hush. The sun was rising in a clear blue sky. The dark woods cast long, cool shadows toward the oncoming lines. A few birds only seemed to possess this quiet bit of France.

Big guns rumbled in the distance, but no shells came here. An airplane droned overhead, but no bombs came hurtling down. This was to be close work. This was between the dirty infantry, and God help them.

Now they were half way across the field, aligned as perfectly as in a battle problem. Boyish lieutenants strutted ahead of their platoons. The men followed, holding their bayonets up to the sun. Sergeants walked behind, keeping the files at their proper intervals.

"He's lettin' us get awful close," said a tense young private of the first platoon.

"His mistake, buddy," said Corporal Collins. "Close is our meat."



The next moment the morning hush was a thing of shreds. A fury of small-arm fire assailed them, became a tornado of crackling, killing sound. And in the dark woods the German machine guns began their monotonous song of death and destruction. *Tack-a-tack-a-tack-a!* *Tack-a-tack-a-tack-a!* *Tack-a-tack-a-tack-a!*

Officers bellowed. "Battle sight! Fire at will!" The men responded, though few could see a living target. They pressed on at a quickened pace, heads bent as in a slanting rain. Here and there the lines faltered, broke, reformed with wider intervals between the files. The blithe young lieutenants disappeared. Sergeants and corporals marched in their places. The field behind them was dotted with their dead. Still they pressed on, and gained a precarious foothold in the wood.

The enemy was felt rather than seen. He was before them in force, resolute and punishing. He retired slowly, covering his retreat with deadly fire from his light machine guns. The attackers followed him on their stomachs, alternately hating and fearing. The advance became a matter of inching along, firing from behind tree and bush, each soldier keeping a kind of alignment with the man on his right.

The remnants of the first platoon lay close to the edge of the woods, on the extreme right of the line of battle. Ahead of them, chattering defiance, barring their way, was a machine gun. They could not see it, but they felt that they were under its very muzzle. The bullets brushed their cheeks, clipped twigs an inch above their heads, all too often found a living mark. The survivors hugged the ground, pushed their helmets over their eyes, let their own fire dwindle in volume.

Sergeant Britt was in command here. He lay behind his men, but his rifle was not silent. Presently he ceased firing and crawled to where another soldier was automatically working the bolt of his rifle.

"Let's get that bird," he said.

"Yeah," said Collins, and backed crab-wise out of his position.

The other soldiers, apprised of the plan, gritted their teeth and increased their fire. They were to try to keep the enemy busy to his front while Britt and Collins crept around his flank, and sought to wipe him out with a surprise attack.

**T**HE two advanced cautiously through the thick undergrowth, searching the trees for snipers and observers, exploring every bit of the visible scene. Such was the character of the wood that death might lurk a foot beyond their noses. The machine gun was chattering like a mad thing. It seemed to be everywhere—front, flank and rear.

After several minutes of sweating progress, the sergeant, who was leading, halted behind a tree. No words had been spoken. Each knew what was to be done, and each knew that the other knew. Just now they wanted to learn if they were safely past the flank of the machine-gun nest; otherwise they would be mowed down as soon as they rose to rush it.

# ARMS

*By Parkhurst Whitney*



*Simultaneously the two Americans leaped to their feet and charged*

Carefully parting the bush where he rested, Collins applied his eye to the aperture. Some moments later he drew back and waited for Britt to look in his direction. When the latter crawled to his side, the corporal pointed with a grimy finger at the peep hole he had made.

Britt squinted. "Oh, baby," he murmured; and without changing position he began to drag his rifle forward.

"Nix," protested Collins softly. "I saw him first."

"All right," the sergeant agreed.

The corporal aimed as coolly as though he were on the range, as though the wood were not riven with musketry. His chest lifted with a deep breath. He let a little out with a gentle sigh. Then he froze and squeezed the trigger slowly—slowly—slowly—

The machine gun ceased its ugly song. The pot helmet of the man who had been working slid from view into a camouflaged gun pit. And simultaneously the two Americans leaped to their feet and charged, with a yell that was meant to warn their platoon to cease firing.

They shot from the hip at another pot helmet, whose owner was frantically trying to drag the dead gunner from his gun. Other pot helmets appeared. Stride for stride, Britt and Collins bore down upon them, firing as they came, their bayonets licking forward eagerly. For a few minutes it was hot work, close in. And then suddenly it was all over.

When the nest was theirs, Sergeant Britt spoke briefly but with feeling. "You're a damn' good man in a tight place."

"Same to you," said Collins, breathing hard.

"Never knew a better—"

"That goes for you, too—"

They said no more, but their eyes saluted each other as they crawled out of the pit and started back for the platoon.

**W**HAT was left of the battalion was coming out of the line. Fresh units were moving in to complete the work these men had begun so well, and at such a cost. They marched out in the night, keeping clear of the road that the enemy was methodically shelling. They had imposed their will upon him, but their air was not that of conquerors. They marched with sunken heads, dragging feet.

A corporal stumbled and broke the brooding silence. He swore loudly, irritably. A sergeant pounced upon him.

"Watch your step, you—! And keep your blasted mouth shut!"

The man thus specially addressed picked himself up and went on sullenly. But under his breath he muttered: "You big bum! Some day I'll—"

Sergeant Britt and Corporal Collins were brothers in arms, in arms only.

# Who was GEORGE ROGERS CLARK?

By  
C. E. SCOGGINS

**T**HE other day I put in a long-distance call for Mr. William Book, secretary of the George Rogers Clark Memorial Commission, at Indianapolis. A few minutes elapsed before the operator called back.

"I beg your pardon," said she. "What commission company did you say Mr. Clark was with?"

"My dear young lady," I said loftily, "I'm not calling Mr. Clark. I'd like to talk with him, I admit, but he's been dead some time. He was a hero of the American Revolution."

I spoke severely because I'd just learned that myself.

Oh, I studied history in school. I know all about Paul Revere and the embattled farmers and Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill and everything. But I'll be honest. I've always had a mental picture of the Revolution being fought exclusively along the seaboard between Boston and New York. Of course I knew there were thirteen colonies, shading off into a vast wilderness more or less settled with hardy pioneers and infested with Indians flitting from tree to tree. I suppose I even knew the Mississippi Valley must have been there all the time; but it never occurred to me to connect that wilderness very directly with the Revolution.

But recently the picture has begun to grow and spread in my imagination and I've learned several things. I've been reading about George Rogers Clark. It was about time I had, it seems.

Who was he? It seems odd that any American shouldn't know; but I didn't, and I find others—some of them well-read and well-informed beyond the average, too—who don't. "General Clark?" they say. "Oh, you mean General William Clark, of the Lewis and Clark Expedition."

But there was an earlier, far greater Clark, without whom there would have been no such expedition; without whom, in all human probability, there would be no United States of America. George Rogers Clark—how has that name been forgotten?

There was a hero of the type we like to call peculiarly American. Careless of precedent; bold and shrewd and humorous—shrewd, I mean, in its best sense. He had great intuition and a clear, far-seeing mind. He would have made a grand poker player. He was a genius at outguessing the other fellow. He bluffed when necessary, and he made it stick. He played his hunches when he had nothing better to go on. When his forces were too weak to hold his position, he attacked, and he did it with courage and decision. He played 'em as if he had 'em.

Do you remember the nickel novels of the 'nineties? Paper backed, you know, with gorgeous action pictures of our hero making a dozen Indians or Britishers bite the dust. If you missed them, I can direct you to a certain barn in Texas where there's a stack of them as high as your head—unless the barn's been burned by younger generations learning to smoke. No boy would wilfully destroy one of those thrillers. We glowed with pride in those brave young Americans—they were always young—who won the East and the Far West for us. But we never read of an actual young man, actually so young that we'd call him a kid today, who won the vital midlands of our United States—won and held the back door to the East and so made possible the West—though his adventures would have made a hundred thrillers.

Oh, there was one novel in which the name of George Rogers Clark must have appeared. But that was a book well known to our mothers; we didn't have to hide in the barn to read it. It was said to be historical. Moreover, its heroine was a woman. We weren't interested in women and got enough history in school.



Yes, I vaguely remember "Alice of Old Vincennes." But lately I read Temple Bodley's book, "George Rogers Clark," and I said, "My gosh!"

Not fiction, either. There are other books, some of them harder to read but no more scholarly, sustaining everything Mr. Bodley claims for that remarkable American. And now there is available a complete transcript, done into modern English by M. M. Quaife of the Detroit Public Library, of Clark's own account written by him to his friend James Madison of Virginia, together with Governor Hamilton's own report to the British government; firsthand accounts from very humanly hostile points of view, of an achievement unsurpassed in the wildest fiction.

It was accomplished with an army which at no time numbered more than two hundred and fifty men.

Does that make it seem a mere trick, a minor local action that just happened to turn the tide? It wasn't. It was a long and grim campaign, a feat of courage and endurance and far-seeing generalship hardly to be matched in all our history—certainly not surpassed in its results. There was quite some action beyond the Alleghanies for Clark and his little army. We have got used to armies of a million; but to visualize the Revolution we must forget most of the things we have been used to. They didn't have 'em. They made it possible for us to get 'em.

In 1774, when Clark's story properly begins, between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi was a vast No Man's Land. With about fifty other Virginians he went into Kentucky, where they founded Harrodsburg. But it became evident that the new settlement could not be held without help. The Indian raids were frequent and terrible; one of Clark's cousins was carried off, to meet a pathetic fate that need not be related here. That circumstance explains some of Clark's later actions.

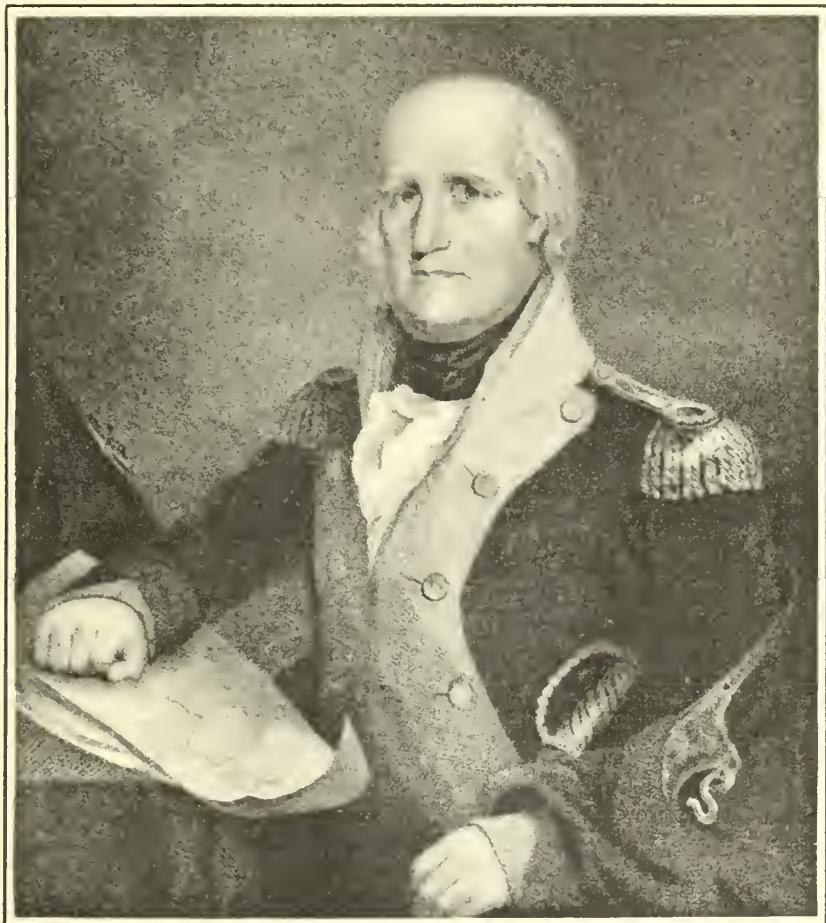
He was then twenty-two years old. With another youngster—men's natural abilities must have showed early in that life—he was sent back across the mountains to beg the Assembly of Virginia to accept Kentucky as a county. They nearly perished on the way. No motor-roads in those days! Their horses failed. Tramping through swamps the boys developed "foot scald," the skin of their feet coming off with their wet socks. Thus crippled, they arrived too late for the Assembly of that year.

Discouraging, eh? Clark seems not to have known the meaning of the word. He went to "Mr. Henry, the Governor," who "lay sick at his seat in Hanover."

It gives me a queer feeling to read that. I've never thought of Patrick Henry except as shouting "Give me liberty or give me death!" It's odd to think of him lying humanly sick, one of the great men of Clark's time, courteously hearing this tired, footsore boy. He sent Clark to the council, who, though they had no power to accept Kentucky, offered to furnish five hundred pounds of powder for its defense—if Clark would transport it and stand personally responsible for payment if the Assembly should refuse to claim that vast, unsettled "county"!

Discouraging, eh? But Clark kept at them till they agreed to send the powder on their own responsibility, binding them to support Kentucky's application.

Why did Kentucky wish so to be claimed? It was considerably claimed already. Spain claimed it; France claimed it; England claimed it; the Indians claimed it; and by purchase from them, land grabbers claimed most of it. There was the real nigger in the woodpile—the land companies. They were rich and powerful; they had offices in London and agents before the Congress, trying to get their claims approved. Approved or not,



*"His achievement, unsurpassed in the wildest fiction, was accomplished, after a long and grim campaign, with an army that never numbered more than two hundred and fifty men"*

they sold the land. As soon as a settlement began to form, they boosted prices and squeezed the settlers to the last possible penny.

Clark, a captain of militia but a surveyor by trade, was their natural enemy. He himself gives this as the chief motive for that weary pilgrimage to Virginia, asking not only protection against the Indians, but legal restraint of the land sharks. And in 1776 Virginia formally extended authority over Kentucky.

It did not please the land sharks. Remember that; it is one reason why we ask today, "Who was George Rogers Clark?"

**A** GLANCE at the map of the United States," says Temple Bodley, "will show that the British had three main ways of attacking the Americans. The first was by landing their troops at Atlantic seaports. The second was to cut off New England from the other States . . . by seizing the routes from Canada to New York City . . . The third was for the British to lead their western Indian allies to destroy the settlements along the frontiers from Pennsylvania to Georgia. How vulnerable the confederated States were in that direction, British military leaders saw better, perhaps, than many of ours, and certainly much more

clearly than the many historians who have seemed to think there was no war worth mentioning save along the Atlantic seaboard and the northern frontiers of New England and New York."

Pittsburgh was then our Far West. But the British held fortified positions at Detroit, with free passage through Canada and the Great Lakes; at Kaskaskia and Cahokia on the Mississippi; and at Vincennes, on the Wabash, the spear-head of this back-door attack.

Across the Mississippi was Spanish territory; southward, the

This, then, is the new picture that has formed for me. Not merely a struggle in a tiny corner of the continent; rather a tangle on a heroic scale. Three already-great nations in a deadlock, grabbing for land as nations and as individuals; a small new nation forming there; and countless tribes of Indians, naturally resentful, the most formidable fighters in the woods the world has ever known—a fearful force ready to the hand that could and would direct it. The British did this. From Detroit, under Governor Hamilton, they bought American scalps and prisoners. Officially they urged the Indians not (Continued on page 52)

# EDITORIAL

*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

## The Inheritance

HERE was more than usual significance in the appointment of Noble B. Judah of Chicago as ambassador to Cuba. Mr. Judah is a comparatively young man. He happens to be a veteran of the World War. He happens also to be a member of The American Legion—Advertising Men's Post of Chicago.

The appointment of Mr. Judah to his important post in the diplomatic service of the United States is only one more evidence of the rapidity with which veterans of the World War are being entrusted with the posts of leadership in national affairs as well as in state and municipal governments.

The posts of honor in our diplomatic service abroad are almost invariably occupied by the most notable men of any given period—most of them men of three score years. It is only reasonable to anticipate that as time passes more and more World War veterans will take their places among America's ambassadors abroad. They will be appointed not because they are World War veterans but because they are by personality, demonstrated leadership and broad experience qualified to represent their country in its relations with other nations. Their service in the World War will give them a viewpoint and an understanding of international problems which the elder statesman who has not worn the uniform could not possess.

When Hanford MacNider resigned as Assistant Secretary of War several weeks ago President Coolidge appointed another Legionnaire, also from Iowa, Charles Burton Robbins, to the post. Mr. Robbins was Commander of the Department of Iowa in 1922. He served for more than twelve years on the bench of the Superior Court of Iowa and was president of the Cedar Rapids Life Insurance Company, a position he was filling when called to Washington. And recently when United States Senator A. A. Jones of New Mexico died and the Governor of that commonwealth came to consider those capable of completing the unexpired term it was not by accident that he chose Bronson Cutting, a Legion worker since the early days. Cutting's record as Commander of the Department of New Mexico and later as Department Adjutant showed a capacity for work in behalf of ex-service men and their dependents that promises a rich return of service to his State and the nation in the wider field to which he has been called. Mr. Cutting's accession brought the total of Legionnaires in the Senate up to fourteen. In the lower house there are fifty-three Legionnaires.

In every town and city, in every State, the service men of the World War are being entrusted with power and leadership in business, in the professions and in

public affairs. It is fitting that this should be so.

As a group, they would have inherited leadership and influence in the United States even if there had been no war. United by the definite bond of common service in war, this compact group of four million men has been advancing to its heritage for nine years. It is still at the threshold of opportunity—the rich and riper years of fulfilment are still ahead. Contemplating the promise of the future, every World War veteran may feel a profound satisfaction that he is one of the four million.

## A Murder With a Moral

A POLICEMAN was pursuing an automobile down the street—on foot. He commandeered a motor truck to help him in the chase. As the truck bore down on the fleeing car one of the occupants turned and fired, killing the driver.

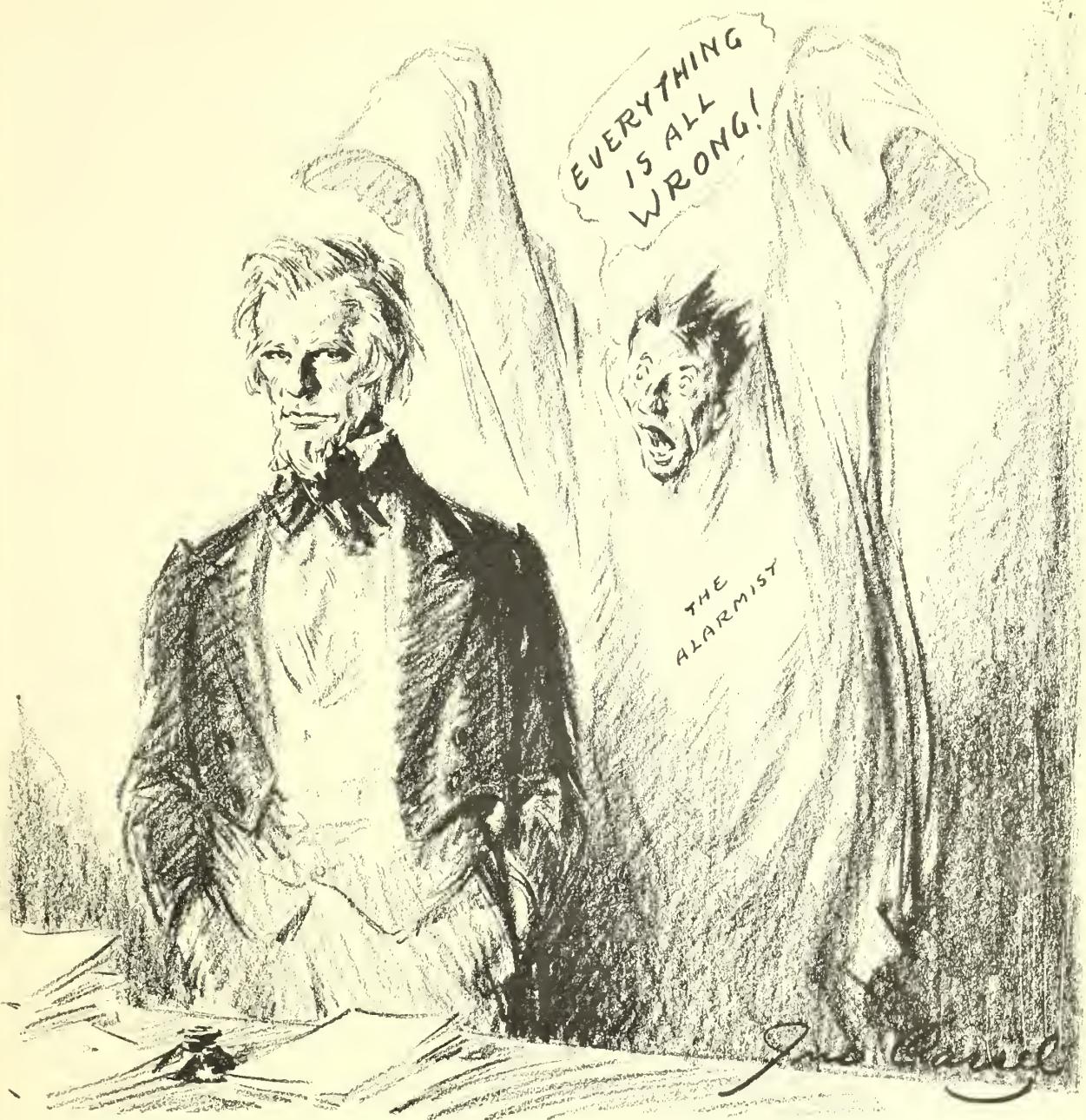
The dead man was the head of a family whose sole support was the wages that had been stopped by the lawbreaker's bullet. Had the policeman for whom the bullet was intended been slain the tragedy would not have been so great in an economic sense, because the city of New York, where it occurred, makes financial provision for the dependents of policemen killed in line of duty. The ordinances of the city and the statutes of the State were searched for authority by which similar relief could be afforded the distressed widow and children of the truck driver. It was fruitless. There was no such authority.

But the moral duty of the city of New York was so clear that special municipal legislation was enacted whereby the dependents of the truck driver were indemnified for the sacrifice their breadwinner had made in the interest of law and order.

The incident brings home a telling point on a subject concerning which much is said at present, and rightly. America has, on the whole, too many rather than too few laws, and the elimination of restrictive statutes that are simply nuisances which cultivate law-breaking rather than law enforcement—such as the law against the sale of cigarettes in Kansas, sensibly repealed some months ago—is a good thing. Just the same this does not mean that America should devote all of its attention to eliminating useless and mischievous laws and enact no new ones as the need presents itself.

There are few States of the Union, however, in which the stock of legislation on hand cannot be overhauled with advantage and a lot of dead wood got rid of. The same is true of Federal laws and of the criminal and civil codes, Federal and state, by which laws are applied.

The jury system badly needs reforming. Too many lawbreakers escape the penalty of their acts,



## THE SCARECROW

which is one reason, if not the big reason, why there is more crime in the United States than in most other countries that call themselves civilized. The jury system, the very seat and source of the administration of justice in the United States, has become a party to this condition. The selection of juries has been hedged with obstacles that are ridiculous in the extent that they favor the guilty person bent on escaping punishment.

It is well nigh impossible to select an intelligent jury in an important case under the rule that those who have read about the case in the newspapers must be excluded from the box. The supposition is that they know so much about the case already that they are incapable of forming an opinion based on the evidence produced in court. This argument is

specious. But the result is that we get juries of a low order of intelligence. Every lawyer and every judge knows this, and many of them, including the present Chief Justice of the United States, have deplored it publicly.

To remedy this condition there is no need of impairing the inherent right of an accused person to a trial by his peers. But they should be his peers, and not a hand-picked group of know-nothings who become toys in the hands of skillful lawyers.

These are a few things that are agitating such of the younger generation of Americans as are giving serious thought to the country's welfare. It boils down to a question of law and order, the preservation of which is one of the cardinal principles of The American Legion.

**A**T NOON on a Sunday morning in the month of May Wells Hawks and I were standing on the sidewalk in front of the Hippodrome Theatre on Sixth Avenue in New York. Neither of us had said anything for some time, for the reason that there did not seem to be anything to say.

But Wells Hawks is too old and too seasoned a showman to be disconcerted by any uncertainty of life that I know of. He pulled out his watch.

"Syd," he said, "twelve o'clock. When does the next train leave for Buffalo?"

"Train for Buffalo?" I repeated, wondering if there was anything wrong with my ears.

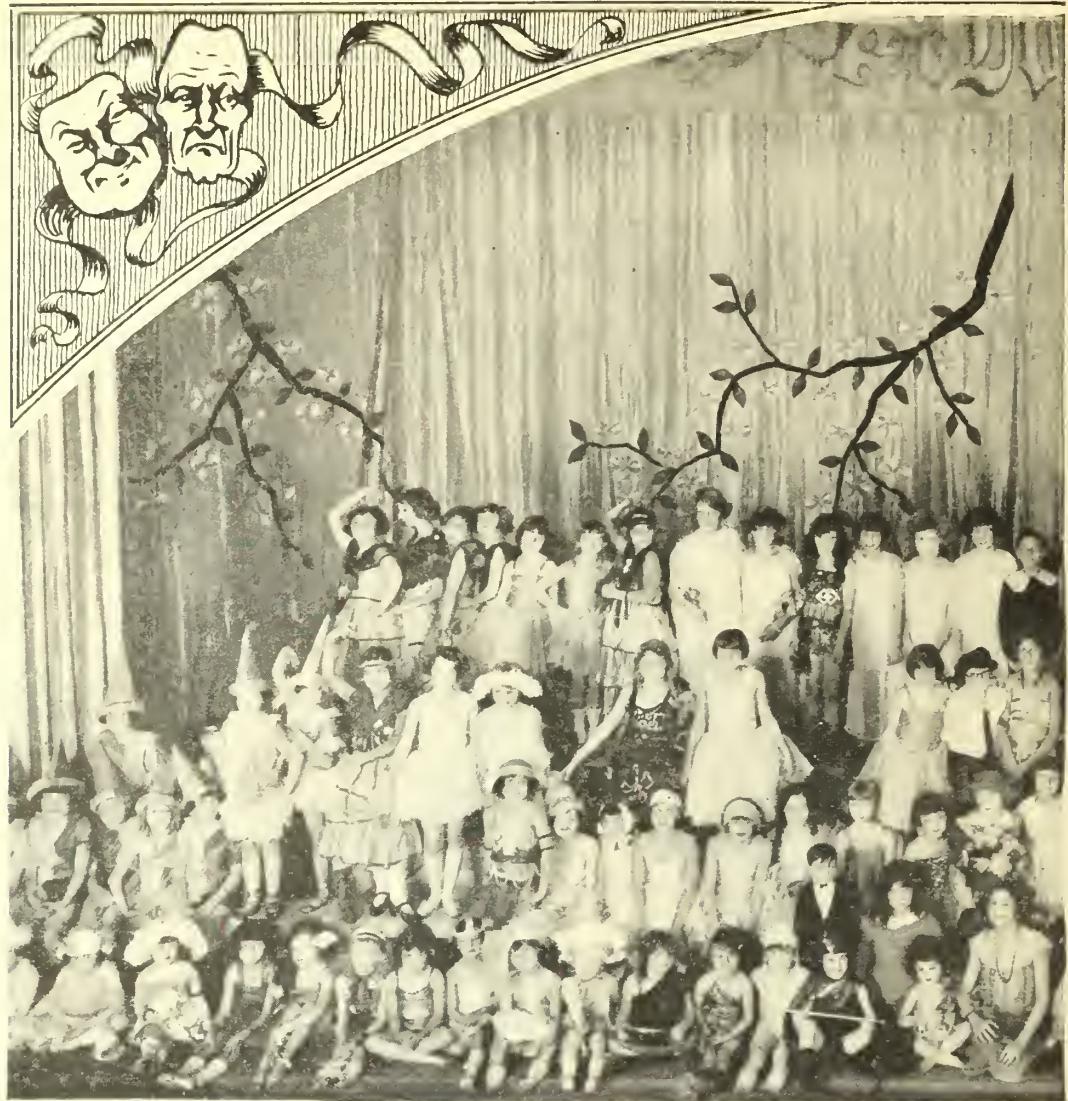
"Yes. Buffalo, I think, would be about the proper distance. A sleeper jump. Then consider the advantages of the strategic location. We send in our resignations from there. If they are accepted with mere expressions of satisfaction, very well. But should the post decide to send the sheriff after us we can conveniently step over the line into Canada and becloud the issue with international complications."

I did not smile. In fact I thought the Commander's attempt at humor was ill-taken. In those days I had not rubbed elbows with show people long enough to appreciate how philosophically they can take their troubles.

All I could see was that Wells Hawks and myself, Commander and Treasurer, respectively, of S. Rankin Drew Post of The American Legion, had bankrupt said organization. How were we to face the music? The picture that rose before me of getting up before the assembled comrades at Keen's Chop House and relating the sad story simply gave me the horrors. Had I not known he was joking I think I should have thought better of the Buffalo idea.

This is the fix we were in. It was noon on the fourteenth of May, 1921—precisely eight hours and fifteen minutes before the curtain should rise in the Hippodrome on S. Rankin Drew Post's own show. The Hippodrome is the largest theatre in New York City. For this day it was ours—bought and paid for. In the cavernous reaches of that vast auditorium were five thousand seats—all ours, each one, and bought and paid for. The stage hands and electricians and an orchestra would put in their appearance—their services ours at so much per. The billboards in front of the theatre, on the subway and elevated platforms and elsewhere about the extensive municipality of New York, announced our grand show. These billboards had not been donated. For days past the newspapers likewise had informed the public of our entertainment, and for these advertisements we had contracted to pay the going rate.

The dismal panorama of these items paraded before my mind. I could see nothing but figures in red ink. Our total outlay, paid or legally due, was in the neighborhood of \$4,000. Four thousand dollars in obligations and eight hours before curtain time and there was just \$600 in the box office for tickets sold! We could put that audience in Keen's Chop House, where our post held its meetings. The advance sale of tickets had begun



# THE PLAY'S

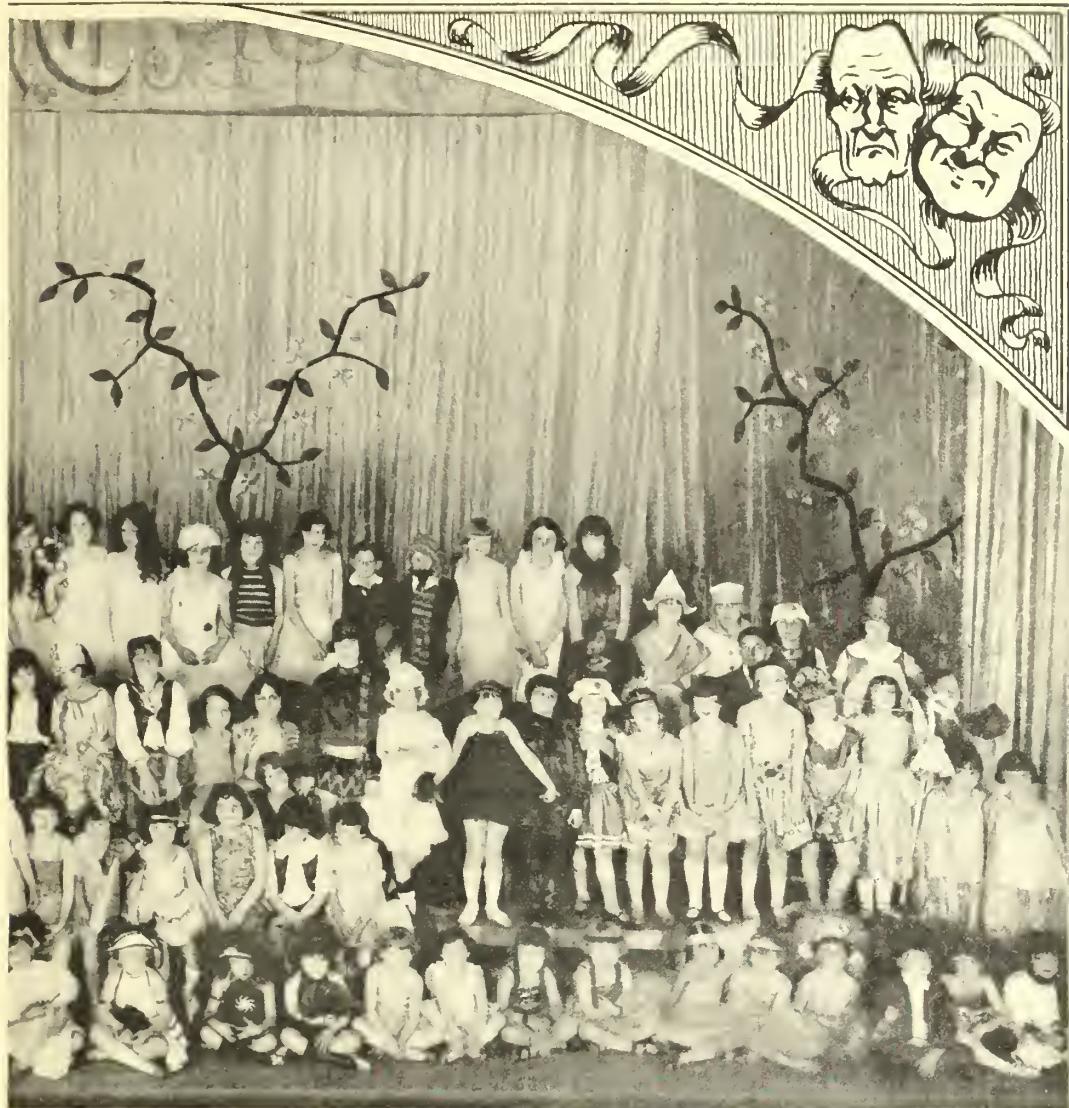
*By Sydney*

several days before, which accounted for the \$600. Now we had one-third of one day in which to make up a deficit of \$3,400. I had studied arithmetic at school and simply knew it could not be done. Even Wells Hawks, who was brought up in the show business, shook his head. The signs and portents, he said, were against us.

"Still," he said. "It's a fine day and all the miracles that happen inside of theatres aren't performed by Harry Houdini. Let's forget Buffalo until supper time. And we have a good bill, anyhow."

We did have a good bill and that was one thing that was not costing us a cent, either. If we had hired this talent—well, if we had had to even think of hiring it they could have put us in jail for conspiracy to violate the blue sky law. Raymond Hitchcock was to be master of ceremonies and the entertainment involved more stars that could be seen at any three theatres in town. John Drew, Ethel Barrymore, Gus Edwards and his review, D. W. Griffith (in person), Lillian Gish (likewise), Dorothy Jardon, Betty Blythe, Walter Catlett, Montague Love, Tom Lewis, Bruce McRae, Arthur Rankin and Eva LeGallienne were to be among those present. All were contributing their services without pay. It would be no feather in the cap of the post to demonstrate that it could get out an audience to see such people as these.

Finally Wells said matters were not to be helped by standing on



Members of the National Stage Children's Association, many of them sons and daughters of Legionnaires, performed under the auspices of S. Rankin Drew Post in their annual show in 1923. All the post's shows are now on a ready-made basis—and they pick good ones.

and they were good ones. In 1920 we had the three Barrymores—Ethel, Lionel and John—and always had top notch talent right through.

S. Rankin Drew Post, of course, stands in a favored position with the theatrical profession. It is named for Sidney Rankin Drew, of the famous Drew family, who was the first American actor killed in the war. He joined the American ambulance unit of the French Army in 1916, later transferring to the Air Service of the A. E. F. He was shot down over Montdidier on May 19, 1918. The Drew family brought over the original cross erected over his grave by the Germans and presented it to the post.

Our post was organized by Wells Hawks, who was Commander until he declined to serve any longer—four terms. Everyone in the show business and the newspaper business knows Wells Hawks, the great circus press agent. He has been in every town of ten thousand or over, in the United States and Canada. Wells has, of course, been a lot of things

besides a circus press agent, but that is where fame first found him and he can't live it down. Our membership runs, year in and year out, from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred and is made up of actors, producers, managers, publicity men, newspapermen and folks of that stamp.

It was not so very difficult, therefore, to scare up talent for a show, but still we abandoned the procedure. We abandoned it because we found a simpler way of accomplishing the same thing and because we did not wish to presume on the good nature of our actor-members and the other stage people generally.

Few appreciate what stage people have to put up with in this respect. If any stage star of reasonable prominence accepted half—and I mean that quite literally—of the calls he receives to do free acts for worthy causes he would have no time left to act for money. "Oh," the entertainment committee chairman says, "Elsie Janis will be glad to do us a little turn." But notwithstanding that assurance he makes it as hard as possible for Elsie to refuse and thinks he is pretty cute.

Turns are an actor's bread and butter. The salaries they draw are often exaggerated. There are payless waits between engagements and all sorts of extraordinary expenses about which the public knows nothing. Actors are not rich, but they are the most generous people on earth and frequently the most imposed upon. Few would think of asking a clothing merchant who happens to be a Legion member, or friendly to the Legion, to chip in with a new suit for the post commander every spring. Now that I am a post commander myself I do not contend that the thought is without basic merit—(Continued on page 78)

# THE THING

## Gumpertz

the sidewalk with our hands in our pockets. He suggested we might as well go around to Keen's and eat.

We did, and I do not recall that my appetite was particularly up to scratch. Then we went back to the Hippodrome to hear our death sentence.

But we did not hear it. Neither, figuratively speaking, did we receive the governor's pardon. Merely a reprieve. It was the middle of the afternoon, a fine sunshiny day and plenty of people out. And quite a sprinkling of those who passed the Hippodrome had stopped in and bought seats for the evening show. It looks as if we might not, with luck, lose more than a thousand dollars.

Wells suggested a ride on an open-air Fifth Avenue bus. We did not return until seven o'clock.

There was a line in front of the ticket window. Not a line a mile long, mind you, but a line. But it grew instead of diminished.

Wells smiled. "We won't go to Buffalo," he said, "A line at seven o'clock means a mob at eight. We make money." And we did. The house was filled. The profits were in the neighborhood of \$3,000, and not a dissatisfied customer.

That was in 1921—the second of three shows that the post put on, making money each time, but we quit it before we lost our shirts and made ourselves a nuisance to the theatrical profession. Our new entertainment policy will be described directly. But from 1920 to 1922 we organized and put on our own shows,

# Fourth Episode: FIRST TO FIGHT— FOR CUPID

**I**N THE winter rains of Sunny France the Regiment dissolved, and the several companies found themselves facing professional problems not unworthy of their abilities. Docks, railway yards and a great storage depot designed to hold canned salmon and other military delicacies for an army of a million stomachs claimed the attention of the Engineers.

Before the first shipments of dead goldfish had begun to bulge their tin caskets, the Gang selected a lucky number and won a storage depot which spread across the blueprints a mile wide and long enough to reach well into the next war.

Executive talent, superintendents and foremen, drawn from the Gang's personnel, formed the nucleus of an organization which obtained its labor from every available source. Pioneers and old timers on the job, the Gang were presently surrounded by a camp which sheltered some thousands of construction men—negro stevedore troops, German prisoners of war, civilian forces from Spain and an ever-changing contingent of various transient boarders of the A. E. F.

First discovering what work was to be done, the Gang began to do it. Then when their great engine of industry worked a little more smoothly after the acute shortage of labor and material had been overcome, one by one the old timers, roving on their infrequent holidays between Bordeaux and Libourne, did their best to establish, 'mid pleasures and palaces, some of the comforts of home, sweet home.

True enough, where the male population of the land about them did their bit now and then to stress the ties of the Entente in mercenary matters, but without malice aforethought—blowing up occasional fixed prices right in the purchaser's face—the Gang's romantic relationship with the feminine youth and beauty of their environment left nothing much to be desired. For a while they enjoyed a monopoly in their field, but with the delayed arrival of later waves of the million men in O. D. who had sprung to arms overnight, the competition became keener and it became necessary to employ something more tangible than fermented phrases of affection to maintain the ground gained in the garden of romance.

"Aw listen, mon cheery, vous do not need no new chapeau. Tray jolie maint'nong. And listen, cheery—them artillery hommes est par bong. Vous git me, sister?"

The maintenance item became a crucial problem. Compared to the upkeep, the first cost of true and lasting friendships was negligible. In vain did the Gang concentrate on translating the higher flights of impassioned oratory. Words were met with sad, sweet smiles.

"Listen, cheery, you look bokoo more jolie not avec jewelry. Venay away from that window—vous par need that wrist watch."

At a dark hour when a regiment of infantry equipped with three months' back pay invaded the harem and threatened to overthrow a hundred established institutions which had thrived up to that moment on nothing more substantial than love's old sweet song and other verbal considerations, Waggoner Tex Miller, working overtime at a lathe in the repair shop, hit upon an expedient which did much to strengthen the weakened ties which bound the lady friends of the Gang to their true but blue soldats.

After a highly unsatisfactory evening with Mademoiselle Julie Renan, her widowed mother, three elderly aunts and an assortment of grandparents, "Tray bong, cheery," Tex had conceded. "J'ai will bring you une jolie ring pour la finger tomorrow night. Comprenday?"

Returning to the repair shop, somewhat fed up on finicky



## HERE'S *By HUGH*

femmes, Tex sawed off a short section of a round brass rod an inch in diameter and clamped it in the chuck of a lathe which formed part of the shop's equipment. He started the lathe and within ten minutes the spirals of gleaming metal curling from the cutting tool had laid bare a bright yellow band which Tex bored to fit the third finger of the charming Julie's hand. "Give me a piece of that emery cloth," Tex directed one of the bystanders—"an old piece that's smooth."

"What you makin'?"

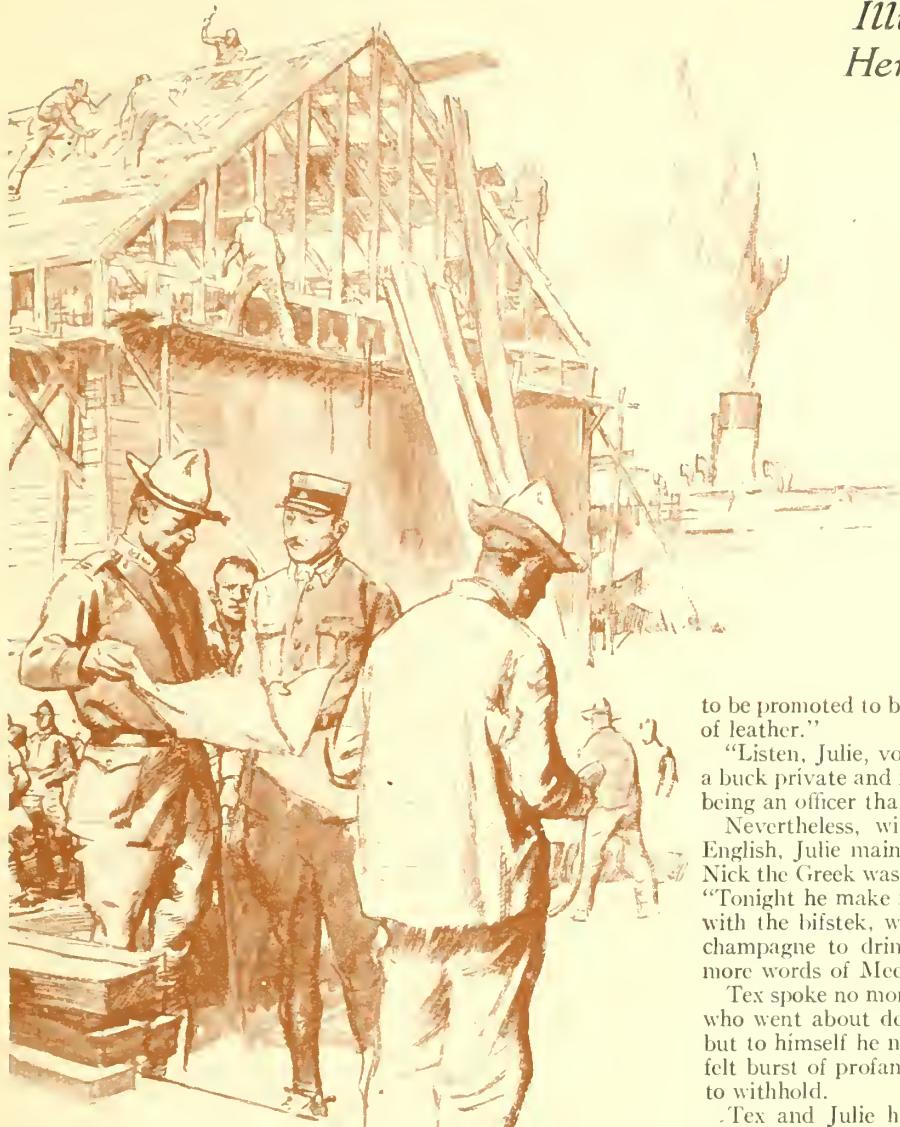
"I'm riggin' up a roller bearin' for a high roller," Tex stated, and then, withholding nothing, "If you got to know, it's a ring for a girl. I aim to ring a belle before all this infantry gang that got in last week busts up an old friendship."

"Make me one, will you Tex? Fifi like to clawed my arm off yesterday in front of a jewelry store, beggin' me to get her one."

"Tex, as long as you got that long bar of brass in that lathe, go ahead and cut off a few more of them rings." Another bystander of the night shift seemed to realize that opportunity was knocking at his door.

Within the next two days each member of the Gang had equipped himself with a collection of rings in assorted sizes which needed only a few swipes on the rough sleeve of an O. D. blouse to make them gleam as brightly as fine gold. "Raus mitt those

*Illustrations by  
Herbert M. Stoops*



# LUCK! WILEY

infantry guys—mighty funny how all the femmes around here seem to prefer us engineers to everybody, even if those other birds have got bokoo francs."

From this traffic in munitions of romance, after the experiment had demonstrated its success and had become a settled industry, Tex profited financially to the extent of one franc per ring.

"Nix on that payday stuff!" he remonstrated when a ring-craver sought credit. "Either you come across a franc a throw or else you can rustle your jewelry from someplace else. If you haven't got the jack why don't you go borrow it someplace? Get some from the Loot or hit Nick the Greek for it. He dealt himself rich last night in the blackjack game."

"I owe the Loot thirty francs now, Tex, and that louse of a Nick ain't lending his losers nothing. I got cleaned for eight francs in that game myself last night."

"On your way, boy—I don't want to get hard or nothing, but cash is my motto. You birds on the free list used up an eight foot bar of that brass without nothin' coming my way, and from now on this business is C. O. D. cash!"

Something had changed in Tex Miller's makeup. "What the hell d'ya suppose can be eatin' that bird, gittin' hard like a M. P.—how does he git that way?"

*The gang won a storage depot which spread across the blueprints a mile wide and long enough to reach well into the next war*

As a matter of fact, enjoying the social advantages derived from a heavy purse, Tex had got that way from the effects of recurrent fits of gazing into the immediate future while suffering from incidental delusions of grandeur. "Combien francs can deux people such as un homme and une femme live on around here, keeping a maisong?" he asked the vivacious Julie, indulging in a day-dream wherein prattling children played around the little cabin door.

Tex's French in this instance was too deep for his companion. She changed the subject to a string of compliments concerning Nick the Greek. "The Sergeant Nick, how gallant and how successful! Within a few days he tells me he is

to be promoted to become an officer. Already he has the leggings of leather."

"Listen, Julie, vous lay off that snake. In the first place he's a buck private and in the second place he's got no more chance of being an officer than our mascot goat!"

Nevertheless, with a sudden and suspicious proficiency in English, Julie maintained that among other admirable qualities Nick the Greek was a gallant and entertaining dinner companion. "Tonight he make me the dinner in the grand ville of Bordeaux with the biftek, with the plenty sugar in the pocket, with the champagne to drink it. Voilà, M'sieur Tex—let us speak no more words of Meestaire Nick."

Tex spoke no more words of Nick Pappas, the snake-like Greek who went about deceiving young girls as to his military status, but to himself he marshaled a list of phrases couched in a heartfelt burst of profanity which required almost superhuman effort to withhold.

Tex and Julie had been enjoying a promenade, a march of freedom away from relatives and other pests, but now abruptly Julie's escort did an about-face and started for her residence.

"Listen, cheery, j'ai take you to your maisong, and then—bong nuit! Vous can ramble avec that Nick diable s'il vous plait, but I et vous parti toot sweet."

At the entrance to Mademoiselle Julie's house, after a silence which had lasted for the last hundred yards of the return journey, "Au revoir forever, cheery," and then, confining himself to honest English, the while maintaining on his face a bitter smile, "Throw that ring I give you in the ash can for all I give a damn. Good night!"

At the moment when Tex suffered most acutely from the pangs of despised love, Alexander Nicholas Pappalopoulos, or more briefly Nick Pappas as indicated on his service record, or "Nick the Greek" as the Gang knew him, was gloating at a bit of information relayed to him by the Loot, for whom he worked as dog-robber whenever his blackjack game and his "barber shop" could spare him.

Undoubtedly Nick the Greek had a way with women. This the Gang conceded. In addition, Nick was a fair barber and as such he was entitled to his rations, according to the older members three shaves a week were essential to

*Mme. Renan*

of the Gang to whom comfort.

After a discouraging series of experiments calculated to land the ever apologetic Nick in the right job, "I'll take him for my striker," the Loot decided. "He isn't worth a damn anywhere else, so he can keep things rigged up for me." The Loot was just then averaging sixteen hours of labor per day, and here and there

Nick the Greek was able to do his bit for the big construction job by doing his bit for the Loot.

The Gang conceded that in little things Nick the Greek watched the game and was thoughtful and observing. "Johnny-at-the-rathole with hot coffee for the Loot when he comes in wore out at midnight."

"He's a good enough dog-robber, all right, but you can't make me believe anybody can beat payin' nineteen every doggone time in a blackjack game without readin' the backs of them cards."

"Another thing—he's gettin' too damn pertickler about will he shave us boys or not since the Loot made him dog-robber. Try to get a shave off him and he's just then got to do this or that or somethin' else for the lieutenant."

"I seen him in Bordeaux the other day all shined up, wearin' the Loot's old leggin's—I had a good mind to sic a M. P. on him, struttin' around like a jiggadier brindle tellin' all them dames he was a ossifer."

"Well, you got to hand it to him fer one thing," a fourth observer conceded. "Except fer Corporal Badger that's been A. W. O. L. every time we had any hard work ever since we left New York, that bird is fightin' a mighty soft war. Bokoo femmes, bokoo frances, bokoo passes—he's got it on us forty ways. You got to hand it to him, I tell you. That snake lit soft."

While the jury was out, Nick the Greek, seeking a pass to Bordeaux for the following night, fell back on the never-failing condiment trick which was practiced so extensively in the A. E. F. by the dog-robbing tribe. "The cook he needs some mushroom sauce and some other things for to make your rations taste better, Lieutenant," the snake announced. His voice seemed to be melancholy with sadness at the thought of his lieutenant having to suffer for all the comforts of home merely because a war was raging. "If the lieutenant could give me the pass to Bordeaux tomorrow evening I would rush to Bordeaux and rush back with everything."

"All right." The Loot was thinking of sixteen hundred other matters, each one twice as important as a mingled cargo of condiments and dog-robbers combined. In spite of this, devoting another moment to Nick the Greek, "There's an order out making everybody cut his hair short," he announced. "Little over an inch in front, Nick. Remember it when you cut anybody's hair."

"Lieutenant, yes sir." Forthwith, broadcasting the order after Retreat and embellishing it with specifications not in the original text, "Every man has to get his hair cut an inch and a quarter short. That is a new order from General Pershing that the lieutenant just told me."

Seekers after truth accosting the lieutenant verified the general burden of the dog-robber's announcement. "We got to get our hair cut short, Lieutenant?"

"I guess so. There's an order out about it somewhere."

Thereafter for three hours, functioning in his intermittent capacity as the Gang's barber, the snake Nick enjoyed a rush of trade that brought in a substantial addition to his blackjack profits.

"Tomorrow night the little girl shall live on the fat of the land," he gloated, and, continuing to gloat, "Tell everybody General Pershing says come here and get his hair cut right away," he instructed each of his departing customers.

"To hell with that stuff."

Counteracting the burst of prosperity which threatened Nick the Greek, an ingenious member of the Gang spread an alarm wherein the horrors of barber's itch, sloughing away of the scalp, leprosy and general decomposition of the human body were set forth in the vivid language employed by advertising saviors of physical wrecks.

"Not me—I don't go near that Greek bird to get my hair cut. Come on down to Tex Miller's machine shop. He's got an electric horse's clippers in that waggoner's outfit of his and they cut your hair twice as fast anyhow. I don't take no chances getting barber's itch and everything off

of those old combs Nick has. Me for old Tex's horse clippers."

In the tonsorial emporium of Nick Pappas the horn of plenty sounded one dying toot and was silent.

The silence was golden for Tex Miller, where, from the whirling blades of the horse clippers, hair cascaded from the heads of the Gang until, according to orders, it left them bald within an inch and a quarter of their skulls, with bare streaks here and there where the clippers had slipped.

The stampede ended with money enough in Tex Miller's possession to make him think seriously of abandoning the trade in brass rings in favor of his new vocation. If nothing else could be said for it, hair cutting was at least free from contingent tragedies involving fickle and faithless ladies who dined with snakes such as Nick Pappas.

**A** GOOD man being hard to find and harder to hold in spite of America's contribution to the shortage, when Mme. Louise Renan became informed of her daughter's interest in Nick the Greek she lavished a wealth of sound advice, born of experience, upon the fickle Mlle. Julie.

"M'sieur Tex Miller, he is an honest man, and you are a little fool to desert him for this black-haired lackey to uncouth officers. Your father, alas, resembled Nick the Greek, and never for a moment could I trust him. True enough he was a man of substance, but only because of the wealth I brought him at the time of our marriage. Never could I be sure of one single thing about your papa—except that he was ardent in his love."

Rendering justice to her dear departed, Mme. Renan reserved to herself the bitter realization that her husband's ardor in affairs romantic had been disseminated over an area wide enough to deprive it of most of its impact wherever a single target of his affection had been concerned.

"M'sieur Tex, on the other hand, is blond and he is honest and of a stature how magnificent. With the fingers of one hand he could destroy a dozen sleek pomaded barbers such as this Nick the Greek."

"True enough, my mama," Mlle. Julie returned. "But what would you have me do—in my pride can I encourage a great blond bear who instructed me in English at the anguished moment of our parting to throw his pledge of love into the ash-can?"

Seeking to end the ordeal, Mlle. Julie permitted herself to indulge in a tear of half-sincere regret. The older woman abandoned her lecture. "There, my angel," she comforted. "May the devil take all men! We have wealth enough to permit us to remain aloof from these heart-breaking savages. Dry your tears, my child, and smile. The end of love is the beginning of wisdom, and I tell you that naught but distress lies beyond the doors of a man's heart."

Later in the day, realizing the quality of deceit contained in the last phrases of her advice to her daughter, Mme. Renan adopted a course dictated by common sense. She resolved to interview the blond and thrice-admirable Tex Miller in an effort to replace the leaden gray of love's young dream with a lighter tint which should presently match the petals of the rose.

"They's a dame out there lookin' fer you, Tex," a scout at the door of the repair shop informed the brass ring magnate early in the following afternoon.

"I'm off of dames fr' life—to hell with 'em! Tell her I sent my laundry already, if that's what she's after."

"This ain't no washwoman, big boy. She's a peach of a looker and she's ridin' in a pony cart. Maybe she wants to get her horse half-soled or something. Go on out and see her—there may be frances in it, and God knows I need 'em if you don't, since that snake of a Nick cleaned me at blackjack again. I'll half-sole her horse—tell her—for a franc a hoof."

"I'll look her over," Tex conceded. He turned his work at the lathe over to the franc-craver. "Take a finishin' cut of a sixty-fourth off of this pin after she runs out—and keep the soapy water runnin' on that tool. She's cuttin' hard."

Laboring under the stress imposed by an imaginary picture of the affairs incident to the champagne banquet at which the Greek snake had entertained the heartless Julie, toward all womankind at that moment Tex Miller's heart presented an armored surface as hard as steel. He made his exit from the repair shop and confronted the peach of a looker who was seated in her pony cart.

"My goodness—why bonjour, Madame Renan! Como tally your health?"

The satisfactory state of Mme. Renan's health, it developed,

was second only to her delight in seeing the brave Tex Miller after what had seemed an interminable period of three days since his last visit with Mme. Julie. "The affairs of war, they have engage you, is it not?"

"Ah oui—bokoo work."

A passing frown darkened Tex Miller's countenance at Mme. Renan's preliminary exposition of the desolation which her daughter suffered by reason of the thrice-agreeable gentleman's prolonged absence from the Renan establishment.

How they missed his laughter and the advantages in the matter of accomplishing command of that most difficult language, Mme. Renan deplored—the English as she was spoken; the terpsichorean delights purveyed by that how plaintive yet how sweet violin of the accomplished soldier.

Only that morning at the time of soup had it been necessary to comfort the most distressed Grandpere Renan, who longed for the soothing strains of the violin in the masterful hands of M'sieur Tex Miller—for the exhilarating melody of—what you call? the Turkey in the Straw, the inspiring M'sieur McGinty who went down to the bottom of the sea, and the How Dry I Am solo wherein "nobody geeve a good goddam."

Back in the repair shop Tex Miller's helper made the finishing cut on the crank pin in the lathe. He tried it with a micrometer gauge and set about giving the pin a polish which would leave it within a thousandth of an inch one way or the other of perfection.

During all of this the absent Tex, oblivious to the march of time, remained at Mme. Renan's side until a booming whistle midway of the warehouse project abruptly recalled the hypnotized one to the realities of life.

He bade the lady in the pony cart a lingering adieu in phrases which he realized were totally inadequate for the finer sentiments which language might convey. "J'ai suis tray regret for party avec vous maint'nong," he affirmed. And then, "Absolute-mong, madame—j'ai veneer to your maisong après eaty petit supper ce soir . . . ah oui, j'ai portay mong violin. Absolute-mong. Au-revoir, mon cheery Louise."

These last words softly, being as yet uncertain of his ground.

When Mme. Renan had left, returning to the repair shop where his helper had diverted the soapy water for the purposes of personal ablution, to himself, "Saa-y-y boy! . . . Holy suffering sidestepped grief—I been blind as a bat. She's got it on that finicky femme of a daughter forty ways from the jack."

"What's eatin' you—what you murblin' about?" The helper, noting the wild light in Tex Miller's eyes, observing the wide gulf which suddenly yawned between Tex Miller's mind and the pleasing reality of the mess call which had blared, fired a question at his companion. "What's eatin' on you, big boy?"

"Nothin' eatin' on me," Tex returned, struggling back to normalcy. "Where's that resin you borrowed from the blacksmith? I got to get that fiddle bow of mine back into shape. This here damp air has like to spoiled it."

After supper, when the fiddle bow had been attended to,



*"My goodness—why, bonjour, Madame Renan! Como rally your health?"*



seeking a pass for the evening, Tex smiled a negative to several invitations to engage in local diversions of the moment and walked directly to company headquarters. In an unexpected encounter with the lieutenant the pass-craver collided head on with

one of those annoying changes of program which so often gummed up the private and personal schedules projected by victims of the S. O. S.

"Order came in from Base Headquarters in the evening mail that ropes you into a temporary life of ease," the Loot informed him. "Ever since you and Rex and Mex played at that 'Y' show the uplifters have been on your trail. I busted their game a couple of times, but they've got all three of you birds rounded up this time and I guess there's no way of beating the deal. A little play won't hurt you any."

"What's the deal, Lieutenant?"

"The general seems to think that a tuneful trio that can dish out plenty of jazz will save bokoo life in the camps around the Base. There's three hundred thousand men in the Base and from the general's order it looks like half of 'em are pining away for the lack of a little vaudeville—anyhow Tex, Rex and Mex, violin, banjo and saxophone experts, are scheduled for a triumphal tour. Transportation by the quartermaster and eat where you can find it."

"Lord, Lieutenant, that's a terrible mess for a man to get himself into." His projected theater of action, wherein the charming Mme. Louise Renan played her part opposite the hero, crashed suddenly to dust. "With all this new (Continued on page 44)



*Any time you're in Pasadena you can visit the Busch Gardens for a quarter. The money goes for relief of needy and disabled veterans of the World War*



*Mrs. Lilly Busch, German born, owner of the Gardens and originator of the big idea*

to palates jaded by Lenten fare. No doubt about it, old Banbury Cross Mill has done its share to make this earth a better planet to live on.

But huge as is the total pleasure added to the lot of humankind by the nursery rhyme and the Lenten goody, one may be pardoned for doubting whether in all its centuries of existence the old mill has done one tenth the solid good that may be laid at the door of its modern replica six thousand-odd miles away. The English Banbury Cross has turned out a grist of wheat flour so great that its statistics could keep one of the end-to-end experts happy for hours. The American Banbury Cross has since 1921 ground through a bulk of helpfulness to suffering men and women and children, disabled service men and their families, which cannot be measured. The nearest that one may come to measuring this relief is by stating that up to last September first it totalled \$133,000, scrupulously spent by an able board of trustees, themselves veterans of high standing in The American Legion.

Take, for instance, what a small portion of this money did for the man we may call Bill Fellows. Bill made four dollars a day as a laborer working for the city park. By one of those miracles of thrifty living, Bill and Mrs. Bill stretched that four dollars to

## A PARADISE

**I**N THE estimation of all of us there are two priceless gifts which the original Banbury Cross Mill has contributed to the world. Foremost comes that joy of little children, Mother Goose's verse about "Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross." And close behind follows the Hot Cross Bun of Good Friday, crusted with glazed sugar and juicy with currants, succulent boon

support themselves and their four children. They had even scraped together a down payment on a tiny home and were paying for it a few dollars every month. Still more notable, they paid Bill's dues promptly every year in Pasadena (California) Post of the Legion.

Then Bill, always notable for being willing to tackle any job, tried one that was too hard for him. Lifting a weight beyond his strength, he felt a sharp pain in his back. An ambulance took him to the hospital. And after the necessary x-rays and observations, the doctors encased his body in a plaster cast and told him that with luck they might be able to take it off in three months.

Three days after this stroke of misfortune, they hurried Mrs. Bill to the same hospital. She had gall-stones, the surgeon discovered. So they put her on the operating table, performed the necessary major operation and told her she would be able to do a little light work around home in a few weeks.

Mrs. Bill openly doubted whether she would have a home to work around by that time. So did Bill. When she had to go to the hospital, one of the neighbors had agreed to care for the children for a day or two. But in four-dollars-a-day circles even the kindest neighbors cannot add four hungry youngsters to their responsibilities. There simply isn't money enough to do it. And even if the kids were kept out of an institution, the little home would have to go. For, not to mention the three monthly payments that would be missed while Bill lay in his plaster of Paris nightshirt, what chance would there be to catch up, with the hospital and doctor bills to pay out of the weekly envelope?

Word of their plight reached the right place at about the time they were wheeling Mrs. Bill away from the operating room. The money that the modern Banbury Cross Mill helps provide was put to exactly the sort of use for which it is intended. With it a woman was paid to look after the children. Payments on the house were met promptly. A check went to the hospital to clear off the debt in full.

When Bill Fellows went back to his job in the city park it was just like starting fresh. All of the expenses of his hard luck had been concentrated in one place. He had written his name at the



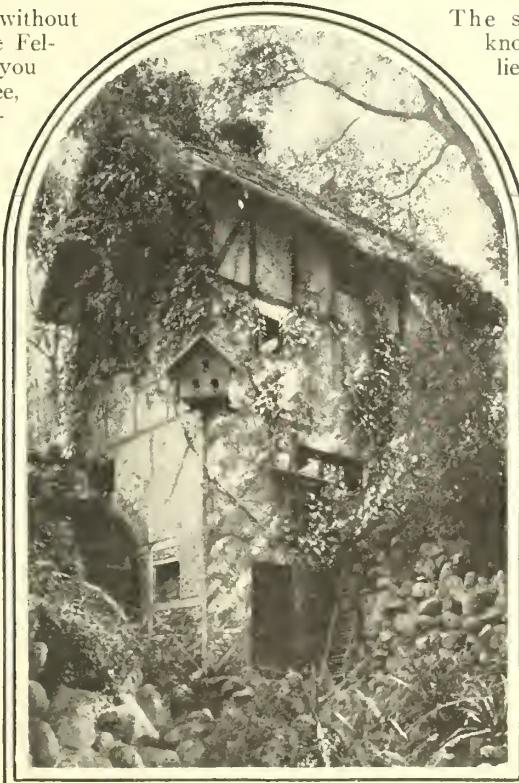
*Total receipts from the two-bit entrance fee come to some \$25,000 a year. Expenses are around \$5,000, leaving \$20,000 for the relief fund, which is administered by The American Legion Department of California*

# that PAYS

*By Arthur Van Vlissingen, Jr.*

bottom of a note for the amount, without interest. What this help meant to the Fellows family in its time of need cannot, you will agree, be metered. Don't you agree, too, that this one item of lending a helping hand to a sick veteran more than balances all the good done all the world by all the Hot Cross buns and nursery rhymes ever known? And then some.

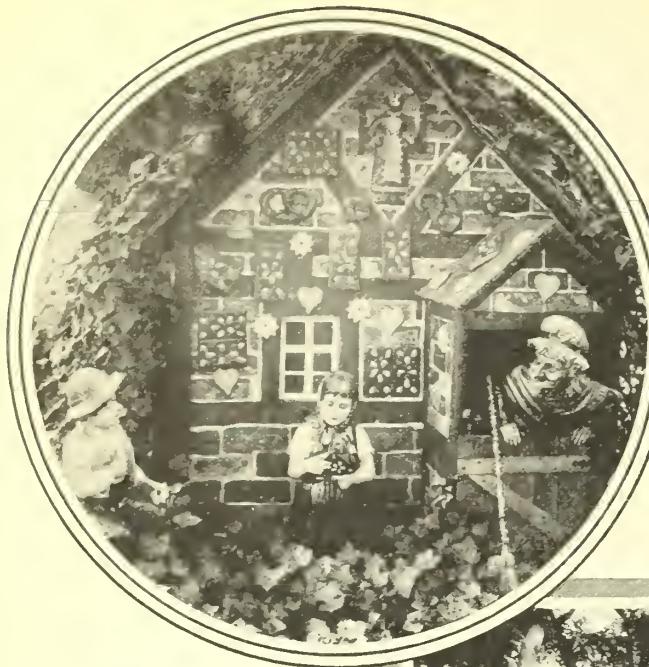
Considerably more than a thousand cases of the same sort have been similarly handled out of the same fund in the six or seven years it has been in existence. Statistically they are "cases." Individually each one is a story, like Bill's, of a man or a woman who wore this country's uniform in '17 and '18; who through physical disability, whether incurred in the service or subsequently, became involved in financial straits; and whose lot was made more tolerable in adversity through a modest loan—by prosperous standards, a pitifully modest loan—to be repaid, without interest, when and if circumstances permit. Most of the loans have not been repaid, simply because the borrower has been unable to earn a dollar above his bare requirements for living. A few have been paid off in full just as soon as the disabled borrower got back on his financial feet. And a large number are being paid off, as Bill Fellows is doing it, fifty cents or a dollar at a time—the gallant gestures of honest men who will somehow sweat out enough to cancel their notes and let the money go on another errand of mercy.



*Banbury Cross Mill*

The source of these loans is officially known as the Busch Gardens Veterans Relief Fund. Unlike most funds of charitable intent, it is not the accumulation of subscriptions by many givers. Instead, it comes entirely through the kindness of one woman. She is almost surely the one person who has given the most money for veterans relief. Yet outside the borders of California this phase of her life is almost unknown. She is the greatest single benefactor of any activity of The American Legion. Her gifts through the Busch Gardens Fund have helped needy veterans from every State in the Union.

Mrs. Lilly Busch is eighty-three years of age, the widow of Adolphus Busch. Her winter home at Pasadena is among California's show places. During her husband's lifetime, from the building of the famous gardens until a few years ago, the gardens were open to the public. After his death Mrs. Busch continued the custom of permitting anyone to enjoy them at will. Many times millionaires, no thought of charging for admission had ever entered the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Busch. Shortly after the war Mrs. Busch saw a need which few outside Legion circles as yet recognized. Broken in bodies, the pitiful wreckage of our military forces was stranded long after the able-bodied veterans had re-established themselves as going economic units. And somehow, because life in California looked easier or pleasanter or because their disabilities were such



*The Gingerbread House*

that the climate would benefit them, disabled from all over the United States drifted thither. Inevitably, great numbers of these men and women have gone on the financial rocks. Too often life is a losing battle for people with serious disabilities.

Motherly soul that she is, Mrs. Busch wanted to help the disabled service men. She wished to provide a regular source of money which could be administered by men who knew the problems of the disabled. So she sent to The American Legion Department of California her business manager, Edmund V. Krug, with the offer of the privilege of charging admission to her private gardens, the resulting funds to be administered by three trustees for the relief of needy disabled veterans.

Her generous offer was immediately accepted and three trustees appointed: Buron R. Fitts, then Legion Department Commander, Walter Tuller, and Allen B. Bixby. As these men completed their service, their places were taken by others. Today the trustees of the Busch Gardens Fund are Judge Dailey S. Stafford, Past National Commander John R. Quinn and David J. O'Leary. Adjutant Robert M. McCurdy of Pasadena Post serves as secretary to the board of trustees. He handles the pay-roll, draws the vouchers, disburses the money as authorized by the trustees. The total receipts are around \$25,000 a year. The expense consists of paying a ticket seller, gatemen, patrolmen—these latter all comrades of the G. A. R. For the light and welcome employment these venerable warriors draw a total of about \$5,000 a year. So if you are quick at subtraction, you know by now that this leaves some \$20,000 for veterans relief every year.

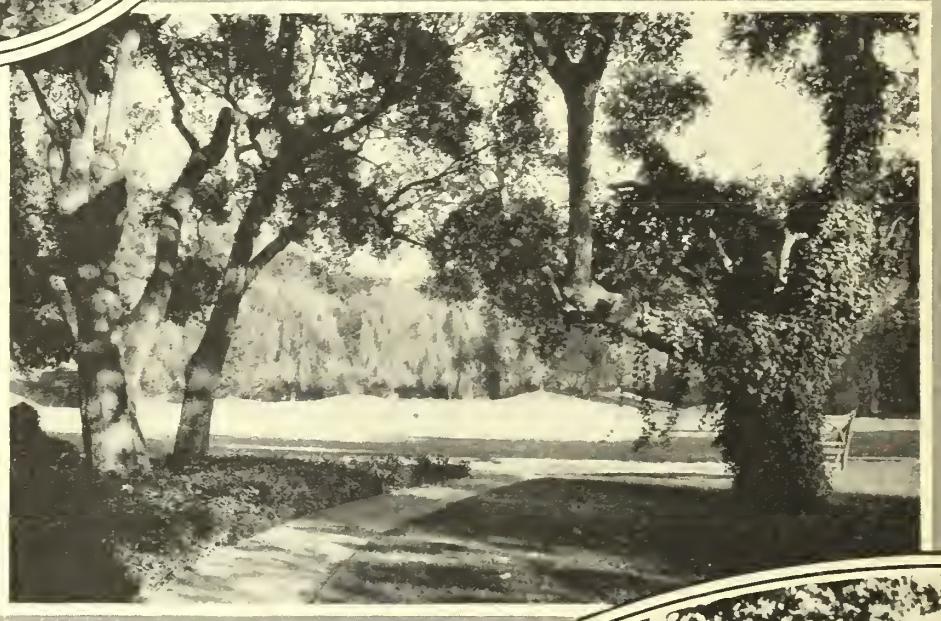
What sort of attraction do these Busch Gardens offer, that they bring such large and steady gate receipts? It is not easy to describe the gardens so that one who has not seen them can appreciate their charm. To get the statistics over with right at the start, there are more than thirty acres of rolling ground, intensively cultivated. They have fourteen miles of winding walks. And if anyone has ever been industrious enough to undertake the job of counting the variety of plants gathered together here, he has not yet finished his task.

As you enter the gate after paying your quarter for each

adult in your party and a dime for each child, you hold your breath in sheer astonishment at the beauty of the grounds. Never mind if you have been everywhere and seen everything. Never mind if you make your living by making beauty spots more beautiful still with landscaping. You will hold your breath along with the rest of us who are more easily astonished. For the loveliness of the vista is guaranteed to bring sighs of delight from anyone.

Before the visitor has satisfied himself with the view in long perspective, some blaze of color near at hand draws his eye though it be against his will. Willy-nilly he feasts on the rich pink of crepe myrtle trees in bloom—or, in winter, marvels at a bed of bird-of-paradise. Then his feet move him along toward another attraction. Eventually he returns to a consciousness of the weakness of the flesh, for his legs ache from the miles he has clambered up hill and down, his back aches because several hours have elapsed since last it enjoyed its accustomed repose against the back of a chair. And his mind is almost numb with the beauty he has absorbed from his surroundings.

Lest I be unjustly accused of being a California booster or a Pasadena real estate salesman, or of getting a share of the gate receipts, let me protest that I live two thousand miles



*The Gardens comprise more than thirty acres, all intensively cultivated*



east of Pasadena and have visited the gardens only occasionally as a casual tourist. But I would never miss an opportunity to spend an afternoon there, even if my quarter were going to a less worthy cause. For anyone who is not bored by the sight of trees and flowers and grass artistically landscaped, no

*There have been more than half the Gardens*

pleasanter way can be devised for spending several hours.

Do you ask about the Banbury Hot Cross Bun Mill? It is in the gardens, one of the prime attractions. With its mill-wheel turned by a little stream which brawls down the slope on which it stands, and its snow-white pigeons strutting about its roof, it looks for all the world like a relic of the Middle Ages, unless you know it is built of California redwood. It is a genuine mill, too, no sham about it. On occasion it has ground out a grist of flour. But its greater grist is the money which it and the rest of the gardens grind out for the disabled.

A potent reason why these gardens are extraordinarily beautiful is that they have been built up, year by year, to please beyond mere satisfaction a family which has been able to visit the wonder spots of the world. In 1903 the first work was done to convert the raw land into lawn and garden. Every winter thereafter, when Adolphus Busch returned for the winter, he expected to find some new surprise, more beautiful than anything that was there before.

In charge of the gardens from the start was Robert G. Fraser, whose son, Legionnaire Douglas Fraser, is associated with his father in the work. No limitation of expense was ever placed upon them. "Make it just as nice as you can," Mr. Busch would



*Cinderella herself*



*One of the G. A. R. patrolmen who make up the Gardens force*



tell Mr. Fraser.

"And have a nice surprise ready for me when I come back next winter."

The Banbury Mill was one of these surprises. The Mystic Hut, a picturesque little building not too far from the mill, was another. Everywhere you turn a corner in the grounds you are face

*a million paid admissions to since 1921*

to face with a little novelty that must please you as much as it pleased the first owner. And over all is the beauty of a perfect whole, planned on the most elaborate scale possible within the bounds of good taste.

The ground slopes away in compound terraces. In the valley is a graceful clump of ornamental date palms from the Canary Islands, not squat and sturdy like those in date orchards but slender and airy. Yonder stands a great cedar of the Himalayas; in the other direction a row of Italian cypresses, thin as rods and unbelievably erect, reach for a passing cloud. Side by side, looking for all the world like dam and colt, are a giant California redwood and its diminutive redwood cousin of Japan.

There is a huge bed of cactus — the stumpy barrel cactus, the big fellow with leaves like hands,

source of many a stimulating beverage below the Rio Grande; the cruel Crown of Thorns, which a Man bearing likewise a cross wore as he plodded up a weary hill some nineteen hundred years ago.

As interesting as any is the strange little tree called Napoleonica Algeria, a slip cut from a tree on the grave of Napoleon at Longwood, St. Helena. Only the one such tree and its descendants are known to botanists. And its origin, as the story goes, is that one of Napoleon's officers carried from Algeria a weeping willow tree to plant upon his chief's grave. That autumn the leaves fell. Next year, when its buds had burst, the new leaves were curled. Each year the leaves have curled, in token of this tree's sorrow at the loss of Napoleon.

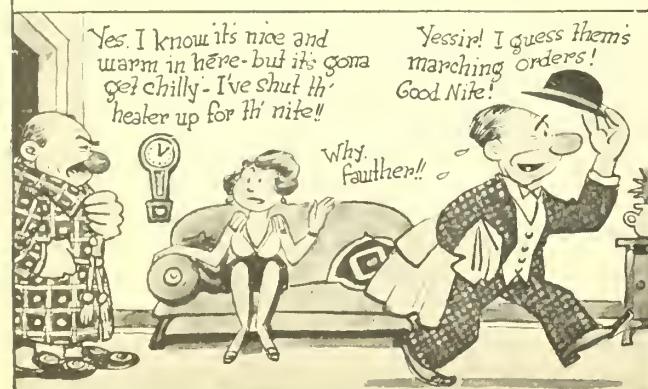
But do not get the idea that the gardens are given over only to unusual trees and palms. They are simply the background. All around the grounds are flowers and decorative plants, rock gardens in shady spots. Beside a pond and fountain a bed of pampas grass raises its feathery white spray, exactly in harmony with the curve of the falling water.

If you saw the motion picture "Beau Geste," perhaps you will recognize this as the pond where the little boys staged their naval battle and the viking's funeral. Afterwards the children scampered across a lovely lawn, skipping among a number of quaint little figures on the grass. These too are in Busch Gardens—for the motion-picture people, (Continued on page 50)

# SEASONABLE

As We Go Marching Toward Spring

By Wallgren



# A PERSONAL VIEW

by  
Frederick Palmer

LORD ROTHERMERE, great English newspaper owner, says Britain should not build a navy against America. No more are we building one against England or any other country. We are building to keep treaty parity, to guard our place in the world, our long coasts and distant stations, and not as the lunatic fringe charges, to start a new construction race. Our need of cruisers was emphasized when we were short of them for the China and Nicaragua crises.

*How We Build*

M. CLAUDEL, the French Ambassador, says, "If America vetoes war there can be no war . . . All by herself she can do more for the cause of peace, only by opening or closing her doors than any continent and any league of nations. She is a whole league of nations by herself." In our isolation, freed from entanglements, we can live up to our responsibility by good will toward every nation, putting in our conciliatory word at the right moment, and having military power enough to be respected if cards are to be laid on the table.

*Wisdom from Claudel*

TEN YEARS AGO this month General von Ludendorff seemed astride the world as supreme master of the mighty army which he saw as going to final victory in the great German drive on the Western Front. Today, with no vestige of authority, down and out, he has become a public scold. When he vented his grouch in a slur on his old chief, Hindenburg, German public contempt gave him the last push.

*How Big Then, How Small Now*

A GREAT FLYER, Lindbergh. Yes. The first to fly across the Atlantic. Yes. Character? Yes. And that is not all. He has something else. It is personality which thrills us to him as typifying youth, American youth, pioneering youth, simple, eager—unspoiled when spoiling would have been so easy—youth daring and smiling for the deed's sake and the game's sake. It was ever thus.

*Call It Personality*

HERE IS SOMETHING that never happened before, a great augury, a human miracle it would have been considered ten years ago. No people were more bitter or had more cause to be than the French in the war. The Germans were bitter at having the immemorial foe triumph over them. But those ancient enemies, across the dividing Rhine, who fought so long and hard eye to eye in horror in 1914-'18, have learned mutual respect

from the clash of steel on steel. Not from the diplomatists, but from the French and German associations of theatrical managers in fraternal meeting comes the most telling of actions in the toleration which makes for world peace since "the war to end war"—as it was called in the hope that humanity would profit by this greatest of lessons. They have agreed to cut out of their entertainments all gibes and wisecracks at the expense of a neighbor people. It is these sharp racial flings of ridicule, satire and innuendo which open old wounds and keep them raw in the irritation that fosters war.

*Make It*

WHEN THE FLOOD was raging down the lower Mississippi Valley and refugees were fleeing from their drowned homes and lands—how vivid then the public impression! It is still vivid in that region. Short public memory in other regions should think back if constructive measures that make the cause of the whole that of all its parts, show signs of lagging.

*Many Flights*

MAN HAS NOW flown 322.6 miles an hour. Further transoceanic and endurance flights and other brilliant stunts are the incidental display to the big aim; and the big aim is not one plane at over 300 miles an hour but many fliers coursing from airport to airport throughout the country at 100, 150 or 200 miles an hour.

*History and Schools*

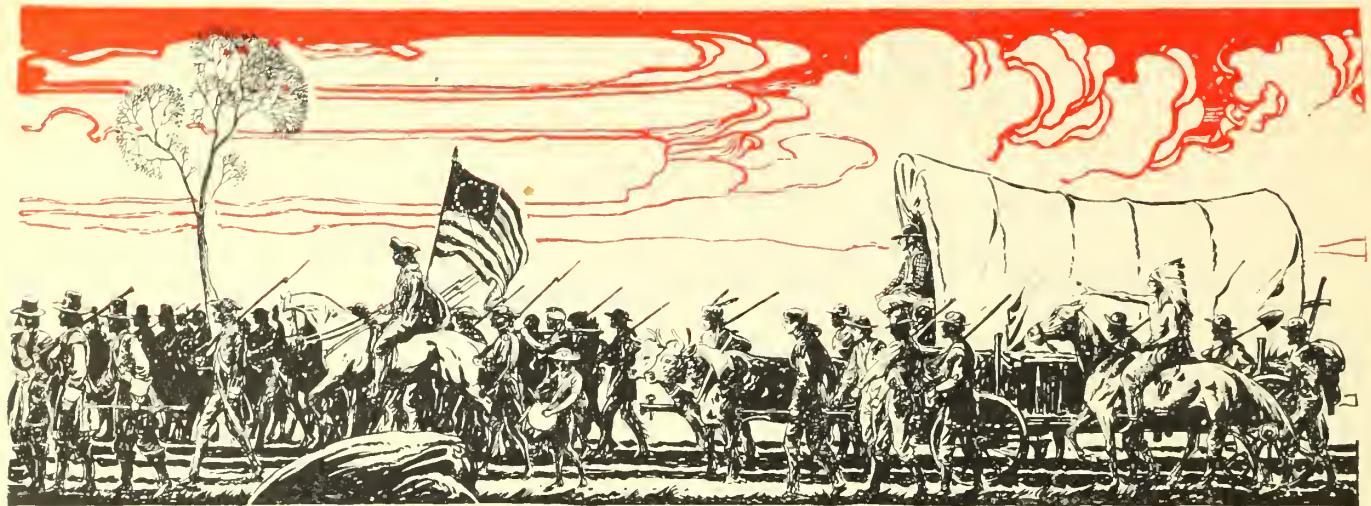
THERE ARE TEN million people, or one-eleventh of our whole population, in three States within forty miles of the New York city hall. This makes the largest city in the world. The ten million toil in offices and factories. Others grow their food. America becomes more urban and new problems arise. They will be met.

*It Is A Miracle*

PUBLIC LIBRARIES SHOULD be open to everything decent. Individual adults can discriminate. This is one of the privileges of having a grown-up mind, and it is a way to keep it grown up and alive. Censorship often defeats its own end.

Schools fall in another category. The fundamentals taught in them should be carefully considered lest young minds become fuddled, and seizing on the sensational, get a bent on certain lines which will further worry elders about the tendency of the younger generation. The first principle is that we must have no politics in the schools.

Next, they should be dragooned by no other special interests to serve their propaganda. Next, they must not allow faddists to make children (*Continued on page 62*)



# KEEPING

## Been Everywhere, Seen Everything

JAMES F. GLANN of Leon Robart Post of Mountain View, California, rises to testify that the France Convention Committee didn't stretch things much when it gave out estimates on the low cost with which the Second A. E. F. pilgrimage could be made if one tried hard to keep down expenses. Mr. Glann reports that his entire trip, including the substantial item of round-trip railroad fare between his home and New York City, cost him \$593. He was gone three months and visited seven countries. Can anybody else beat his record?

Perhaps Legionnaire Louis M. Seidenfeld, of Murray Post of Murray City, Ohio, may rightfully claim the title of most-traveled pilgrim of the Second A. E. F., although he doesn't supply any financial statistics. He went over on the first official boat and returned on the last one. While he was gone he traveled 25,000 miles—approximately the distance around the world—and visited three continents and thirteen countries—France, Switzerland, Italy, Egypt, Palestine, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Austria, Holland, Belgium, England and Scotland. As a souvenir of his trip, Mr. Seidenfeld submits as an entry in the Monthly's Prize Photograph Competition a close-up of himself on the back of a camel, with the Pyramids and the Sphinx filling in the desert background.

## Zinnias for Everybody

EVERY Legionnaire who reads Arthur Van Vlissingen's article on the Busch Gardens in this issue will tuck away in his mind the resolution to visit the gardens if he ever goes to Pasadena, where Pasadena Post of The American Legion likes to act as host to Legion visitors. If you can't go to Pasadena, however, you can bring a bit of the Busch Gardens to your own flower garden at home. Pasadena Post has made arrangements with the nurserymen who conduct the gardens to supply Legionnaires with Balloon Flowered Zinnia seed at a greatly reduced price. The seed is guaranteed to grow in any State. The flowers are very large. A \$5 packet of the seed will be sent for one dollar, cash or money order, by Robert M. McCurdy, Adjutant of Pasadena Post, 131 N. Marengo Avenue, Pasadena, California.

Those lucky enough to visit Pasadena will see Pasadena Post's clubhouse, a beautiful building of Spanish architecture, adjoining Pasadena's \$3,500,000 civic center. In 1923 post

members subscribed to a fund for the purchase of a clubhouse site. Two years later the citizens of Pasadena contributed \$35,000 to the post's building fund. In the meantime the land which had been acquired—a block long and one hundred feet wide—had increased in value so much that the post was able to borrow the remainder of the amount it needed to complete its building. The clubhouse has as neighbors million-dollar skyscrapers and churches.

## Still Coming

SINCE the Monthly's Prize Photograph Competition was announced, hundreds of photographs have been submitted by Legionnaires—not only from most of the States but also from France, England, Belgium, Sweden, Germany, China, Cuba, Alaska, the Philippines and Hawaii. They present a review of The American Legion at work in all parts of the world. The Step Keeper selects as illustrations for each issue those pictures

which reflect the widest variety of Legion interests and gives representation to States in as many sections of the country as possible. Remember, the competition ends on April 15th. One hundred dollars will be paid for the best picture relating to an activity or interest of The American Legion. There are fourteen other cash prizes.

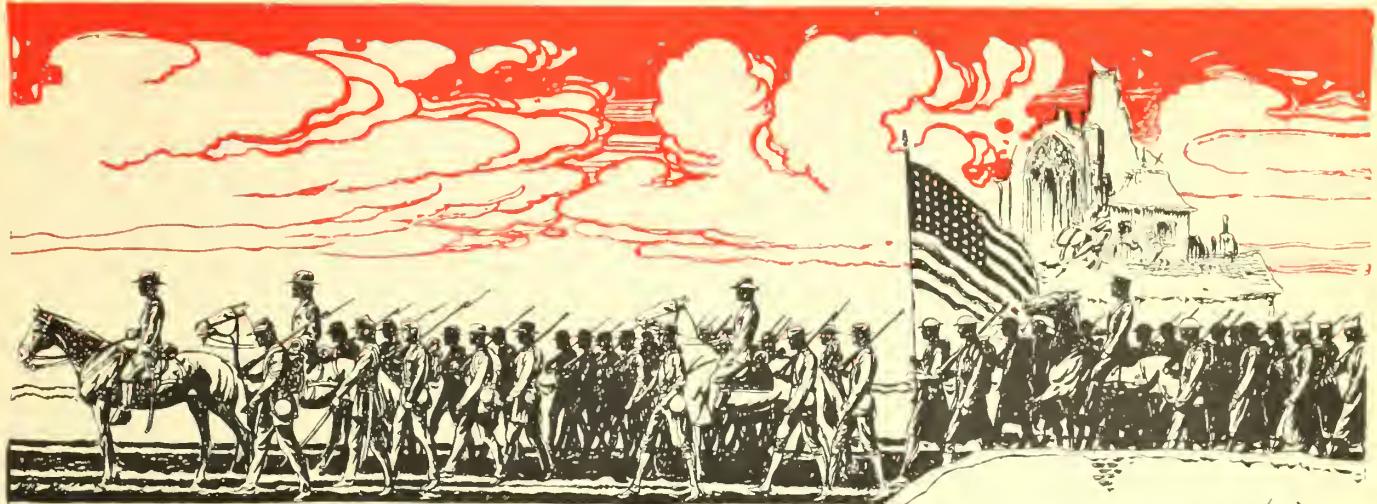
Among recent entries was a photograph, taken aboard the S. S. *Scythia* on the return voyage of the Second A. E. F., which will give most Legionnaires their first close-up view of Abian A. Wallgren of Philadelphia whose cartoons in each issue of the Monthly carry on the series he has been drawing for service men since the time he was hauled out of the Fifth Marines in France to do cartoons for the *Stars and Stripes*. With Wally is shown Jay Ward, the Pennsylvania boy adopted by the Second A. E. F. as its mascot. Morris Fineberg of Boston sent the photograph.

## Another Legion Stadium

WHEN Richmond, Virginia, looks upon the war memorial stadium which the Richmond posts of The American Legion will present to it, that stadium will have its counterpart in another metropolis of the South. The Richmond project was described in the Keeping Step sector of the Monthly for February. Now from Birmingham, Alabama, J. Martin Smith, Jr., sends the story of Birmingham's 10-acre municipal stadium and Alabama's war memorial—Legion Field—which is partly



Darkness and flame give realism to the monument erected in Missoula, Montana, by Hell Gate Post's Auxiliary Unit



# STEP

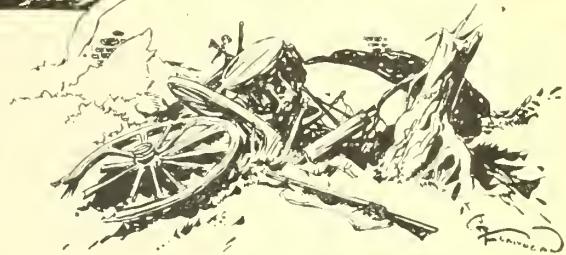
completed, with 20,000 seats of an eventual 100,000 already erected. An American Legion War Memorial entrance to the stadium, to cost \$50,000, is being financed entirely by Birmingham Legionnaires, although the whole project, which will cost an additional sum of several hundred thousand dollars, is being carried through by the Birmingham Junior Chamber of Commerce and the city of Birmingham. National Commander Edward E. Spafford spoke at the ceremonies attending the dedication of the memorial entrance in November. The entrance is expected to be completed before next autumn's football games.

"The memorial entrance and the stadium proper are being handled as separate projects," writes Mr. Smith. "On the entrance will be inscribed the names of every Alabamian who gave his life during the World War. The stadium is of the familiar horseshoe design, modeled after the stadium at Ohio State University. It is being constructed of brick, steel and concrete, with eighteen miles of California redwood for seats. A novel plan of financing made the field possible. The Junior Chamber of Commerce, of which Legionnaire Charles F. Varn is secretary, raised \$115,000 by the sale of \$100 certificates bearing five percent cumulative interest. The city contributed \$150,000 as a loan and donated the ten-acre site.

"Birmingham Post, which has 1,100 members, conducted a state-wide campaign to pay for the memorial entrance. And this memorial will be truly imposing. A huge arch will be the central feature, with flanking arches spreading on each side to join the main structure. In front of the main arch, two flagpoles will rise eighty-five feet. They have beautiful memorial bases. Recumbent lions, ten feet from tip to tip, guard the terraced approach and the broad entrance-way steps. Ornamental shrubbery will set off the stone and bronze beauty of the whole work."

## Hocus Pocus

SETTLING on government homesteads today is risky, and hundreds of World War service men have sacrificed savings and years in efforts to establish themselves that were foredoomed to failure. Uncle Sam not long ago adopted the plan of selecting settlers on irrigable farm units according to their actual qualifications, in the hope that the record of broken hopes and wasted years might be changed. The Commissioner of Reclamation, looking over the settlers on a project which had failed, discovered that the first comers had included a deep-sea diver, the wife of a



professional baseball player, and a former missionary in China. A painter, a plumber and a carpenter, all living in distant cities, owned farms, unoccupied and untilled. A trained nurse had invested her savings in one of the tracts—a highly speculative enterprise, for which she had neither the money nor the inclination after she had made her original investment.

Reports agree that most government land available for settlement offers a hazardous venture to the service man, even though he is by law permitted to apply the period of his World War service to the three years of residence on the land necessary for him to obtain title. Most land still open is arid, incapable of irrigation, suited only for grazing if for anything at all. Occasionally, however, the Government opens lands which do seem to hold forth real opportunities, although in every case the prospective settler should make no commitment until he has visited the tract and weighed its disadvantages against its apparent advantages. He should also obtain from the General Land Office, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., copies of Circulars 302, 523, 541 and 1131, containing information on homestead lands and service men's preferential rights.



Wally, still here, after the Second Battle of Paris, and another Pennsylvanian, Jay Ward, mascot of the Second A. E. F.

residence under the homestead laws. A former soldier with nineteen months of service is required to spend only seven months on the land the first year."

Mr. Keyes says his post is interested in trying to obtain settlers of the right type. He offers to send additional information. The majority of members of his post, he states, are

# KEEPING STEP

members of the Reclamation Service, and others are engaged in business or ranching. Now let's hear from other posts in government homestead sectors.

## Sunday Evenings

THE Paris convention urged all Legionnaires to participate in all non-partisan activities for the good of the community. Post Commander Marshall L. Mathews of La Grange (Illinois) Post introduces to Keeping Step George L. Newcomb, President of the La Grange Legion Sunday Evening Club, and the Step Keeper will sit down a moment while Mr. Newcomb does his stuff. He has something new to tell the rest of us.

"We are holding a series of meetings on Sunday nights from November to April," writes Mr. Newcomb. "The meetings are held in the La Grange theater, which seats 1,500 persons. No admission is charged. Fifty citizens of the town have made themselves the financial angels of our enterprise, making it possible for us to meet expenses of \$250 for each meeting.

"The problem, of course, is what speakers? We don't want politics. We don't want anything that may lead to religious controversies. We want outstanding men qualified to speak on some phase of a national problem of which they have special knowledge. I think Vice President and Legionnaire Charles G. Dawes sensed our appeal when he accepted our invitation to open our series of meetings with a patriotic address on November 6th. Past National Commander Howard P. Savage of Chicago also spoke at that opening meeting.

"Our schedule includes nights when concerts are given by symphony orchestras and the Hayden Choral Society of seventy-five voices. Special music is also provided when addresses are given. The list of speakers includes:

Colonel H. B. Chamberlain of the Chicago Crime Commission; Professor Henry, who had charge of the Field Museum expedition to the Holy Land; United States Senator Simeon D. Fess of Ohio; Bishop Hughes of the Methodist Church; Professor Frost, head of the Yerkes Observatory; Dr. Cherrie, explorer, a leading member of the Roosevelt expedition to Asia; President Kinley of the University of Illinois; Former Governor Henry J. Allen of Kansas; Lorado Taft, sculptor; and Commander Richard E. Byrd of North Pole flight fame. This partial list gives an idea of the variety of programs."

Mr. Newcomb anticipated a logical question, perhaps, because he explains that one of the reasons La Grange provided its programs was that only a few churches had been holding Sunday evening services. The ministerial association of the town has recognized the value of the non-political, non-sectarian club and furnishes a minister to lead the devotional exercises which are a part of every program. Sunday motion pictures ended in La Grange a year ago after a vote had been taken.

Before starting its Sunday Evening Club, the post had won the confidence of its town by exceptional performance. La Grange's population is 12,000 and it is a suburb of Chicago. The post has 350 members and maintains clubrooms on the second floor of the Carnegie Library. The post has given flagpoles to the schools, has planted memorial trees and estab-

lished a memorial parkway. It donated \$1,000 for the rebuilding of an Episcopal church following a fire. When a walkout of the police department left the town unprotected, the post mobilized and provided full police protection while the town council and the officers were coming to an agreement. The memories of all these things helped the Sunday Evening Club.

## Duckboards to Sidewalks

FAR up toward the Canadian border in Montana is the new town of Browning on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, sidewalkless until Browning last year became the home of one of the newest posts of The American Legion—Blackfeet Indian Reservation Post. "Why don't you ask Reverend C. P. Lewis,

pastor of the Presbyterian church in Browning, to tell how the sidewalks were built?" suggested Department Adjutant O. C. Lampert of Helena, Montana. Introducing Reverend Mr. Lewis, who writes:

"The townsite of Browning is on swampy ground. Whenever the children were on their way to school after a rain, or at any time during the spring, it was necessary to lay planks on stilts for them, especially at street crossings. As a new post, Blackfeet Indian Reservation Post had no money, but we had a real desire to do something for the community. We thought we would surprise the town by building the sidewalks without letting anybody know of our plans. We thought we would all take a day off and go to a woods, cut timber, use a sawmill belonging to the Indian Agency and haul the cut lumber back to town on trucks belonging to our members. But the Women's Club, whose members had been talking about sidewalks for a long time, got word of our plans and asked to share in our work. The club had funds and it offered to provide the lumber.

"The lumber was obtained. Post members did most of the hauling. And almost all of our members got together to do the work. Some who couldn't get on the job themselves hired carpenters to help. The job was done. Little children on their way to school will no longer have to wade through water and mud. Later we hope to extend the sidewalks to the churches."

Reverend Mr. Lewis's post gave to its town another proof of its usefulness as a community tie. When the funeral of James W. Brown, the last surviving Civil War veteran of Browning, was held in the Catholic church, both Reverend Mr. Lewis and the pastor of the Methodist church were among the twelve uniformed Legionnaires who rendered final honors. Because of the limited number of men available for the funeral detail, Reverend Mr. Lewis and his fellow pastor served not only as pallbearers but also as members of the firing squad.

## Parisienne

WHEN the delegation from the Department of Canada marched at the head of the national convention parade in Paris, Joseph Godley of Detroit, Michigan, chairman of the delegation, had one big moment. The honor of leading the parade was won by the Department of Canada in competition with all other departments. On June 15, 1927, its membership



You come early to get a seat on Sunday evenings in La Grange, Illinois, where the La Grange Legion Sunday Evening Club conducts lectures by notable speakers and concerts of classical music. The club has the co-operation of the town's ministerial association

# K E E P I N G S T E P

showed the largest percentage gain over past years' average. Later Mr. Godley knew a bigger moment in Paris. On October 15th, Mrs. Godley became the mother of a seven-pound baby girl at the American Hospital in Paris. Mr. Godley unwound a mile or so of American red tape in Paris getting Baby Ruth Lee Godley duly registered as an American citizen. He reports that she enjoyed the steamship trip back home better than her father and mother and has grown lustily ever since.

## Golf's Winter Cousin

BACK in the stone age, perhaps, some inventive son of the Flinthatchet family discovered he could get about better on ice if he strapped runners of some sort on his feet. About this time the little Flinthatchets and their prehistoric playmates invented the game of shinney. Shinney must have been born almost at the same time as the art of skating. It is a game that is rooted in the most primitive instinct of play. American boys have played it, under varying rules, on the ponds and rivers and creeks since time immemorial—it is the winter version of baseball. Hooked clubs cut from small trees on the river bank, goals separated by a stretch of shining ice, a block or a ball, any number of players from two to a hundred—that's shinney, old style or new.

When shinney puts on dress clothes, it is called hockey. The soup-and-fish version of American boyhood's favorite winter sport has in recent years swept southward from Canada, gaining popularity in town after town in our States of the northern tier. In Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, American Legion posts have hockey teams more often than they have baseball teams, and lately the sport has been creeping as far south as water freezes.

In Waterloo, Iowa, hockey has in a single season become a winter sport sensation. Waterloo is more stirred up over hockey than St. Louis with a world's championship baseball team, and that's stirred up. Waterloo took to hockey after Becker-Chapman Post got a new Chaplain. The new Chaplain was R. A. Malcolm, and Mr. Malcolm happened to be a Canadian World War veteran and a former Canadian hockey star.

Waterloo has a very large exhibition building—the hippodrome of the Waterloo Dairy Cattle Congress Association. During the milder seasons, the hippodrome had been the scene of many stock shows, but in winter, ordinarily, the big building stood empty and cold most of the time.

Chaplain Malcolm had an idea when he looked at that building. Why wouldn't its arena make an ideal skating rink—and a good place to play hockey? Becker-Chapman Post grabbed the idea. It was first sprung at a post meeting on December 16, 1926. On December 23rd the Legionnaires began "building ice"—letting nature do the work in the usual way. On New Year's Day the huge rink was opened—and it was free to everybody on that first day. Hundreds of children waited in line for their New Year's present of free skating. Hundreds of citizens hauled out skates that had grown a bit rusty and sharpened and polished them.

That was the beginning. Post Adjutant E. J. Brucher reports that the rink has been going strong ever since.

"The first week we had 1,500 skaters," says Mr. Brucher. "The second week we had 2,000. The average daily attendance since then has been about 150. We charge only fifteen cents for adults and ten cents for children, just enough to pay our operating expenses. Spectators are not charged and we let the children skate free every Saturday morning. The rink is reserved for hockey practice every evening from 7 to 8.

"When the word went out that we were getting ready for hockey, we were surprised to find out how many really good Canadian hockey players were hiding out in town. They showed up in squads and battalions. We have twelve men on our team and nearly every one of them has played on some well-known Canadian or New York team. Our big hockey event last year came when our team beat Des Moines' hitherto undefeated team. Then our town went hockey crazy. It has been that way ever since.

This season we have scheduled games with the best teams of Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul. We have won the first four games, defeating St. Paul, Des Moines, Chicago Athletics and Akron, Iowa. Our building has seats for 5,000 spectators and we hope to fill all of them at some games."

## Paris via Bagdad

THE fourragere for financial bravery and the croix de guerre for getting by are hereby awarded to Fred H. Venables of Henry H. Houston, 2d, Post of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Let no one try to strip the decorations from the shoulder and breast of intrepid Mr. Venables, whose tale of how he got to Paris with the Second A. E. F. and back home again marks him as a modern Sindbad the Sailor, who, you will recall, was always getting shipwrecked and coming home with a wheelbarrow load of diamonds.

The Arabian Nights adventures of Legionnaire Venables began when he showed up at the pier of the S. S. Leviathan on September 10th with \$25 but no steamship ticket and, at the last second of the last minute before sailing

time, got a job as seaman, taking the place of a member of the crew who hadn't appeared. On October 2d, Mr. Venables was back home again in Philadelphia with \$16 in his pocket—the net cost of his trip to Paris and back was \$9.

Mr. Venables admits that, like Sindbad of old, he had his share of dark moments. He didn't happen to be held in a fattening pen by cannibals, but he knew just what that felt like—he found himself stranded in Liverpool without a passport, with the town's leading pawnbroker handing him shillings for meals, in exchange for sundry ornaments, while the American consul was contributing advice seasoned with displeasure. But Mr. Venables was not deported from England—he landed a job as an assistant steward on the S. S. *Harding* for the return voyage. That's why he happened to have \$16 when he got back home.

## Peace Through Scholarships

NATIONAL Chaplain Gill Robb Wilson presented to the National Executive Committee at Indianapolis in January a proposal that The American Legion urge the United States to establish an international scholarship foundation. He recalled the splendid results attained by placing Chinese students in American schools and universities (Continued on page 64)



National Commander Frederick W. Galbraith, Jr., who gave to The American Legion a rich heritage that ripened after his tragic death, was the American founder of FIDAC, the international society of allied veterans' organizations. This historic photograph shows the delegates from eight countries who attended the first congress of FIDAC, held at New Orleans in 1922 during the Legion's third national convention.

# YOU BELONG to the LARGEST SOCIETY *in the WORLD*

By L.R. GIGNILLIAT  
American Vice President of FIDAC

HERE is no disputing that not long since the name FIDAC meant no more to the rank and file of the Legion than some of those seductive euphonies painted on the sides of Pullman cars. But the thousands of American men and women who, as more than sightseers, got an insight into the heart of Europe last September could not escape a change in their world outlook. No matter how long they had been content in the assumption that America is sufficient unto itself and that we needn't bother about the rest of the globe, they could not remain indifferent to the spontaneous, folksy reception accorded them in France, Italy, Belgium and England. The heartiness of the welcome was no whit obscured by the differences of language, for in the "vive" of the French or the "viva" of the Italians there was always the understanding thrill of the spirit of comradeship.

The Second A. E. F. was a tremendous influence in awakinging the men of the Legion and the women of the Auxiliary to a realization of the importance of international association.

About a year ago a gentleman prominent in the affairs of The American Legion was politely kidding the FIDAC.

"What's it ever done? What does it expect to do?" he asked. "We hear of it now and then but I've never run across anybody who knows what it's all about."

I have often run across apparent indifference to really worthwhile things coming from intelligent people, so this attitude did not try my patience. I told him painstakingly what FIDAC is.

I told him that it is sometimes called the "allied Legions"; that it is a sort of international Legion; an organization through which World War veterans of all the former allied countries may express themselves and work together. I explained that its chief aim is to foster and develop the comradeship born in the Great War and to use that spirit of comradeship to further world peace.

"Sounds all wet to me," was his only response to my exposition, in the course of which I had become very enthusiastic and a bit animated, too. But it left him flat.

I met this same Legionnaire a few weeks ago. Meanwhile he had gone with the Legion to France. He had marched along the Paris boulevards where the cheers of the French had been answered by cheers from the Legionnaires. He had seen, as General Pershing expressed it, "the spirit of the French rise to great heights to meet that of the American pilgrims." He had clasped hands and sat in friendly converse with comrades in Italy and Belgium and England. He had met with great cordiality and warmth of greeting in all these countries, not only because their veterans had once been comrades with him in a common cause, but because they felt that in the family of the FIDAC they were still comrades with him in the common cause of peace. He had seen on the Commander's Tour that in many instances it was the men of the FIDAC who were on hand to greet him and give him the "keys to the city." It was Sansanelli who made the arrangements in Italy and Crosfield, a past president of FIDAC, who was the prime mover in the reception in London.

He had learned that comradeship and understanding are potent things and however international technicians might evaluate them in comparison to studies of existing economics and politics, he at least was convinced that in promoting amity between nations such bonds among war veterans as FIDAC seeks to promote are worth building upon.

So he said to me: "I am sold on FIDAC now, and if you can find a way to get across to the ranks of the Legion just what FIDAC is they will be sold on it too. A lot of them," he amplified, "don't know whether it is a new cigarette or an anti-freezing oil. Tell them in plain talk (Continued on page 69)

# THEN AND NOW

Play Ball!—Stars and Stripes a la  
Belgique—A Wayside Shrine—Battleground of  
Is-sur-Tille—Another First of the A. E. F.—Distressed Buddies

**S**PORTS of various kinds played a big part in keeping the A. E. F. and the Army of Occupation entertained during the long period between the Armistice and the movement towards home, as you all know. We broadcast a lot of information about the service and baseball activities of Alex the Great, otherwise Grover Cleveland Alexander, Hank Gowdy has been mentioned, and we've heard the boastings of the 89th Division which had the A. E. F. championship football team.

Of course, there was baseball in the training areas before la guerre fini—inter-company corner-lot games—and occasionally other competitions. Now Lafayette Schank, member of Hollywood (California) Post of the Legion, does a front and center with a "nearest-the-front baseball game" claim. Let's give ear: "I am enclosing a snapshot taken during the summer of 1918 behind the Alsatian front near the American railhead which was located just east of Fontaine. The picture shows three members of Salvage Squad No. 6, a unit of the original Supply Company, Q. M. C. No. 305, in the uniform of the day. In the well-known left to right order, they are Clyde Crooks, Waterloo, Indiana; Victor E. Swithenbank, Marysville, California; and Raymond H. Rhodes, Toledo, Ohio.

"Many games were played here between pick-up teams composed of men from the salvage squad, a rolling canteen unit from the same Supply Company, the Engineer personnel of the railhead and members of either the 32d or 29th Division on detached service there.

"Though not under enemy fire, some of the games were played while the anti-aircraft guns of the French and of the American First Anti-Aircraft Battalion were banging away at enemy planes flying overhead. Needless to say, the steel cases, or pieces of them, fell just as hard as though labeled 'Made in Germany.'

"The natives of this part of Alsace, just a few miles from the Swiss border, claimed that actual invasion of this territory by German Uhlans occurred three days before the formal declaration of war in 1914, and that the open field used as a baseball diamond marked their farthest advance. This, I believe, is partial evidence of perhaps the closest-to-the-front baseball games played in the A. E. F. and I thought the Gang might be interested in it, or some of them may file better claims for this distinction."

**F**ROM Walter H. Killam of San Francisco, California, former sergeant major, First Gas Regiment, the Company Clerk received the following interesting contribution:

"I read with interest the reference to Grover Alexander's and Hank Gowdy's service and the statement in regard to other athletes. As sergeant major of the 30th Engineers, later the First Gas Regiment, I welcomed into the Army Charles 'Gabby' Street, former Washington catcher, who gained fame by catching

a baseball thrown from the top of the Washington Monument.

"He came in with a bunch of recruits from Fort Slocum and as no one in headquarters at Fort Myer showed any particular interest in recruit Charles Street, he modestly revealed that he was 'the' Charles Street. Street was popular with the men and rose at one time to top sergeant of Company D. He was a good soldier but never took very kindly to the strict Army discipline.

"Toward the close of the war a large number of other well-known athletes, among them Ty Cobb, the late Christy Mathewson and Percy Haughton, were sent over to join the Chemical Warfare Service, but they arrived too late to be of any material aid in ending the war. Of the two famous baseball stars,

Mathewson was the more popular, as he was modest.

On the other hand, Ty Cobb demanded the deference he believed was due Ty Cobb. He got

it to his face, being a commissioned officer, but not behind his back. At the time of the arrival of the athletes a number of our non-commissioned officers who had seen the war from Belgium to the Swiss border and missed but few rackets, were in training near Chauumont for commissions and were addressed by Cobb who told them how proud he was to be with them and how he envied their experiences. It sounded good, but from the rear ranks he received in good measure what the orderly of Captain Flagg in the film 'What Price Glory' hands out so freely when Flagg is not looking."

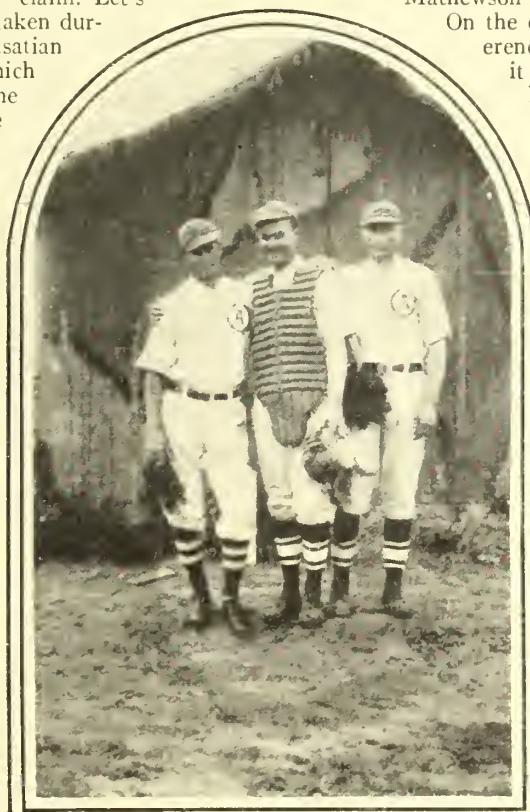
**C**ARL B. TAYLOR, formerly supply sergeant of Company D, Ninth Infantry, Second Division, and now editor of the *Dade City Banner* of Dade City, Florida, sent us a letter some time ago in which he reported an incident which we are surprised, too, has not been told to the Then and Now Gang before now. Let us read what he has to say:

"Mrs. Taylor, who is president of our local Legion Auxiliary unit, had charge of the Flag Day observances in June and her reports of the program being arranged reminded me of an incident that came to my notice during the hike of the Occupation Army to the Rhine after the Armistice. So far as I have noticed, it has never been in print, except for the fact that I mentioned it in a Flag Day editorial in the *Banner* last year.

"The Ninth Infantry was leading the Second Division and had just crossed the line between France and Belgium. We passed through a number of little towns and finally came to one a bit larger than the others.

"The inhabitants had managed somehow to get hold of a lot of flags, Belgian and French, mostly, with here and there an English flag, and they were flung to the breeze from almost every house. Suddenly I noticed the column ahead of me start to straighten up as we plodded along through the mud and someone shouted, 'See the American flag they've got!'

"I looked ahead and on the front of a building saw a little



Lafayette Schank of Hollywood (California) Post introduces three members of the nearest-to-the-front baseball team: Crooks of Indiana, Swithenbank of California and Rhodes of Ohio. Salvage Squad No. 6, Q. M. C. No. 305, was located at Fontaine, Alsace, at the time

home-made replica of the Stars and Stripes, about as large as a small pocket handkerchief, made by sewing a few strips of red, white and blue cloth together, the stars being sewed on. It wasn't regulation—there were only about six stripes and not over the same number of stars—but to me and I believe to every other man in that marching column, it was the most inspiring and beautiful sight we had ever laid eyes on.

"There were smiles and jests on the crudeness of the work, but the eyes of the men who smiled and jested had a suspicious softness and I saw a number of those men closest to me swallow as though trying to choke down an emotion they disliked to show.

"For myself, I will admit that my throat felt tight, as I looked on this little home-made, almost-caricature of the Flag, that in its very crudeness showed that those people had thought of what America had done to help free them from the oppression of an enemy. From that day to this, the Stars and Stripes have held a significance to me they never had before."

**S**OME months ago H. E. Gority of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, sent us the picture which appears on this page and we have just got around to using it. Which is one way of telling the Gang that the Company Clerk hopes to use the many interesting pictures which have been sent to him just as soon as space permits him to do so. In his letter of transmittal Gority remarks:

"The enclosed picture was taken over there during our recent jamboree when the camera was supposed to be out-of-bounds.

"A good many of the Gang will remember Is-sur-Tille as a so-called Rest Camp and quite a few others had the luck just to pass through. But I know that a meal at the Waldorf-Astoria was never more welcome than the coffee and cakes handed out there when the Tours-Chaumont train was running hours late, and running late was something it didn't do nothing else but. This was true especially during late 1918 when delivering the goods was more important than getting tourists, prospective shave-tails, etc., in on time. The Tours-Chaumont train carried all sorts—casuals, both officers and men, and officers on leave and on business connected with G. H. Q. and S. O. S."

**P**AST Commander A. L. Henson of the Department of Georgia nominates for the spiritual comradeship of all Legionnaires, Harry V. Atkisson, who fought at Château-Thierry with the Sixth Marines. He relates:

"During November I drove along a lonely country road skirting the base of Horn's Mountain, near Reeves, in Gordon County, Georgia. Near a bridge on the Oostanaula River, and between the road and a humble cottage, I saw a large concrete boulder. A luxuriant cedar tree rose from a hole in the center of this boulder, the green of its branches contrasting with the sober foliage of autumn on the mountain side. Upon the cement boulder rested a marble slab. The whole arrangement suggested something other than a grave. I read the inscription on the slab. It was:

"This tree planted November, nineteen twenty, in memory of Captain John Burns, 74th Company, Sixth Regiment, U. S. Marines, who was killed June 13, 1918, at Chateau Thierry, France.

"When will the winds be weary of blowing—never.  
"When will the streams be weary of flowing—never.  
"When will this brave Marine be forgotten by this world—never.

—Henry Atkisson

"All I know about Henry Atkisson's war record is that he was a private in the Sixth Marines. He placed this marble slab

and planted this tree not 'where the race of men go by' but 'under his own vine and fig tree.' You might improve on his style of verse. You might select a better place to perpetuate the memory of Captain Burns. But you will never find a deeper spirit of comradeship nor know a sweeter sentiment. Harry is living some distance from his memorial now, but his aged mother decorates it regularly with the flowers from the mountain."

**P**ROBABLY the next best thing to seeing the old camps and towns of the A. E. F. after the years which have passed since we came home is to hear about them from those lucky birds who were members of the Second A. E. F. last September. At least one Legionnaire who didn't have to keep the home fires burning last fall has been good enough to make report for the benefit of the stay-at-homes. John W. Hall of Roxbury, Massachusetts, who from March, 1917, to September, 1919, was Camp Adjutant at Is-sur-Tille, is the man we have to thank for the following:

"When I was with the Second A. E. F., I visited Is-sur-Tille where the Advanced Depot, Service of Supply, was located during the war. I feel that among the thirty thousand or so survivors of the 'Battle of Is-sur-Tille' there will be some who will be interested to know how the place looks after eight years have passed by.

"Of Camp Williams, on the hill,

there is nothing left but some foundations of barracks and the stone chimney of the Officers' Club. The main road through the camp is still there, but the ground is uncultivated.

"The warehouses, bakery and Camp Doughboy are all gone and through that area there are only a few rails and roads to show where that vast project was located and there much of the land is now being farmed.

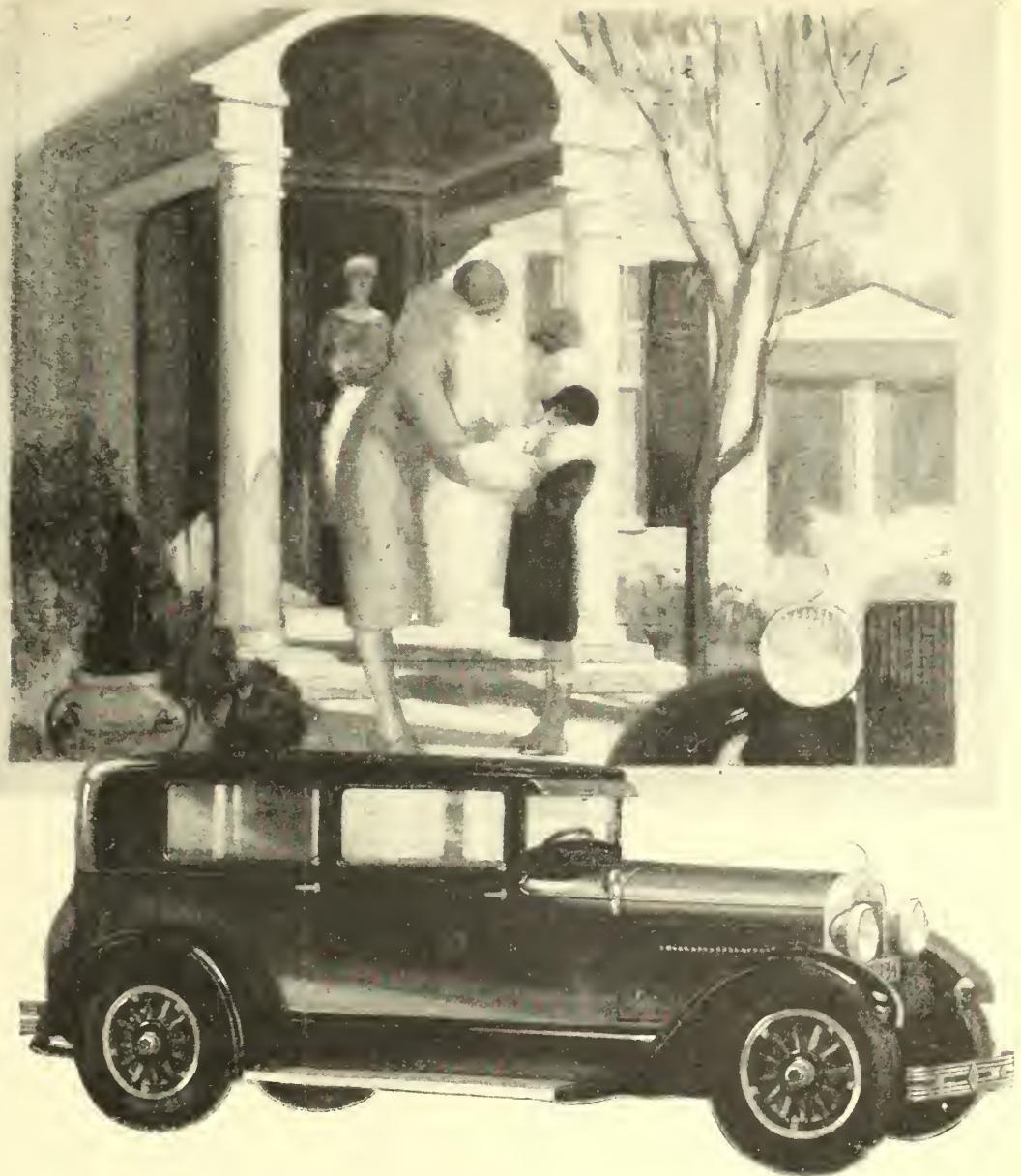
There are a few buildings left near the 'gare' and at Marcilly the barracks that supplemented the main buildings of the Red Cross hotel is still standing. Near there, in Marcilly, the townspeople have placed a very fine monument to its soldiers who died during the war.

"In Is-sur-Tille itself, the mayor, M. Emile Guyon, took me in charge and showed me the memorial which Is-sur-Tille has erected in the square in front of the church, of which he is justly proud. And right here I got the greatest thrill of my entire trip when I found that the monument was a joint memorial to both French and American soldiers. The presence of so many Americans for over two years presumably has jolted the inhabitants from their time-established customs and habits to which as a rule they cling so tenaciously.

"Not only have they placed on the monument medallions of Foch and of a poilu, but also medallions of Pershing and of a doughboy. On one face are carved the names of the fifty men of Is-sur-Tille who lost their lives in the war and on another face the names of the ninety or hundred men of the American Army who died while at the camp and were buried in the temporary American cemetery established there. This cemetery has, of course, been discontinued with the removal of the American bodies to the permanent cemeteries or to the States, but while it was there, the townspeople periodically held commemorative services in honor of the men buried there."

**N**OW that the show troupes are beginning to sound off," ex-Field Signalman Ray J. Flaherty of Laurel, Nebraska, announces. "I feel that the 314th Field Signal Battalion Minstrels should be remembered for their part as gloom chasers in the Army of Occupation.

"This troupe of some eighteen men played over fifty performances in the occupied area, particularly in the 80th and 90th Division sectors, frequently two-a-night, in all sorts of places from a two-by-four school house with candles for lights, to the big Festhalle in Trier. They (Continued on page 73)



## Essex Values Accumulate

### ESSEX SEDAN

**\$795**

Coupe \$775

Coach 735

*f. o. b. Detroit, plus  
war excise tax*

In the New Essex Super-Six you get the finest performance, comfort, beauty and reliability Essex ever offered—far exceeding its predecessor which outsold any "Six" at or near the price by an overwhelming margin.

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ESSEX SUPER  
SIX

# Bursts and Duds



## THESE MILITARY THEESPIANS

It was the sweet young thing's first visit to a military camp and she was in a gushing mood.

"And what rank did you hold in the war?" she asked.

"I was an acting corporal," answered the grizzled vet.

"Oh, how lovely! What part did you play?"

## FOR PRACTICAL PURPOSES

The dirtiest tramp on earth presented himself at a farmhouse door.

"Could you let me have a bar of soap, lady?" was his surprising request.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the mistress of the house. "You're the first tramp I ever saw who wanted to wash."

"Wash, nothin'! I wanna use it to fake a fit."

## FOR THE YOUNGER SET

"Blimp is certainly a far-sighted man." "How's that?"

"He's financing a factory that manufactures nipples for hip flasks."

## JUST PLAIN DUMB, THAT'S ALL

She (*in excitement*): "Stop the car! Stop the car!"

He (*in alarm*): "What for?"

She (*in disgust*): "Oh, for Pete's sake! Never mind—keep going."

## THE MODEST HERO

"So you were at the battle of Is-surt-Tille!" she enthused. "And did your company lose heavily?"

"Yes'm, they did," assented the bashful vet. "That is, they did until they caught me with them loaded dice."

## INCREDIBLE

"See that woman yonder? Did you ever see such a sad face as hers?"

"My God! Is it hers?"

## VALUABLE HINTS

"Pop, do you buy ideas?"

"During office hours, yes."

"Buy one now?"

"If it's a real corker, I might."

"Aunt Sophy's comin' tonight, with all her kids—"

"Well?"

"If we disconnect the radio an' take the handle off the phonograph, maybe they won't stay long."

"You said it, son—here's a dollar."

## IN THE OFFING

"I want to divorce my husband," stated the fair client.

"What for?" inquired the attorney.

"Oh, you wouldn't know him."

## CONTAGIOUS

First European: "I tell you, these Americans are money-mad. All they think of is money."

Second European: "Yes, and the mania is catching. Every time I see an American I begin getting that way myself."

## BEAST!

"Did you hear the terrible news?" cried the wife excitedly, as hubby entered the house after a hard day in the office. "Burglars broke into the Smiths' house, and one of them pointed a gun at Mrs. Smith and told her he'd kill her if she spoke a single word, and Mr. Smith has been out ever since looking for the burglar, and—"

"Wants to hire him by the month, I suppose," the mere man had time to cut in.

## ONE BETTER

"Boy," announced Mose. "whah Ah comes f'um folks is tough. Dey's so tough dat buckshot don' even scratch de hide."

"Lissen, son," countered Lige, "whah Ah comes f'um dat would be called tendah."

## HELPFUL SUGGESTION

"Willie," said the Sunday School teacher severely, "you shouldn't talk like that to your playmate. Had you ever thought of heaping coals of fire on his head?"

"Gee! No, ma'am, I hadn't, but it's a peach of an idea!"

## BOUND THE OTHER WAY

They were waiting for the Sunday fans to gather.

"Wonder if they have golf links in heaven," meditated a caddy who was a newcomer on the job.

"Hmpf!" his friend grunted. "Where'd the players come from?"

## WHAT A CHANCE!

"Nurse," said an amorous patient. "I'm in love with you. I don't want to get well."

"Cheer up, you won't," she assured him. "The doctor's in love with me, too, and he saw you kiss me this morning."

## PERFIDIOUS WOMAN!

"Say, old man," volunteered the gossipy neighbor across the street. "I really think you should know that shortly after you left for your office this morning I saw a strange man call at the house."

"Oh, my God!" cried the newlywed in dismay. "As sure as thunder that woman has bought something else on the installment plan!"

## SO SILLY!

Stenographer: "Where's the boss—not down yet?"

Office Boy: "He's sick and won't be here today."

Stenographer: "My goodness! What will I do?"

Office Boy: "With the boss away, you ask a question like that!"

## PIKER!

Mr. Guffy, the Florida realtor, died and went, surprisingly enough, to heaven. There he was regaling a group of new acquaintances with a vivid tale of a subdivision he had sold for one million dollars. "And if I had held it six months longer I could have cleaned up double that sum," he declared with dramatic effect.

A bronzed individual rose, snorted and walked away.

"Who was that man?" demanded Mr. Guffy.

"That," he was informed, "was the Indian who sold Manhattan Island for twenty-four dollars."

## COMMERCIAL MECAVOUSCOMPRENEZ

"Did that book on 'French on Ten Words a Day' help you much when you were in Paris?" asked the stay-at-home.

The returned second A. E. F. sighed.

"It might have," he said, "except the French insisted on speaking ten words a second."

## NEEDY CASE

"Teacher," asked a little girl, "what's a waif?"

"A waif, dear, is a girl who hasn't any home."

"Gee, teacher!" exclaimed the innocent tot, her eyes filling with tears. "Then where does she walk back to from her automobile rides?"

*(The barrage lifts to page 80)*

*The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly*

# CORONA IN COLORS



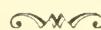
[MOUNTAIN ASH - SCARLETT]



TO more than a million people this colored Corona is an old and tried friend in a very becoming new dress. The delightful Duco finishes are intensely practical because they not only harmonize with any color scheme but are very durable. And beneath the finish is the finest portable typewriter modern skill has produced. The only portable with a twenty year record of proved durability. At Corona stores everywhere. Convenient payment plan.



L C Smith — the Ball-Bearing Office Machine. Its light touch and easy action increase output and eliminate fatigue.



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## Old Briar TOBACCO

"The Best Pipe Smoke  
Ever Made!"

### Smoke it in your old briar pipe—

*It makes a perfect combination!*

Light up your old briar pipe filled with Old Briar Tobacco. Enjoy its comfort and cheer. Notice the natural tobacco taste. Draw in the fragrance of the slow burning, flavorful leaf. Smoke it awhile. Then see how cool and how extra smooth Old Briar Tobacco is.

Every day from everywhere men are sending us the message that Old Briar Tobacco is the end of a long search for genuine pipe pleasure—a perfect combination for the finest old briar pipe.

It has taken experts, with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, and generations of tobacco culture to develop and perfect Old Briar Tobacco. And by the application of quantity production methods, it is possible for you to enjoy Old Briar at such a reasonable price.

Of All the Pleasures Man Enjoys  
Pipe Smoking Costs the Least

In sizes at 25c, 50c, \$1 and \$2

United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va.

### SPECIAL OFFER

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Tear out and Mail this coupon with 10c—  
coin or stamps—to

United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U.S.A.

Print Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City and State \_\_\_\_\_  
A. L. 3-28

## Here's Luck!

(Continued from page 27)

motive power comin' into the yard, I don't see how I can get away from the repair shop to go fiddlin' around with any uplift vaudeville outfit."

"Neither do I, Tex, but we're too close to the throne to duck the job. The general has remembered you three birds ever since the night you played at the 'Y.' He had me on the phone half an hour after the order got here and reinforced it with some language. The old boy is a shark on detail."

"I'll tell the cockeyed world he is—maybe he'd let me go if I'd sprain my arm or something."

"Forget it. If you three birds mean half as much to the outfit that'll hear you as you have to the Gang, the chances are they'll make you kings of France. Hop to it and come on home when the job is done. You ought to get back here in two or three weeks. Highball tomorrow morning, and if you get in a jam I'll be on this end of the wire."

"Fair enough. Lieutenant—I'll ride through with it, but get me back to the Gang as quick as you can."

Forthwith, disheartened at the temporary prospect of roving around apart from the Gang and from Madame Renan, Tex sought that lady, bearing his violin in fulfillment of his promise of the afternoon.

His music that night as much as his manner conveyed some doleful portent which presently elicited from the observing Madame Louise a question as to its cause. "Why is it, M'sieur Tex, that on this evening you play your music of such a sadness?"

Trying to tell it all, Tex delivered an explanation, and his manner conveyed far more to his sympathetic questioner than lay in his jumbled words. "J'ai necessaire parti avec vous pour tray weeks. J'ai and mon amis makee music pour bokoo soldats—pour tout le monde de soldats around here."

Alas—but there would be glad returning, was it not?

To be sure there would be a returning. "J'ai retourney to vous toot sweet apres finnay music."

Smiling faintly though clouds veiled his rising star of hope, Tex accepted from the fair hand of Madame Louise a crystal cup of rare liqueur.

"To your continued happiness, my brave M'sieur Tex, and to a safe returning . . ."

"Ah oui, mon cheery—drink hearty," the doleful one replied, absorbing the stirrup cup with an appreciative cluck. Then the quick pain of parting. "Au revoir, mon dear cheery."

Hell! Why was the A. E. F. so lousy with regrettable farewells!

On the following morning, traveling to Bordeaux in an asthmatic motor, the trio entered upon a tour of entertainment which lasted a week over the schedule.

During all of this time, improving the opportunity offered by the absence of his hated rival, the adroit Nick Pappas showered time and attention and winning trivialities of a tangible sort upon the receptive daughter of Madame Renan.

Testifying to his ardor, and being in no small degree reassuring as to the nature of his intentions toward Mlle. Julie, there came a day when reiterated requests for "just a moment" with the lieutenant procured for the black-haired Romeo the opportunity which he requested. "Lieutenant, the little girl and I have decided we want to get married," Nick announced after a preliminary skirmish. "You know, Lieutenant, you've got to have a birthday certificate signed and a superior officer O. K. your wedding."

"Fair enough. Who's the little girl?"

"Julie her name is—and maybe now that the reverend chaplain of the Regiment is boarding here in this camp you could make the order for him to say the wedding."

"All right, Nick—what else?"

"Maybe the lieutenant would let me borrow the stylish Dodge automobile for a grand trip to Libourne on the honeymoon with a three-day pass."

"Sure I can—Chuck will haul you over there and come and get you. When are you going to get married?"

Now spoke the fox, seeking by his words to create a spectacular blow-off for his wedding which should include a final flight of the barbed arrows of jealousy, whose mark, when they found it, would be the absent Tex Miller. "Lieutenant, the little girl loves music, and we have decided not to get married until Mister Tex and his two music partners get back so maybe they can play at the wedding."

"You've got it all framed up, haven't you?—all right—let me know what to do and when to do it and I'll help you all I can."

The Gang, responding enthusiastically to the prospective bridegroom's invitation, inspired more by thoughts of a pleasurable diversion with drinks furnished at somebody else's expense than by any fealty to their barbering blackjack associate, turned out in full force to help with the event.

Accompanied by the chaplain, the Loot and several other officers of the company joined the Gang on Sunday morning and in a little while, escorting the bridegroom, the outfit descended in a body upon the Renan residence where in the wedding ceremony was to be performed.

Tex, Rex and Mex, equipped with their several musical instruments, were welcomed by the bride's mother and then more effusively by Nick the Greek, who had already begun to assume an air of proprietorship over the Renan establishment. "You got competition,"

he announced to the trio. "We got a swell French orchestra for classic music."

"To hell with that stuff—where's the piano?"

Trying the piano, Rex found it more than equal to the occasion, and forthwith he launched into a ration of jazz while, surging about him, his companions in olive drab consumed copious supplies of liquid refreshment.

"Nix on that vang," some calm member of the Gang admonished, "and tell Rex for the love of this sacrificed dog-robber to lay off the jazz junk. Get him to play a funeral march or something before this joint is wrecked."

The calming influence of Tex Miller's violin and a moaning saxophone played by Mex succeeded in diverting the pianist to the more sedate items of his repertoire, and then, marshaling the contracting parties with a firmness befitting the occasion, the regimental chaplain began the text of the contract which bound together in wedded bliss until death or the duties of a dog-robber should part them, Nick the Greek and Mlle. Julie Renan.

Quickly then, Nick Pappas kissed his bride before any of the audacious Gang might beat him to it, but even as he embraced the girl he took occasion to flash a triumphant glance toward the defeated candidate for Julie's hand.

To his momentary annoyance he discovered no sign of distress upon Tex Miller's countenance.

Following this the bridegroom found himself the center of a clamorous group of Julie's relatives. Into the babble of felicitations drifted the soft music of the French orchestra which Madame Renan had provided for the event, but which, up to that time, had been backed off the boards by the livelier music played by the trio from the Gang.

At this interval, resting from his labors, Tex looked about him seeking Madame Renan. His search was brief, for she was almost at his side, and the abruptness of his success in finding her smothered most of the complimentary phrases which he had formulated, leaving but one broken verbal tribute in the residue of his emotion. "Mon Dieu, cheery," he burst forth, "j'ai think vous est tray times more jolie than you's petty enfant child."

"Merci, M'sieur Tex—and do you wish with me to taste one libation of champagne to the happiness of those pigeons?"

"Ah oui, mon cheery." At the moment, had Madame Louise elected to lead the way through a sea of champagne, Tex would have followed.

The pair withdrew to Madame Renan's dining room, where near a long buffet they discovered the chaplain and the Loot surrounded by a milling group of thirsty heroes.

Lifting her glass with a smile at her companion, Madame Renan seemed to have momentarily forgotten her interest in the welfare of her daughter and her daughter's new husband. "M'sieur Tex," she said softly, "I drink to you."

"Here's luck, mon tray dear cheery—drink hearty." (Continued on page 46)

# By this Discovery—

## Goodrich prevents wasteful tread wear on millions of cars!

WHAT you see under the plate glass, happens about 300 times every minute when you drive your car. First, the tread yields as it meets the road, for balloon tires are soft.

So the Goodrich Silvertown tread is flexible—triple-grooved—hinge-centered—and it yields without distortion.

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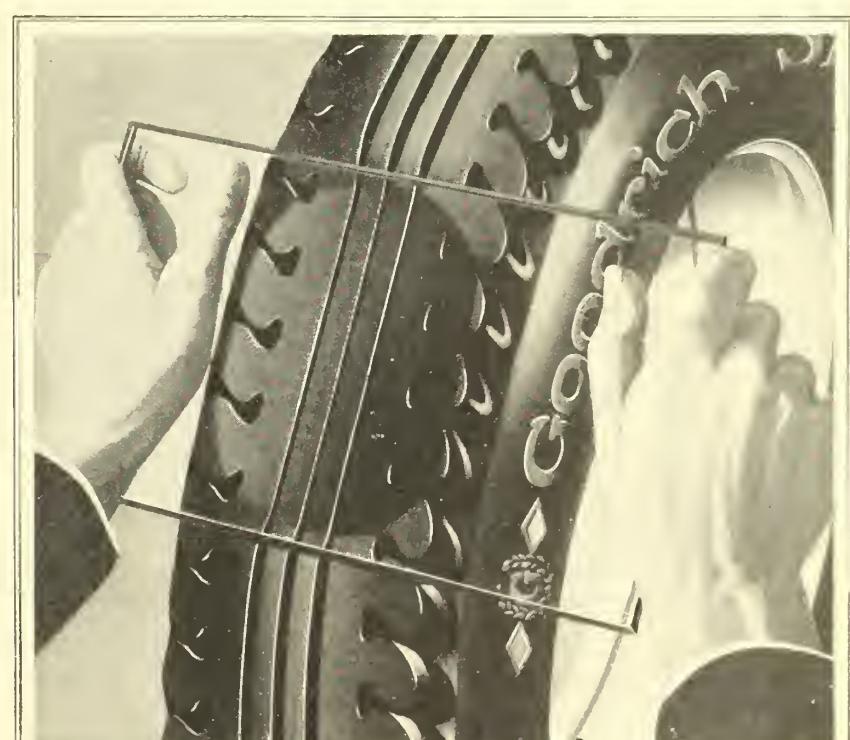
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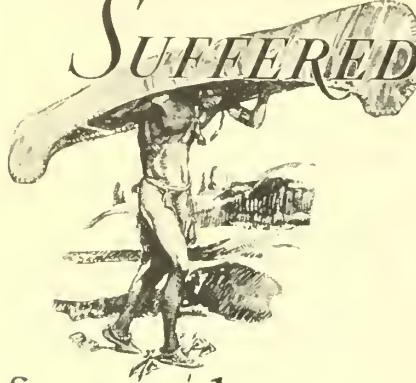
THE PLATE GLASS TEST. Pressing this heavy glass against the tread, shows the action of the rubber under load. The deep triple grooves close up, preventing distortion. The sharp-edged safety blocks grip the ground.

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*SLOW-MOTION, back-breaking physical toil: that was his day.*

*Rapid-fire hours of nerve-strain and tension, with hardly any physical effort: that's yours.*

*And that is why science is bailing the discovery of a genuinely new method to overcome intestinal sluggishness: Feen-a-mint.*

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## FEEN-A-MINT

## Here's Luck!

(Continued from page 45)

Madame Renan touched her lips to the wine glass and extended it to the blond giant beside her. "This we divide as you say 'fifty-fifty,'" the lady suggested, but something in her voice brought a sudden constriction to Tex's throat, and the distress of his pounding heart suffused his countenance.

He choked heroically, completing his conquest of obstinate vocal organs. He touched the hand of the lady beside him. "Fifty-fifty est tray bong . . . Louise, toujours fifty-fifty?"

Madame Renan closed her eyes for a brief moment, but even before she had opened them to reveal their message deep within, Tex had enlisted the Loot in his personal campaign. "We got the padre right here, Lieutenant—take a pencil and write me out a birth certificate like a man has got to have."

Without further urging the Loot did his part at record speed. The French orchestra in the adjoining room ceased playing. Tex reached out and accumulated one of the Gang. "Listen, Jugger," he ordered, "round up Isadog and give him my fiddle. Get Rex busy on that piano and tell Mex to fall in with a lungful of saxophone. Tell 'em to hit up 'Just A-wearyin' for You' and then to head into 'I Love You Truly,' and make it mighty soft."

"What's the big idea?"

"Do like I told you. Allay, soldier—we got to do right by Nick the Greek at a sentimental time like this, ain't we, no matter how we hate the louse? On your way."

In an adjoining room apart from the wedding guests, Tex and Madame Renan, escorted by the Loot, faced the chaplain of the Regiment and answered the chaplain's questions. "Absolute-mong! Yes!" Tex affirmed to one of these, with a vehemence which broke the soft refrain concerning life with its sorrows and life with its tears. "Ai oui—absolute-mong!"

After a few moments filled with appropriate sentiment Tex and his clinging vine, mingling with the guests in the Renan residence, encountered Nick the Greek. Lord now of all he surveyed, the latter permitted the affable Tex to express his hopes for the happiness of Nick's wedded career.

"Do not let that lay you awake nights, Tex," the Greek returned. "With the little Julie who is my bride comes plenty money—Madame Renan is a rich mama. We will be happy enough, Tex. You should worry."

"Listen, Nick, git calm!" A red light blazed for an instant in Tex's smiling eyes. "You got a rich mama, all right, you dog-robbin' gold digger—but whenever you crave a issue of francs, come to papa. Git me? I'll toot your personal pay call. Me and your rich mama is married. I and her have got to convoy some army mail to Paris for the Loot, but when we get back if you ain't tamed down, you louse wino, your rich mama is mighty apt to get herself a gold star to remember you by. Allay! You're in my army now!"

(To be continued)

## All for One—One for All

(Continued from page 6)

can't dodge it. It's the one permanent "issue," inescapable and persistent. But once America has a definite policy, known of all people, for the mobilization of her strength for any emergency that may arise, we may abide our souls in peace realizing that every citizen of the Republic knows exactly what his duty will be whenever the evil hour may strike. We are lovers of peace, yes; but not to be jostled or spit upon by any strutting war lords who may set out to conquer the world.

No plan for preparedness is likely to meet with wide approval unless it is based upon an equalization of responsibility and duty. The sacrifice must be evenly distributed. America must play no favorites among its citizens. Since The American Legion first declared for the drafting of all resources, industry and labor as well as man power in the event of war, the subject has been widely discussed, but not with the general interest the subject demands. The fact that it took rise among the men who had served under the American flag in

the Great War in itself compels respect. No element of our population has a better right to be heard on this matter than the valiant men who answered so splendidly Woodrow Wilson's call to the colors.

The demand of the Legionnaires for a more equitable distribution of responsibilities and the elimination of financial profit is not to be waved aside as fantastic. It is deep-rooted in common justice. The subject will again be brought forward in the Congress now in session.

The plan proposed by The American Legion at its national convention held at New Orleans in 1922 and reaffirmed at all subsequent conventions is succinctly stated as follows:

(1) That, in the event of a national emergency declared by Congress to exist, which in the judgment of the President demands the immediate increase of the military establishment, the President be, and he hereby is, authorized to draft into the service of the United States such members of the unorganized militia

as he may deem necessary; provided that all persons drafted into service between the ages of twenty-one and thirty or such other limit as the President may fix shall be drafted without exemption on account of industrial occupation.

(2) That in case of war or when the President shall judge the same to be imminent, he is authorized and it shall be his duty when, in his opinion, such emergency requires it

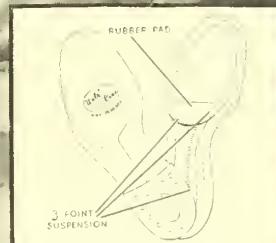
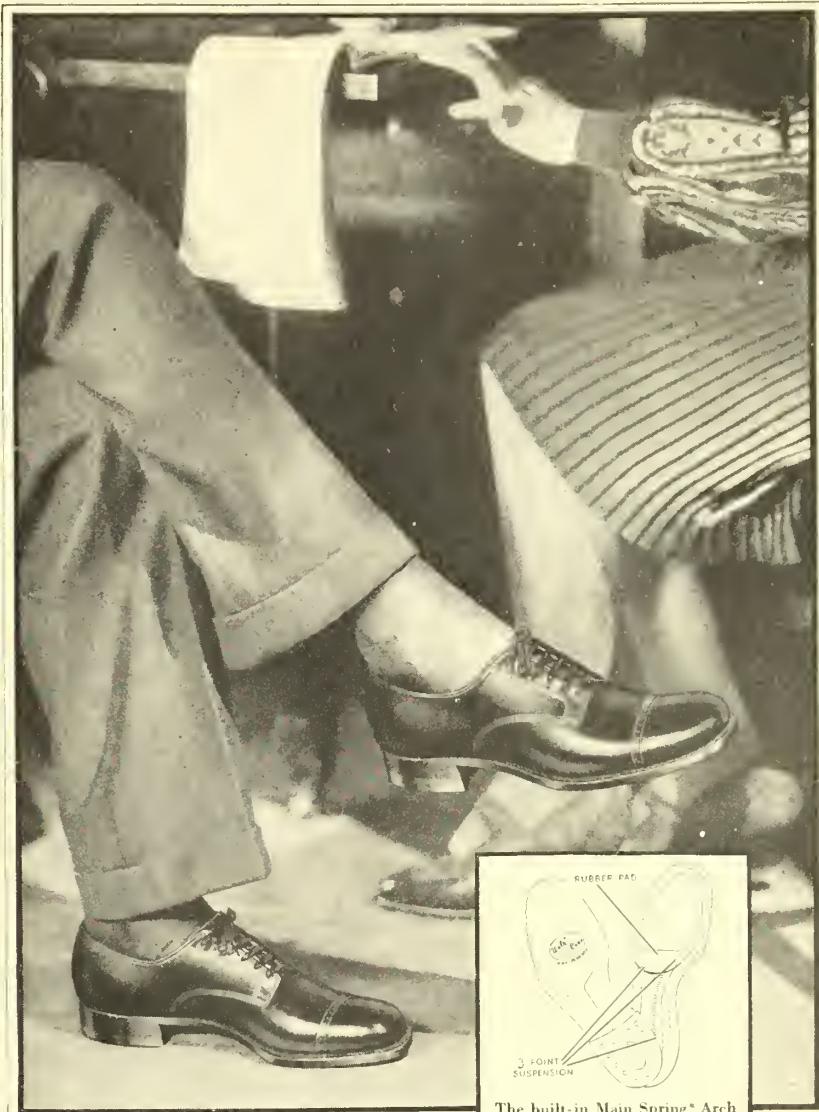
(a) To determine and proclaim the material resources, industrial organization and services over which Government control is necessary to the successful termination of such emergency, and such control shall be exercised by him through agencies then existing or which he may create for such purposes.

(b) To take such steps as may be necessary to stabilize prices of services and of all commodities declared to be essential, whether such services and commodities are required by the Government or by the civilian population.

In America's earliest wars the paramount business was the raising of an army. If men were got together the business of equipping them and supporting them with supplies would in some manner take care of itself. It was a poor system but inevitable in a day before "efficiency" and "mass production" had become the watchwords of industry. Our history affords numerous melancholy instances of the tardiness and inadequacy with which troops in the field were supported. The correspondence of Andrew Jackson relating to his brilliant military exploits affords excellent reading for the lotus eaters who believe that Providence will arm, feed and clothe the soldier even if the Congress of the United States fails to meet the needs. Even with invention and chemistry multiplying the weapons of destruction the necessity for men has not been obviated. While we have wars men must die. That's the bitter drop in the cup. But the sounder the preparation the less the sacrifice.

What is imperatively demanded is a well-ordered programme such as The American Legion proposes, susceptible of immediate translation into action whenever the national security is threatened. The old joke of "letting George do it" is eliminated in the Legion's plan, for all the Georges in America will know exactly what is expected of them whenever a war cloud appears. When we entered into the Great War there was much uncertainty as to ways and means. Long immunity from war had bred indifference as to responsibility, and there was no mechanism ready to be put into motion that would instantly commandeer all the elements of warfare. There were those—and we must believe that the number was not great—who were immediately concerned to make the war as easy for themselves as possible. But the very eagerness of those who were keen for service added to the confusion in Washington. As Secretary Baker has said: "The early stage of our war preparations in (Continued on page 48)

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Check here if interested in becoming representative.

## All for One—One for All

(Continued from page 47)

Washington has always seemed a more or less confused episode."

The confusion was not of long duration largely owing to the War Secretary's clear vision and prompt action. Much valuable time and all the confusion of war preparations in an emergency could be avoided if the provisions of The American Legion plan were written into the laws of the nation. Exemptions by reason of industrial occupation among men of military age is a breeder of dissatisfaction and this would be wholly eliminated. The youth of the nation would stand upon absolute equality. The young man called to fight for a dollar a day would have no grievance because his neighbor of the same age could stay at home and earn fifteen dollars a day in a machine shop where war supplies are made.

Criticisms of the proposed measure in so far as labor would be affected seem to turn upon a question as to whether labor would support such a provision. I am reluctant to believe that American labor is unwilling to accept a measure that puts the owner of an industry on the same footing with the man in his shop. In the World War American labor proved its loyal citizenship by the fine patriotic spirit in which it met the demands of the selective draft. But the young man who shouldered a gun and went overseas to fight must have thought a little bitterly of his fellows who had worked beside him in the same industry, who were just as much concerned in the security of America and her institutions as he, who remained behind to earn handsome war wages without risking their lives before the enemy's guns. The universal draft plan would obliterate the inequalities within labor itself that were manifest in the last war.

Persons hostile to organized labor are given to insinuating that labor is untrustworthy when it comes to a test of patriotism. Certainly nothing in our participation in the Great War was more encouraging as to the solidarity of our people than the fine spirit shown by American labor.

Long before the Great War I was walking along the street in my home city one day with an old friend prominent as a labor leader. Suddenly he lifted his hat and as I fumbled at my own I looked at him for an explanation.

"There was an American flag in that show window," he said. "Years ago when I was walking along the street in Indianapolis with Samuel Gompers he raised his hat just as I did now and he said to me: 'Edgar, whenever you pass an American flag you take off your hat!'"

A disparity of risk and a disparity of profit are eliminated by this measure. One door is opened for all manifestations of patriotism. It is worth remembering that some pretty fine young men

who were favorites of fortune, who had never done any labor in their lives, were so impressed by the peril to civilization that they were up and away before the Kaiser had forced America to take up arms against him. A goodly number enlisted with the Canadians; others were enjoying themselves driving ambulances in France. These fine chaps, free as they were to obey the call of the adventurous spirit, were no whit more stirred by the Kaiser's menace than the young men in American machine shops with whom it was not so easy a matter to drop their jobs and get into the fracas.

In considering the question of a universal draft—and the fullest discussion is desirable—it's best to think in practical terms and not in the hifalutin rhetoric of the old-time Fourth of July orator. It goes without saying that we've got to win any wars we get into and we've got to think sensibly and practically and definitely in figures and blue prints that shall speak with vitality and power when the emergency arises. With a plan of campaign that equalizes burdens and responsibilities there would be no grumbling by the men in uniforms, like the plaint of Tommy Atkins:

*Then it's Tommy this, and Tommy that,  
an' "Tommy 'ow's yer soul?"  
But it's "thin red line of 'eroes" when  
the drums begin to roll—  
The drums begin to roll, my boys, the  
drums begin to roll,  
O it's thin red lines of 'eroes when the  
drums begin to roll.*

Under The American Legion plan the rolling of the drums will be a signal to capital, industry and man power, to men of all sorts and conditions, sons of the poor and sons of the rich, that their country's in trouble and needs their services.

We must assume that all the men and women of America are here because there is, in Lincoln's phrase, "something pretty fine" in what the founders of the nation created and left for us to defend. If they don't like America they should get out. What The American Legion is trying to do is to fashion a modern, practicable device for mobilizing America's energies in a manner consonant with the democratic spirit.

The drafting of industry does not, of course, mean confiscation, but it does mean that the Government, having an industrial survey ever ready at hand and up to date, can immediately take over every wheel in the country which it is desirable for it to control and operate. That is to say that, in every branch of industry, whatever is essential to the prosecution of war shall be under government control.

It means also the elimination of profit to the owners of the industries.

No one would contend that the manu-

facture of military equipment is not of the greatest importance, but the spectacle of factory owners taking advantage of the sore need of the Government to roll up exorbitant profits is not edifying. Nor is it stimulating to the morale of the men who are out risking their lives for a dollar a day.

The enlisted man is merely borrowed, we may say, from the peaceful course of his life for the temporary use of his country, to preserve it in his interest.

The same thing may be true of the factory owner. The Government, needing his plant, would borrow it, and get the benefit of his skill in directing it. But the nation wouldn't be burdened for years with a vast debt to pay him a war profit for his patriotism. Deterioration of his machinery would be compensated for; and if he is willing for the Government to dole out a pension to the boy whose body has been mutilated on the firing line he shouldn't object to accepting the Government's appraisement of his own losses.

When I was a boy back in the years following the Civil War I used to hear my parents speaking contemptuously of a man they knew who had made a fortune selling shoddy to the Government for the use of the soldiers. A good many fortunes were made by these gentry. That man was long visible in our streets and I never saw him without thinking of him as the man who had taken advantage of the great need of the Government to sell flimsy blankets for the use of the man who had taken up arms to fight to preserve his country. I resented the shoddy manufacturer's prosperity in years when, as the result of injuries received in the war, my father had a hard time of it maintaining a home for his children.

With the necessary administrative machinery, mobilization of every element of defense would go forward swiftly and with certainty. The saving of time in an emergency would be enormous. No quibbling or frantic attempt to do today in an hour what should have been prepared for a year ago.

Any speculations as to future wars in the light of new instrumentalities of destruction are profoundly disturbing. America, with her genius for invention, manufacture and business organization, should not be found asleep in the hour of danger. The pacifist who "doesn't believe in war" would be the first to squeal if his life and property were endangered by the unforeseen assault of some warring power. The timid would be reassured by the knowledge that our Government had a programme written into its laws which needed only the authority of the Congress and the President's word to become effective.

Here is a matter important and urgent. In the proposed measure are the answers to all criticisms of America's conduct of past wars and an assurance that the elements of defense are so thoroughly prepared for mobilization that, if the bugle sounds in the night, there will be no fumbling or groping, but an instant, intelligent ordering of all the forces of warfare.

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"I'm ready to recommend them to any fellow who plays ball—in the field, on the bases, or back of the bat. They got a pretty low price on them, too, for major league gloves."

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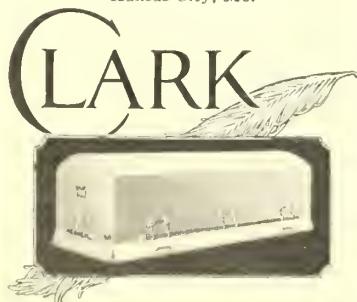
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## *A Paradise that Pays*

(Continued from page 31)

twenty miles away, cannot resist the lure of the lovely settings offered here for outdoor scenes.

The scarlet hibiscus, symbol of the South Seas, splashes the landscape with its startling red. More restrained but quite as lovely, the bougainvillea supplies a note of crimson. Beds of belladonna lily, mysterious for its lack of leafage at the blooming season, bulk in the distance like snow banks. Wistaria's gorgeous purple clammers across a wall.

There is little use attempting to enumerate them all. One might mention the infinite varieties of eucaalyptus. The Australian feather palm. The papyrus or rice paper plant. Plumpy coco palms. The creeping Abyssinian grass. The aviary, with its rare birds and the swans floating sedately on the ponds. Or the English ivy, growing so luxuriantly that it has literally choked to death several of the huge live oaks. And for that matter, there is plenty of mistletoe growing on many of the trees, if one is romantically inclined.

But you don't want to read more description of what cannot be adequately described. Look at the pictures and let it go at that—until you get a chance to look at the Gardens themselves.

The money earned by the admission fees—there have been more than half a million paid admissions since the Legion took over this responsibility in 1921—is administered by the board of trustees. In each county of California the board has an appointed representative. The county representative is a Legionnaire active in work for the relief of disabled veterans. He receives applications for aid from the Busch Gardens fund, investigates the circumstances and forwards the facts to the secretary of the board.

Most of the applications received at headquarters are honored. Unworthy applications seldom get past the local representatives. And while in the first few months that the fund was in existence every goldbricker in the State

tried to get a share, comparatively few applications received today require disapproval.

It makes no difference whether a man is or is not a Legionnaire. It makes no difference where his home is, so long as he is in difficulties in California. Because of the cosmopolitan origin of the disabled here, the fund has helped men from every State in the Union. Viewed from this angle, it is really more a national undertaking than a state.

For instance, there was an opera singer who stranded in Los Angeles. Throat trouble lost him his engagements. And while he managed to find a friend who would stake him to railroad fare to take his wife and himself back to their home in the Middle West, he could not start because he owed a hotel bill and the hotel would not let him go. The Fund paid his hotel bill—and home he went.

There is an interesting point about the way the fund is used. Money is never paid to the veteran himself. The proceeds of the notes signed by the beneficiary are used to defray expenses already incurred—hospital bills, grocery bills, rent, all this sort of pressing debt. And except in extraordinary circumstances, the amount for any one veteran is limited to one hundred dollars.

But the money is not hedged about with red tape as public money must be. The policy of the fund administration is, in dire emergencies, to give relief first and investigate afterwards. And when the need requires speed beyond the physical possibilities, the local representative usually digs into his own pockets to meet the need until he can be repaid from Pasadena. Half a dozen "cases"—men and women who wore the uniform—might be cited whose lives have literally been saved with Busch Gardens cash provided on the instant.

The good that motherly, German-born Mrs. Busch has done is assuredly beyond all computation. Yea, beyond even nursery rhymes and Hot Cross buns.

## *Broad-Minded Blinky*

(Continued from page 13)

broken bones. Throughout the night he lay awake, and with the coming of light he arose, let himself out the window and dogtrotted away, head down, hands clenched at his sides. A few early risers saw him pass and thought nothing of it. Those in the neighborhood who were up with the sun were accustomed to seeing Hurricane Hensen out early doing his road work.

DANDY DUGAN'S training quarters were located eight miles distant from the farm where Hurricane Hensen prepared for battle. Dandy was at

breakfast when one of his sparring partners, facing the open window, gave an exclamation of astonishment.

"Ain't that the Swede?" he asked, pointing.

All hands looked and saw Hensen just entering the yard. They saw him pause for an instant and wrench a picket loose from the fence.

"What's comin' off here?" Dugan asked, rising in alarm and kicking back his chair.

Hurricane Hensen crossed the lawn, running, and leaped through the open window of the breakfast room. One of

Dugan's sparring partners lashed at him and reeled back, drunk from a left to the chin. The Swede slashed at Dugan with the splintered picket. Dugan ducked and closed with him. They strained against the table and upset it. The locked pair went down in a debris of broken china, glassware, ham and eggs and hot biscuits. If the ring fight they were booked for was worth a ten dollar top this battle was a bargain at a hundred a ducat, and not a cash customer on hand to thrill to the big row! It was a fight on the floor with nothing barred and one man against five. The ultimate issue at those odds was never in doubt but Hurricane Hensen earned his name by staying in action a full five minutes and doing damage of consequence as long as he stayed conscious.

Neighbors summoned the police and when they arrived the Swede was laid out cold, with a broken right arm to think about when consciousness returned to him, and Dandy Dugan was wailing over a smashed collar bone that would keep him profitlessly idle for many a week.

They carted Hurricane Hensen away to the hospital, under arrest for assault and battery, and to him there, when he was properly sewn and plastered and bandaged, came Blinky Goggin, chattering hysterical recriminations.

"Ya big tramp!" he howled. "Look what you've gone an' done! The fight's off. Our forfeit money'll be took up! The athletic commission'll bar you an' you're goin' to be dragged up in court for assault an' battery an' fined nobody knows how much! If that ain't enough you've gone an' busted your right arm on me an' you'll maybe never be fit to get into the ring again. Ya big tramp, ya! What'd you do it for?"

"You know," Hensen mumbled. "Dugan went an' made Miss Desmond turn crooked on us. I wish I'd o' killed him!"

"Can't you take a joke?" Blinky wailed. "I was kiddin' ya."

Hurricane Hensen sat up in bed. "Kiddin'!" he exclaimed.

"Sure I was kiddin' you!" Blinky said bitterly. "I should o' known better'n try a joke on a thick Swede!"

Hensen's eyes narrowed. "Was you kiddin' when you let on to me that she was your girl?" he asked.

"Sure," said Blinky heedlessly. "She never was my gal. Everybody knew that but you. An' now look what you went an' done! Why you've cost us—"

Hensen did not wait to hear the end of the sentence. He was in bed with a broken right arm but his left was still in working order and there was a water pitcher in reach. The pitcher caught Blinky on the chin and he learned at last the sensation a fighter experiences when he is copped on the button with a knockout blow.

"Listen you," a grinning interne admonished Hensen when Blinky had been dragged away for repairs. "We got work enough in this hospital without you drumming up any more business for us. Save your fighting till you get a ring to do it in." (Continued on page 52)

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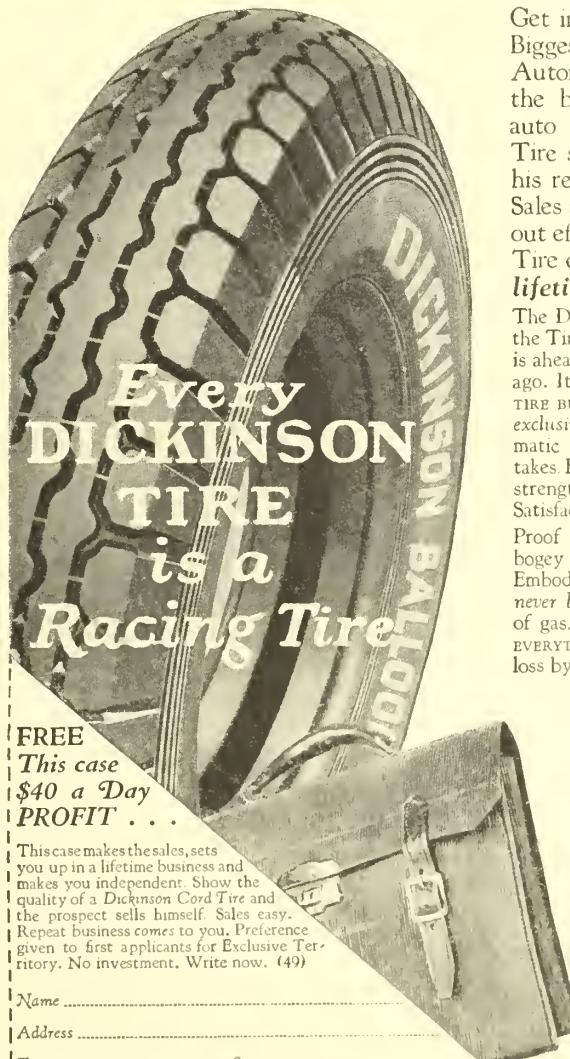
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## Broad-Minded Blinky

(Continued from page 51)

"I'm through fightin'," Hurricane Hensen promised earnestly. "It never got me nothin' but trouble. Say, listen, put in a phone call for me, will you?"

The phone was to Miss Estelle Desmond at a rooming house in New York. An hour after it went through she was at Hurricane Hensen's bedside.

"I been an awful sucker," he confessed huskily, holding her in the clasp of his good left arm. "Listen, kid. S'posin' if I quit this fightin' an' you quit hoofin' couldn't we fix it to get married an' turn square?"

**BLINKY GOGGIN** sat on a stool in a small lunch room on Eighth Avenue wolfing beef stew and whining to a brother manager, one Amos McGannon, who was reluctantly standing treat. Blinky's fat fingers were bare of rings; a shabby, wrinkled suit encased his frame, and the butt of a five-cent cigar was tucked into a frayed vest pocket against the time when desire for a smoke should coincide with lack of funds.

"You ain't smart," Amos upbraided him. "You don't use your bean."

"I got no luck," Blinky complained. "Look where I was only a year ago when that dumb Swede o' mine run amuck on me! Wasn't I sittin' pretty then?"

"It ain't where you get to. It's where you stay at that counts," Amos said brutally. "Whatever become o' your Swattin' Swede anyhow?"

"He married that little blonde doll I used to have up in my office an' they opened a restaurant," Blinky said sorrowfully. "Ain't that life for you? I made 'em what they are an' now they're gettin' rich peddlin' food in a swell dump o' their own an' I got to panhandle the price of a stew in a squat-an'-gobble-it joint like this. I make 'em an' break 'em an' look what I get for it!"

"Aw well, you'll pick up a boy somewhere's an' get back in the money," Amos encouraged him.

"I dunno," Blinky said dispiritedly. "I ain't got much luck. If you hear of a tramp hangin' around that needs a good manager gimme a tumble, will you?"

"Sure," Amos promised. "I'll keep you in mind."

"Anybody that ain't a Swede or a waiter," Blinky specified. "I'm broad-minded an' I'm broke to boot, but I got my limits and Swedes an' waiters is them. Could you stand for the price o' one more crock o' java, Amos? I'll make it up to you when I get goin' again."

## Who Was George Rogers Clark?

(Continued from page 19)

to be cruel about it; but they bought the scalps. They rewarded a campaign of burning settlements, destroying crops, carrying off women and children, so that men dared not leave their homes to fight with Washington—or went in an agony of fear for everything they loved.

This is the picture. The British attacking from the seaboard and the north; the seaboard colonies crying for supplies and men; and from behind, across the very land from which supplies and men must come, a growing plague of death directed from Detroit.

"The various tribes," says Quaife, "could muster about eight thousand warriors."

This was the third attack of which historians have made so little. Most of our histories were written in New England, and New England was a long way off in those days. Maybe historians are only human after all.

There were two ways to meet it. First, to fight off and pursue the Indians as they appeared—pursue eight thousand scattered warriors, in a wilderness where they were as much at home as wild beasts! Second, to attack Detroit and the other British strongholds in the west, and so cut off the pay for Yankee scalps. That seemed equally impossible. Colonel Morgan urged it, but his arguments

failed; he resigned his post as Indian agent, seeing the western borders about to be overrun.

Clark urged it, too; and he didn't quit.

He argued with Mr. Henry and the great men of Virginia until he got consent to try. They granted him a small appropriation—twelve hundred pounds in Virginia money, worth a little more than the paper it was printed on—and some boats and ammunition. With great difficulty he recruited about one hundred and fifty men. "Many gentlemen," he says, "conceived it to be injurious to the public interest to draw off men, at so critical a moment." This was 1778, in the midst of the struggle. "They did everything that lay in their power to stop the men that enlisted, and set the whole frontier in an uproar—even descended to harbour and protect those that deserted."

He set out down the Ohio with his little force. At the Falls of the Ohio, near the site of Louisville today, he encamped on an island (in the vain hope of preventing desertion) to organize his troops. They did not even know their destination until then; he dared not tell them his project at the outset, since success depended wholly on secrecy—taking the British by surprise.

The plan took some of his own men rather sorely by surprise.

"Some were alarmed," he says, "at being transported so great a distance into the enemy's country."

Alarmed? It seems a mild way of putting it. To go nearly a thousand miles through a hostile wilderness and attack four British forts! Some of them promptly deserted, and they seem hardly to be blamed. It must have seemed a crazy project.

Leaving the Falls of the Ohio, with new enlistments and desertions, his army numbered still less than two hundred.

"A more daring offensive," says Bodley, "is hardly to be found in history. In view of the remoteness and strength of the enemy and the distractions of a desperate defensive war, that Clark should have thought out and executed this bold plan of distant conquest has excited wonder. That he did so was mainly due to his most marked mental characteristic—his realizing imagination. The geographic vision of most men goes little beyond their immediate surroundings. . . . In both his plans and his performances he showed that his imaginative grasp took in the broad expanse of the enemy's country. . . . It was this which enabled him to make his calculations with surprising accuracy."

Thomas Jefferson, writing to Clark afterward, said, "Any observations of your own . . . in the western country will come acceptably to me, because I know you see the works of nature in the great & not merely in detail."

Well, visions come "in the great"; but execution must be in detail. Planning sports to keep up the spirits of his men, there on that flat and empty island on the edge of the unknown. Onward at last; day after day, mile after weary mile down the Ohio, every hour watchful against surprise by Indians or British scouts, disaster waiting if the news of their approach should go before them.

"We double-manned the oars and proceeded, day and night, until we ran into the mouth of the Tennessee River. . . . I landed on a small island in the mouth of that river to prepare for the march."

Detail, detail. He had passed by the nearest and least defended (at that time) of the British forts, the one at Vincennes, on the Wabash; he planned first to attack those at Kaskaskia and Cahokia, on the Mississippi, to get control of that river or to escape across it to Spanish territory in case of failure. He knew the British would have spies on the Mississippi, so he stopped here and proceeded overland.

A party of hunters was brought in. "They were men formerly from the States. . . . They said that . . . Mr. Rocheblave commanded at Kaskaskia, etc. That the militia was kept in good order and . . . that all hunters, both Indians and others, were ordered to keep a good lookout for rebels; that the fort was kept in good order . . . but they believed the whole to proceed more from a fondness for parade than from the expectation of a visit."

How should Mr. Rocheblave have expected "a (Continued on page 54)

## Ammo!!!

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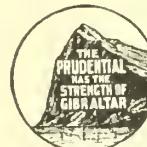
Ammunition—plenty of it! Who could get along without it? Picture a soldier with no cartridges for his rifle. Ridiculous!

*Now consider yet another picture.*

A widow fighting for the existence of her children and herself—fighting without necessary funds; without ammunition in the greatest of all battles.

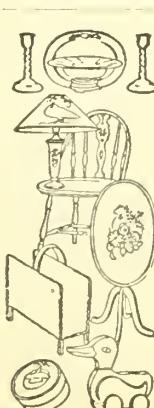
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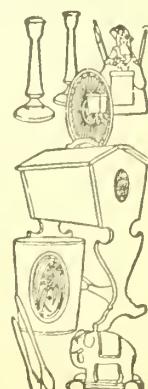


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## Who Was George Rogers Clark?

(Continued from page 53)

visit" from an enemy a thousand miles away across the wilderness and desperately on the defensive at home? But—

"If they were to get a timely notice of us, they would collect and give us a warm reception, as they were taught to harbour a most horrid idea of the barbarity of the rebels, especially Virginians."

Clark must have chuckled at that bit of news. Note presently how he turned it to account.

Six days they marched through trackless woods, the last two without food, since they dared not fire guns for fear of being discovered. A mere detail, that, Clark says.

"Nothing extraordinary during our route, except my guide losing himself and not being able, as we judged by his confusion, of giving a just account of himself . . . I never in my life felt such a flow of rage—to be wandering in a country where every nation of Indians could raise three or four times our number and a certain loss of our enterprise by the enemies getting timely notice."

Another mere detail. On the 4th of July, 1778, they came within a few miles of Kaskaskia. They rested until dark, and then captured a house outside the town. Here they learned that some rumors of their approach must indeed have come before them; the town had been put heavily under guard some days before. But Mr. Rocheblave, the commandant, had evidently concluded that it was a false alarm. He had allowed most of his Indian warriors to leave town; so there were only the normal garrison of the fort and the French inhabitants to contend with.

All this territory had been originally French. Clark, therefore, detailed those of his men who could speak French to scatter through the town, quietly, and at the first alarm to run through the streets shouting that the rebels had taken the place, and that any person who showed himself would be shot down.

"This disposition," says Clark, "had its desired effect."

So great was their "horrid idea of the barbarity of the rebels" that not a single inhabitant ventured out. Clark, with the main force, surprised the fort and forced an entrance, the commandant taking refuge in his wife's room. "It was some time before he could be got out, I suppose . . . to inform his lady . . . to secure his public letters, etc., as but few were got. His chamber had been visited during the night, she had full opportunity."

Pretty barbarous, eh? But toward

the inhabitants Clark kept up a formidable front. He ordered them to keep indoors on pain of death, except for certain citizens whom he sent for and interviewed. "My situation," he says, "required too much caution to give them much satisfaction." He kept them trembling in their boots, expecting any cruelty from the "Big Knives," as the Indians called the Virginians. He held the town in silence and suspense.

It must have grown unbearable. The priest and five or six leading citizens begged permission to speak. Clark received them in grim silence, "sitting with other officers, a dirty, savage appearance. As we had left our clothes at the river, we were almost naked, and torn by bushes and briars. They were shocked, and it was some time before they would venture to take seats, and longer before they would speak. They at last were asked what they wanted."

It wasn't much they dared to ask. The least they expected was deportation; they only begged permission to come together in the church once more before being separated forever. Clark granted this, "carelessly," he says. "They attempted some other conversation, but were told that we were not at leisure."

Yet not one act of cruelty had been performed; not one American had even entered a private house. The trouble was all in their minds. Clark kept it there—for a purpose.

The whole population gathered in the church for a long meeting—how sad and prayerful one can easily imagine. Then the priest begged permission to speak again. He told Clark that they were reconciled to the loss of their property, "but were in hopes . . . that the women and children might be allowed to keep some of their clothes and a small quantity of provisions."

One can imagine Clark sitting there, outwardly grim and terrible, inwardly feeling satisfaction and no doubt some amusement.

"This was the point I wished to bring them to. I asked them, very abruptly, whether or not they thought they were speaking to savages. . . . That they might return to their families and . . . conduct themselves as usual with all freedom and without apprehension of any danger."

Thus by sheer force of contrast he converted fear into gratitude and loyalty.

"In a few minutes the scene was changed from an almost mortal dejection to that of joy in the extreme—the bells ringing, the church crowded, returning thanks."



The citizens now freely offered every help to the Americans; young men begged leave to join them; the priest himself became Clark's friend and valuable adviser. The conquest of Kaskaskia was complete.

But this was only the beginning. That same day, the first after the capture of the fort, Clark sent Major Bowman with thirty of his men and many Frenchmen who had friends and relatives in Cahokia, to take that place—"if possible . . . before the ensuing morning"—after six days' forced march and a night already spent in the taking of one town!

They must have bred men tough in those days. They did not quite succeed "before the ensuing morning," but they marched all night—mounted, it is true, having obtained horses at Kaskaskia—and took it as per instructions.

"The inhabitants," Clark says, "were much alarmed." But the Frenchmen from Kaskaskia reassured them. "The Major informed them . . . that although resistance at present was out of the question, they were at liberty to become free Americans, except—"

Except those who had been concerned in inciting Indians to war against Americans. Against these Clark was implacable, then and thereafter. The horrors of Indian warfare were too fresh in his mind. It was the keynote of his hatred of Governor Hamilton—"Hair-buyer Hamilton" he called him. In justice it should be said that the practice of buying enemy scalps was common with the French and the Spanish too; Americans might have done it too if they had had the money.

But to Clark's credit be it said that he refused all offers from Indians to fight for him—as shall be seen. The most he ever asked of them was strict neutrality.

The Indians in that vicinity, hearing that Kaskaskia and Cahokia had fallen to the "Big Knives," fled, though "any one of their tribes," says Temple Bodley, "was an overmatch for his whole force." The usual procedure would have been, in Clark's position, to have sent gifts and offers of friendship to them. But Clark, keen judge of human nature—white and red—believed the usual procedure to be wrong; believed that "inviting them to treaties . . . was impeded by them to fear."

He sent no message to them; he "wished interviews to happen through the French gentlemen, and to appear careless myself."

Careless—holding two newly-taken towns, among the French whose friendship was too new to be depended on, with less than two hundred men, whose three-months' enlistments were already expiring—and nearly a thousand miles from reinforcement!

Well, Clark wasn't careless. He was playing on a shoestring for a tremendous stake; and he wasn't overlooking any bets. He sent spies to Vincennes to learn the situation there. He exchanged friendly messages with the Spanish officers across the river at St. Louis; he strengthened (Continued on page 56)

1-13

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# Who Was George Rogers Clark?

(Continued from page 55)

his relations with the French; and he brought the Indians to terms by one of the most amazing and sustained bluffs I ever read of, in or out of fiction.

His policy of silence began to work on them. In small numbers at first, and then by tribes, they filtered back "to treat for peace and hear what the Big Knives had to say—many of them from five hundred miles away, and many of them then at war with us. I must confess I was under some apprehension among such a lot of devils; and it proved to be just."

His quarters were at a little distance from the fort. One night, under cover of firing by others of their tribe in another part of town, a party of Puans tried to break into his room and carry him off. But having "some apprehension" he had hidden a guard to prevent just such an attempt. The Indians, outnumbered, took to their heels. Clark got out of bed and started an investigation instantly. All the tribes denied their guilt; but having a lantern brought, he discovered the Puans' moccasins wet from crossing a little stream to reach his house.

And what could he do about it? There were enough Indians in town to have eaten his little force, and the Indians knew it.

But there was a thing they didn't know. In all his dealings, to cover the fewness of his troops, he referred to them as a detachment from the Falls of the Ohio, as if the Americans had a strong force there. The Indians believed it. Governor Hamilton himself believed it, as he showed afterward in his reports. And no wonder! It must have seemed inconceivable that a man should bear himself as Clark did without a thing on earth behind him.

He turned his back scornfully on the guilty Puans, saying the Big Knives did not treat with women; that warriors who attempted treachery under cover of a council should have their breech cloths taken from them, that being the dress of men. He would have nothing to do with them. But since they had disturbed the town, the inhabitants might deal with them as they wished.

Then, turning away, he whispered that the two chiefs should be put in irons and brought next day into the council, but not allowed to speak. "This treatment of some of the greatest chiefs among them, occasioned great confusion among the rest of the savages . . . There was great counciling among the savages during the night; but to make them have a greater idea of my indifference about them, I assembled a number of gentlemen and ladies and danced nearly the whole night."

Bluff, eh? But that's not the half of it. At the council next day they offered him the pipe of peace; he broke it.

"At length," says Quaife's transcript of his report, "two young men advanced

to the middle of the floor, sat down, and flung their blankets over their heads. At first I did not know what to make of this action; however, two of the chiefs stationed themselves by them . . . saying they offered these two young men as atonement for their guilt, and hoped the Big Knives would be reconciled by this sacrifice . . . It appeared that these people . . . supposed a tomahawk to be hanging over the head of every one of their nation.

"You may easily guess my feelings. . . . I had read of some such action as this, but had never known whether or not to credit it . . . I ordered the young men to rise and uncover themselves. Upon this there was a visible alteration. . . . I then addressed the two young men, praising them . . . saying that it was only with men such as they . . . that I cared to treat; and that through them the Big Knife granted peace and friendship to their people . . . I presented them first to my own officers, then to the French and Spanish gentlemen present, and lastly to the Indians, all of whom greeted them as chiefs."

Cold nerve and warm generosity! The Indians had been accustomed to honeyed diplomacy from the British, and gifts; by contrast they respected this man who bore himself as they, proud savages, would have done in his place—or in what they believed to be his situation.

The French had been living under strict military rule; by contrast they were grateful for the complete freedom and friendship the Americans gave them.

The French priest at Kaskaskia, now a strong partisan, made a pilgrimage to Vincennes, Clark's next objective, to tell the French inhabitants of that place what kind of men the rebels really were. He returned about the first of August, saying that the inhabitants themselves would seize the fort for the Americans if Clark authorized it. So Clark sent Captain Helm and a few scouts to occupy the place, himself remaining to finish his work on the Mississippi.

Meanwhile, what were the British doing at Detroit?

So thorough were Clark's precautions against hostile runners getting out, that it was actually five weeks before Governor Hamilton learned that Kaskaskia had been taken; and so improbable were the actual facts that he believed the raiders to be "a band of robbers" from the lower Mississippi. He so reported to his superiors at the time.

"At this very time," says Bodley, "General Haldeman was writing to him, approving his plan to attack Pittsburgh and the frontiers."

The "third attack" was maturing; but all unsuspected, Clark had thrown a monkey-wrench into the machinery.

Hamilton sadly underestimated the man with whom he had to deal. Preparing to retake the lost outposts, he

wrote confidently, "Preparations for our little enterprise are going forward with alacrity."

Well, lifting a monkey-wrench out of the machinery may be called "a little enterprise"; but something sad is sure to happen to the machinery if you don't get it out.

In Hamilton's diary are other cheery little references—records of American prisoners and scalps delivered by the Indians; their bloodthirsty enthusiasm for the task now at hand—"Last night the savages were assembled, when I sung the war song, and was followed by . . . several officers, etc., and warriors going on the enterprise." A British governor joining an Indian war dance! No wonder Clark despised the man by hearsay. Yet from the records it appears that Hamilton was by no means a degenerate; Clark himself came to respect him when their "little enterprise was over." Probably most of his "hair-buying" was done through his Indian agent, Major Hay.

This was in September. But with his large force Hamilton took seventy-one days to march the six hundred miles to Vincennes; he retook that place in December, capturing Captain Helm and his scouts. But winter was closing in. Between Vincennes and Kaskaskia was two hundred and forty miles of country almost impassable in winter. Hamilton therefore deferred the rest of his "little enterprise" until spring, merely setting a force on the Ohio to cut off Clark's retreat. He had the Americans securely trapped; he could afford to wait.

No telegraphs, no motorcycle messengers in those days. Clark, his scouts failing to report, was worried; but it was not until late in January that he got the news from a Spanish merchant.

His position was now untenable. He had managed to re-enlist over a hundred of his men, all of whose terms had expired, and added a company of sixty young Frenchmen. But he was a thousand miles from home; he had been disappointed in his hope of reinforcement in the fall; any hope for the winter was out of the question, and spring would be too late. "Governor Hamilton in the spring, by a junction of his northward and southern Indians, would be at the head of such a force that nothing in this quarter could withstand his arms; the Kentucky must immediately fall, and well if the destruction would end there."

So Clark decided to attack immediately.

"If we were fortunate, it would save the whole. . . . Encouraged by the greatness of the consequences that would attend our success (the season of the year being also favorable, as the enemy could not suppose that we would be so mad as to attempt to march eighty leagues through a drowned country in the depth of winter) . . . we might surprise them."

He wrote to Governor Henry, "I was sensible that the resolution was as desperate as my situation; but I saw no other probability of—"

Of what? Of (Continued on page 58)

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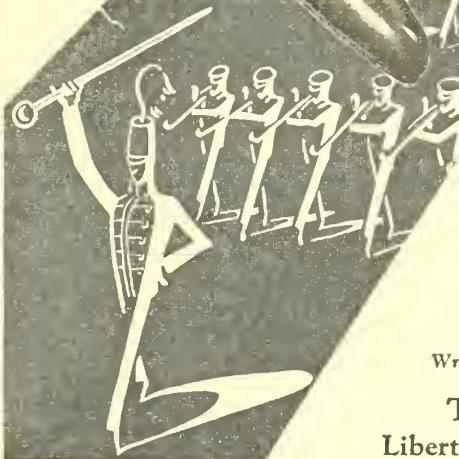


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## Who Was George Rogers Clark?

(Continued from page 57)

escape from a tight place? No; cut off from the enemy by two hundred and forty miles of "favorably" flooded country, they were at least safe for the winter; and in the spring, when Hamilton should attack with his overwhelming force of British and Indians, they could easily escape across the Mississippi to Spanish territory.

"—of securing the country."

You get the idea? That was what he had come for.

The French were frightened at the return of the British, and wavered visibly in their support; but Clark gave an "expensive entertainment" to his French recruits, feeding gayety to their Gallic temperaments, and their enthusiasm returned. He bore himself as if he were "sure of taking Mr. Hamilton . . . In a day or two the country seemed to believe it; many, anxious to retrieve their characters, turned out. The ladies also began to be spirited and interest themselves in the expedition, which had a great effect on the young men."

They fitted a Mississippi River boat with cannon, manned her with forty-six men and sent her down the Mississippi to go up the Ohio and the flooded Wabash—in winter six miles wide—as far as the mouth of White River, below Vincennes, there to await the land forces. "We placed great dependence on this vessel." But she never arrived.

And with one hundred and thirty men Clark started overland, "through I suppose one of the most beautiful countries in the world, but at this time in many parts flowing with water, and exceeding bad marching."

In six days they marched one hundred and seventy miles; Major Bowman's journal, which gives the most detailed account of that tremendous feat, refers constantly to "rain and drily weather." But now they had reached the Wabash bottoms, and their real troubles began. In the last sixty-three miles there were four rivers to cross, all of them out of banks. The two Little Wabash Rivers, three miles apart, were merged in one, the water between them being "at least three feet deep and in many places four, being five miles to the opposite hills . . . In three days we contrived to cross."

Did you ever try to walk in three feet of water, even with a level bottom and in warm weather? Imagine it in an Indiana February, and in the swamp that Indiana used to be!

Clark was extremely anxious to complete this crossing, so that his men might not easily think of turning back. He laughed and joked with them about their difficulties. On the third day, Bow-

man's journal says: "Marched all day through rain and water. Our provisions growing short."

But Clark says: "By evening we found ourselves encamped on a pretty height, each laughing at the other . . . In this, a little antic drummer afforded them great diversion by floating on his drum, etc. All this was greatly encouraged, and they really began to think themselves superior to other men, and that neither the rivers nor the seasons could stop their progress."

Next day they reached the River Embarrass, normally only six miles from Vincennes; but the whole countryside was under water. To avoid a double crossing, they turned south down the Embarrass to its junction with the main Wabash—or tried to. In that vast sheet of water they could not find the Wabash!

They made rafts for men to sneak into Vincennes at night and steal boats. Two successive nights they tried without success, on the second being stopped by camp-fires between them and the town; in their situation discovery meant certain ruin.

"Starving," says Bowman's journal. "Many of the men much cast down . . . No provisions of any sort now two days."

Clark himself must have been considerably "cast down"—if he was human. But next day Bowman says "Col. Clark encourages his men, which gave them great spirits. No provisions yet. Lord help us!" Next day, "One of our men killed a deer, which was distributed—" among one hundred and thirty men! "Very acceptable." Next day, "Rain all this day; no provisions."

This day, the 20th of February, Clark, having built two canoes, began to ferry his men over—over the deep Wabash, that is; they landed on a little hill that formed an island in the general flood. "The whole army being over, we thought to get to town that night, so plunged into the water, sometimes to the neck . . . to a second hill . . . there being no dry land near us on one side for many leagues. Our pilots—" a party of French hunters brought in by scouts—"say we cannot get along. that it was impossible."

Clark went ahead in a canoe to sound for a possible passage, but found it "deep as my neck"—Clark was a tall man. He returned slowly to his men; he "unfortunately spoke seriously" to one of the officers, and it put his starved, half-frozen little army in a panic. They were already within the sound of the fort's morning and evening guns; few and exhausted as they were, stranded in leagues of water, they must have felt like rats in a trap.



Clark promptly whispered to several to do as he did; stooped and scooped up water in his hand and wet some powder, blacked his face and gave a war whoop and plunged in. They followed him. He got some of them to strike up a song—and on they went! They camped on a half-acre of mud a few inches above the water. "This was the coldest night we had. The ice in the morning was  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch thick, near the shores and in still water. The morning was the finest we had had on our march."

This was the last day of the march, and the worst. Clark sent the taller men ahead, instructing them to shout back that the water was getting shallower; but it got deeper instead. The weaker men clung to the stronger; the two improvised canoes plied back and forth picking up exhausted ones clinging to logs and trees. "Many would reach the shore and fall half in the water, not being able to support themselves without it." And this was only the march; the fight was yet to come!

That day they captured "as if designed by Providence," Clark says, an Indian canoe with "nearly a half quarter of buffalo, some corn, tallow, etc. . . . Broth was immediately made and served out to the most weak. Most of the whole got a little, but a great many . . . gave their part to the weakly, jocosely saying something cheery!"

The exclamation point is mine.

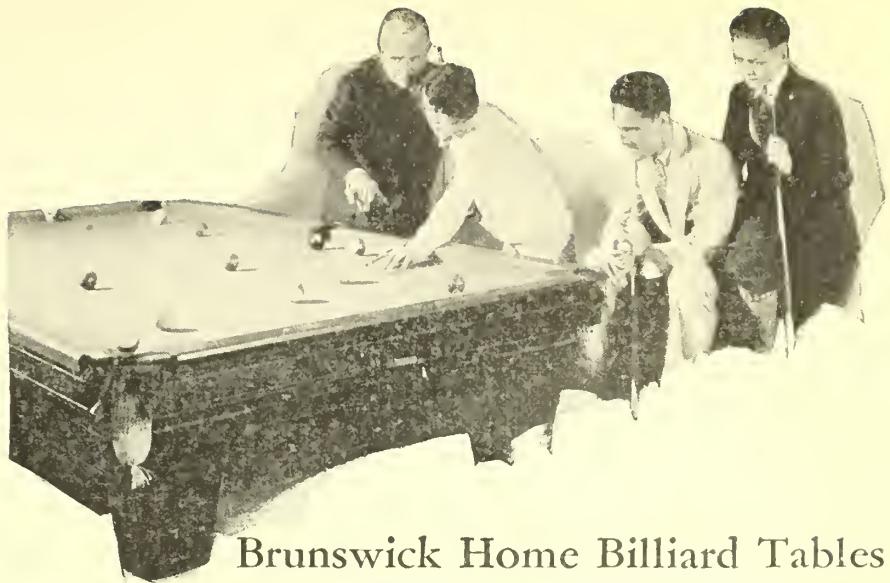
Recently I motored to Vincennes, easily making in a day a distance about equal to that heart-breaking march of eighteen days. I saw the ground over which the last advance was made—it looks so simple now! The land is drained, motor-roads everywhere. I saw the old French church and the green and quiet churchyard across the street from where the British fort once stood. I looked away across the low plain, flooded then, to the low, rolling hills where Clark's men first came into view—marching behind ridges, holding up improvised banners, so spaced that each man seemed to represent a squad. Hamilton afterward reported that he was attacked by five hundred men!

That night they got into the town. Clark had sent ahead by a chance prisoner, who was not permitted to see their numbers, a message, begging the citizens to keep off the streets, "being determined to take your fort this night and not being willing to surprise you."

But he didn't mind surprising Governor Hamilton. Taking cover behind anything that offered, the Americans opened rifle-fire on the fort, dropping the British gunners at their loopholes. Hamilton, not expecting to be attacked in any such unreasonable season, had let his Indians scatter until spring; he must have been in something like a panic. He wrote afterward, "The enemy had a great advantage from their rifles, and the cover of Church, houses, barns, etc."

While the British had only the cover of a fort!

Hamilton complains of the rebels firing through (Continued on page 60)



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# Who Was George Rogers Clark?

(Continued from page 59)

cracks in the palisades, wounding his officers. "We dislodged the enemy from the Church, and nearest houses by a few cannon shot from the Blockhouses, but when day appeared and we saw the Inhabitants of the Village had joined the rebels, we despaired—"

Hamilton had a poor opinion of the inhabitants anyway. He wrote in this report, "To enumerate the Vices of the Inhabitants would be to give a long catalogue, but to assert that they are not in possession of a single virtue, is no more than simple truth!"

Again the exclamation point is mine. No doubt the French returned these sentiments; certainly they gave the Americans food and comfort, to say nothing of stores of powder which they had buried to keep the British from confiscating it. This was a tremendous help, as most of the Americans' ammunition was aboard their warship that never came.

All night the fire against the fort continued; Clark's hope was not so much to kill many of the garrison as to keep them "eternally alarmed." He distributed a reserve of fifty men, doubtless those least able to fight, throughout the town; instructing them to raise "a great laughter" in the quieter moments of the firing—as if the town were occupied by a large force, only a part of whom amused themselves by harrying the fort. In the night an Indian chief came to Clark and offered to join him in the morning with a hundred warriors. Clark thanked him and refused. But "as we knew there was a number of Indians in and near the town that were our enemies . . . hoped we might be favored with his counsel and company during the night."

This danger from the Indians made it imperative to take the fort quickly; almost certainly another day would be too late. Clark learned that Captain La Mothe, one of the British agents to the Indians, had been caught out with a scouting party; he was afraid La Mothe would take the alarm and bring reinforcements. What was his joy, then, in the early morning lull in firing, to see this scouting party make a dash for the fort!

Clark ordered his men to cease firing. The party scrambled over the palisades unharmed into the fort—just where Clark wanted them.

Clark also learned that two American prisoners with papers had been brought in the day before. Thinking these might be messengers from Virginia, he made a bold play to rescue them before their papers should be destroyed. He sent a flag of truce to Hamilton, demanding surrender ("in order to save yourself from the impending storm") and warning him not to destroy any papers, "for by heaven if you do there shall be no mercy shown you."

Yes, sir, that fellow played 'em as if

he had 'em. Hamilton refused; but the Americans had rested during the truce, and were invigorated at the prospect of success. "Our troops got warm," says Clark—got hot, we'd say in these crapshooting days. So hot that about noon Hamilton sent out a flag of truce himself, proposing a three days' armistice.

Clark replied with a demand for unconditional surrender. Three days might bring a thousand Indians on his back. He redoubled his efforts and made plans to mine the river bank under the fort that night. He knew that Hamilton could stand a siege, and that eventually he must discover the smallness of the attacking force. For the Americans it was now or never.

About three o'clock the gate opened and Hamilton himself came out, with his chief Indian agent Major Hay and his American prisoner Captain Helm—this last, it seems, to testify to the kind treatment he had received!

The great moment was at hand, the moment for which George Rogers Clark had dreamed and fought and suffered, for which he had led and driven and cajoled his men to superhuman feats of courage and endurance. Hamilton brought signed articles of surrender, but with conditions, one of which was the immediate parole of the garrison.

Clark refused.

That wasn't bluff. Hamilton asked him why he was so set on unconditional surrender, and Clark told him—bluntly. He wished to be free to execute any man found guilty of inciting Indian massacres. That wasn't bluff; that was the way he felt about it.

"Pray, sir," said Hamilton, "who is it that you call Indian partisans?"

"Sir," Clark replied, "I take Major Hay to be one of the principal."

Major Hay turned "pale and trembling," Clark says. "Governor Hamilton blushed, and I observed was much affected by his"—Major Hay's—"behaviour . . . Some moments elapsed without a word passing on either side."

Clark seems to have felt that Hamilton's shame was in his favor. After consultation with his officers, he offered terms of honorable surrender, which Hamilton accepted—beaten, not by force of arms, but by the unwavering strength of a boy of twenty-six, greatest leader of a few tired men.

The back door to the East was safe. Wisconsin, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana—this was the region that had passed, with that surrender, forever out of British hands.

Only Detroit remained. Detroit, through which strong British forces poured in the vain effort to recover that lost empire. Clark, now a general—in recognition of his trifling services to date—remained to hold what he had won. Far distant from the home sector, he was still left almost entirely on his own resources; he had to do the best he



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## Who Was George Rogers Clark?

(Continued from page 61)

who were close by, rather than Clark, who was far off in the West and hardly knew that anything was going on against him.

Their exchange of letters, which Bodley gives in full, shows that Clark patiently gave account of all his conduct, not realizing the animus behind the charges.

But finally the profiteers and politicians forced Clark's resignation.

That was the beginning of the end. So strong a figure could not vanish instantly from public life; from his first young adventure in the settlement of Kentucky, the public interest had been his interest. His strength was always felt by those who knew him; but in the public eye his star had blazed too far away, in too hectic days, to seem a star of the first magnitude. Now began its slow but sure eclipse. Only Temple Bodley, so far as I know, has taken the labor of assembling all the evidence; and into it are woven threads of many purposes, selfish and selfless, sordid and heroic—a human tapestry of our national beginnings, through which Clark's life runs vivid to a tragic end.

What was the truth? Here is one bit of evidence, a letter to Clark from a man who knew him all his life:

You are not unapprised that your services to the country have not made

due impression on every mind. That you have made enemies you must not doubt, when you reflect that you have made yourself eminent. If you mean to escape malice, you should have confined yourself within the sleepy line of regular duty . . . I was not a little surprised, however, to find one person hostile to you. . . . That you may long continue a fit object of his enmity, and for that of every person of his complexion in the state . . . is the earnest prayer of one who subscribes himself with greatest truth and sincerity.

Your friend and servt.,  
THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Now, as I write, it has become the fashion to "dig up the dirt" concerning men long reverenced as a little more than mortal; in other words, to prove them human. Here is one man concerning whom the process must be reversed. They dug up all the dirt before he died—most of it false—obscuring what he did and was. What was he? A great and selfless leader of men. What did he do? Except for him the young United States might never have survived; and almost certainly, except for him, it never would have reached beyond the Alleghenies. No need to quarrel now over his rank among our great Americans; but surely he was one of them. Surely George Rogers Clark deserves remembrance.

## A Personal View

(Continued from page 33)

the subject of educational experiments.

In the home first, and then in the school, the child gets his sense of patriotism which will guide him as a citizen. While we have to guard against politicians and special interests making the trained and faithful teacher a pawn of their designs, we have also to guard against the new school historians carrying a present tendency, healthy in its purpose, too far.

I have been reading some of these new histories. In their desire to present both sides they have a tendency to quote Tory pamphlets in the Revolution in a way that might make the Revolutionary Army seem to the young mind as a "rabble"; that the majority of respectable people in the colonies were on the side of King George. So Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Adams, Hamilton and Madison were not respectable, and Paul Jones was a pirate. Many of these historians have not seen real history made. In looking at the seamy side of human nature they forget its nobler side is the vicissitudes and strain of fighting for a cause.

One of them gives about the same space to food rationing as to the A. E. F. in America's part in the World War. He leaves the impression that the four

million men in France, the training camps and the Navy had less to do with the War than the activities at the rear. He passes over the battles of the Civil War and those of the Revolution with brief references.

His idea in these omissions is that civilians are confused in following the tactics of military campaigns. His interest is in the causes which lead up to the war.

The modern school of historians sees the causes as entirely economic. It presents hard boiled history which leaves little room for sentiment. It leaves the conclusion that men fight only for a money stake. Our best present judges of that theory are, of course, the men who have been to war.

To this new school of history I propose the question: Have human effects nothing to do with the making of history? It is human history with which we deal, not a narrative of plant life, of the forming of geologic strata.

Do the courage, the sacrifice, the suffering, the test of manhood in the face of death, the whole sum of the grisly human drama demanding the limit of energy and will, have no influence on the national future? Are they second to food control and loan drives?

Not to one who has seen history made. It is the actual conflict, wicked as it is, which exerts war's formative influence on the next generation.

Are we to pass over Lincoln's war part, his four years' trial of patience? If we do, how much of Lincoln is left? Are we not to realize the character of men like Lee, Jackson, Grant and Hancock through those four years? Are we to pass over the courage on bloody fields where either side lost one-third of its numbers as an unimportant incident in the human phenomenon? Is all the attention to be given to what a historian, who probably never saw war, regards as the causes and then step on to exhaustive details of the peace conference that settled the terms? Not if we are to have truthful and complete history.

You can no more end war by cutting it out of the history books than you can end disease by passing it over as too horrible for mention. Let the full measure of war's cost be realized in its bloody actuality. If children really know what war means they will be more hesitant about starting a war when they grow up.

The trenches are a more dissuasive factor than essays. Ignorance of war's realities is the best inductor of war. I fear some of the new school of historians will leave the impression that most of the business of winning a war is done out of uniform in a hurrah behind the lines, which may incline the next generation to have its turn at the thrill. And not the historians, but the boys influenced by their teaching, will do their fighting.

You can strive so hard to see the other side that your own side may appear to be always in the wrong. The new idea is welcome when it presents not a George Washington of cherry tree unreality but a Washington vigorous and determined, capable of sturdy oaths on occasions and enjoying the pleasures and addicted to the habits of his time. We would not have his soldiers pictured as never straggling, never growling, or flirting with a pretty girl at the road side. They were human. They would have been the first to appreciate the courage of the British against them.

Sound patriotism is human. It is not building up grudges against other peoples; it is not laying up racial hatreds to get votes in a land of a new race formed of all the races. It would see the folly of wars through knowledge of war. Let children know what it cost to make America, and how to guard the tradition.

MUSSOLINI HAS ABOLISHED universal suffrage. There is still an Italian congress but he is the voter who names the members. Fascist propagandists in other lands have his blessing. He would establish colonies of

Fascists in South America. His new code of laws would punish Italians guilty of anti-Fascist sympathies or acts in other lands. (Continued on page 64)

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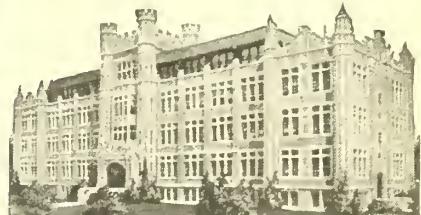
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## A Personal View

(Continued from page 63)

His ambition feeds on more power as it mounts to omnipotence in a world he would make safe for autocracy. It is now *lèse majesté* in Italy even to make a joke about him as it was to make one against the kaiser in Germany ten years ago. The Kaiser is now at Doorn; the ashes of Czar Nicholas of Russia are on the steppes. And Napoleon had his Doorn at St. Helena.

SAYS THAT FORTHRIGHT French patriot, Premier Poincaré, "No one thinks of condemning the whole German people."

To condemn a whole people is to condemn humanity. Germany's rulers made the war.

When the people rule they do not have to pay for any mistakes but their own.

ONE SCIENTIST TELLS us that the sun is good for another billion years. This is cheer for the optimists. Another scientist says that

Leave it to the Sun  
the sun may blow up at any moment, and 138 hours after the explosion we on earth shall all be dead from poison gas. This is cheer for all pessimists short of subjects for tears. The rest of us will

not begin worrying until after the explosion, knowing that we shall not then have to worry long.

GENERAL CHARLES G. DAWES is a hard hitter, but his eyes twinkle when he hits. Just after the war, a friend found him posing

### How to Be Liked

for a picture. "He asked me to have it done for him," said the general, men-

tioning a British general of supply with whom Dawes had had some ferocious "Hell and Maria" disagreements about Allied policy. Dawes pounded on the Senate for its waste of time in unlimited debate; but the senators like him. He has the capacity of being liked by those to whom he gives battle.

THE SOCIALISTS HAVE the city government of Reading, Pennsylvania. They are the "ins" showing how instead of the "outs" telling

Socialism  
Has the Buck  
how. It is up to the Socialist mayor to prove he can be a good mayor under laws as they are. That depends upon the man. How many of his theories he can apply will make interesting reading later on.

## Keeping Step

(Continued from page 37)

following the Boxer Rebellion and suggested that multiplied good would result if European and American students in large numbers could be given scholarships in countries other than their native lands.

"I would ask the Legion to petition the United States Government to establish the International Memorial Educational Foundation, and to ask the other nations of the world to join in this establishment," Chaplain Wilson said. "I should ask the United States to follow the precedent set in the Boxer situation. Take in every year there is a Treasury surplus—thus having the prosperity of the land already assured—one-quarter of the war debts owing us from other nations and place these moneys in the memorial foundation. Another decade would see the foundation capable of giving international scholarships to some several hundred thousands of young people each year. A billion dollars would educate abroad a quarter of a million young people annually. Scatter these students throughout the sister nations of the world to study the people amongst whom they go. Let them feel the responsibility of the future of civilization resting upon their hearts."

The National Executive Committee authorized a study of the plan Chaplain

Wilson recommended and directed that it be considered further at the committee's next meeting in May.

Interest in National Chaplain Wilson's proposal was stimulated by the adoption of a resolution by the National Executive Committee expressing the belief that the World Conference on International Justice to be held in Cleveland, Ohio, in May under the auspices of the American Peace Society "has great potential promise for the promotion of peace and good will." The resolution expressed the assumption that the American Peace Society and other sponsors of the conference will continue to support the policy of adequate national defense as embodied in the National Defense Act.

The National Executive Committee also authorized a study of a proposal to send a sizable American Legion delegation to the annual congress of FIDAC to be held in Bucharest, Rumania, next autumn.

### Americanism

THE National Americanism Commission reported to the National Executive Committee that it has under way a series of programs for 1928 which will engage the attention of all posts. In

addition to conducting a campaign of political education, with the view of getting all citizens to vote in the November elections, the commission will encourage posts to establish the American Legion School Award, to encourage scholarship and leadership among students in grammar schools. It will also conduct the junior baseball program, in which posts will organize baseball leagues among the boys of their communities, this in addition to carrying on usual work with Boy Scout troops. The commission will also assist posts to organize for possible community disasters or other emergencies.

#### Vacation Note

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, is making novel plans for entertaining the Legion's national convention next October. The National Executive Committee was told. Side trips into Mexico and a possible tour to Mexico City are being arranged, and the Mexican Government is expected to grant noteworthy railway fare reductions. All Texas cities are planning to entertain Legionnaires going to and returning from San Antonio. Louisville, Kentucky, officially made a preliminary bid for the 1929 national convention of The American Legion, by presenting letters from the Governor of Kentucky and the Mayor of Louisville.

The committee authorized the erection of a column, "in memory of the mothers who gave their sons for their country," in the World War memorial building to be constructed in Washington, D. C. Individual Legionnaires will contribute \$5,000 to pay for the column.

#### Problem

THE National Executive Committee in a resolution dealing with the American Legion Monthly recommended that the present standard of quality, both as to contents and make-up of the magazine, be continued. The committee declared it of vital importance that the membership be apprised of the problems involved in publishing a magazine of such recognized standards, to the end

that definite and well considered action may be taken at the 1928 national convention on the desirability of an increase in the subscription price to members of The American Legion from 75 cents to one dollar. The National Commander was directed to present the subject to the membership.

#### Growing

NATIONAL Commander Edward E. Spafford and National Adjutant James F. Barton informed the National Executive Committee at the January meeting that The American Legion advance membership at the beginning of 1928 was 40 percent larger than it was at the beginning of 1927, and more than 200,000 Legionnaires had received their 1928 membership cards by the middle of January. The Legion's membership for 1927 was more than 720,000, a gain of 32,000 over membership in 1926. The good start is expected to bring a much larger gain in 1928.

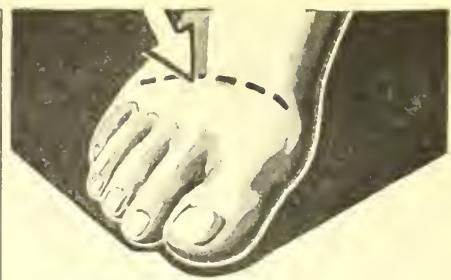
#### For Post Libraries

THE issue is sharply drawn between the pacifists, who are working hard to have military training abolished in American colleges and universities, and The American Legion, which believes that the present system of government-conducted courses in military science in these institutions is an indispensable part of the nation's plans for its defense. In almost every school providing military training, active campaigns have been waged against the government system, and Congress is being besieged by well-meaning but uninformed opponents of the system to end it by cutting off appropriations and repealing the laws under which it is conducted. American Legion posts have been the defenders of the college military training system wherever it has been attacked.

A newly-published book, supplying ammunition for the defenders of the military training system, deserves a place in post libraries. It is "Every Man a Brick," by Merritt M. Chambers, instructor (Continued on page 66)



See that snow fly and look at that pair of steaming collies! It's the annual dog derby of John Bridges Post in Detroit Lakes, Minnesota, held on Detroit Lakes' main stem. The temperature was twelve degrees below zero



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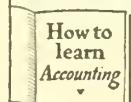
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# Keeping Step

(Continued from page 65)

in Political Science at Oregon State Agricultural College. It is published by the Public School Publishing Company of Bloomington, Illinois. It consists of one hundred pages of summarized arguments and statistics presented in a highly readable way. It is especially valuable to anyone preparing for debate.

The National Executive Committee at the January meeting approved the appointment of a Citizens Military Training Camps Committee, composed of one member in each Army Corps area, to promote attendance at the camps this year.

Another newly-published book worth adding to many post libraries is "All About Naturalization," by Jacob Legion Tenny, of Walter S. Poague Post of Chicago, Illinois, published by the Judy Publishing Company, 1922 Lake Street, Chicago. The book would be useful to posts in communities having large percentages of residents who are foreign-born. Mr. Tenny has been a leader of the Americanism activities of the Illinois Department and is a former United States Naturalization Examiner.

## Loans

**A**MERICAN LEGION posts throughout the United States which

assisted service men to obtain loans on their adjusted compensation certificates when the loan privilege first became operative at the beginning of 1927 now have the opportunity of rendering an additional service to the men who got the loans. They may help the men who got the loans protect their certificates by the simple process of obtaining a new loan at the increased loan value made available by the passage of a year. The new loan will automatically pay off the old one and give the service man a sum in cash.

For example, a man who got a loan of \$100 a year ago and has not yet paid it off at his bank may now obtain a new loan of approximately \$133. The sum of \$133 would be sufficient to retire principal and interest on the old loan—\$106—and give the veteran \$27 in cash. If a man who got a loan does not take

out a new loan, the bank which has his note will, after an interval, surrender the note to the Veterans Bureau through banking channels.

In the first few weeks of January the Veterans Bureau approved more than 2,000 re-loans to men whose certificates had been deposited by banks for liquidation. Up to December 31, 1927, the Bureau had redeemed 191,379 notes presented by banks.

Up to January 1, 1928, banks made 548,235 loans on adjusted compensation certificates, for a total of \$51,176,010. Up to December 30, 1927, the Bureau itself had record of 376,770 loans on certificates.

The Merchants Bank of St. Paul, Minnesota, which was given a vote of thanks by the Legion's National Executive Committee a year ago for its initiative in extending adjusted compensation loans to veterans throughout the United States when many other banks were hesitating to do so, has requested National Headquarters to help inform the men who received the loans of the importance of renewing them.

## On the Air

**T**HE radio is giving several million persons within hearing range of a broadcasting station in Minneapolis, Minnesota, an opportunity to learn what a meeting of The American Legion is like and to find out more about the principles, purposes and activities of the Legion. Minneapolis Musical Post is conducting a series of ten programs, given on Monday nights of alternate weeks, from Station WCCO, the Gold Medal Flour Station, with a wave length of 405.2 meters. The programs are given from 9:30 to 10:30 Central Standard Time. Department Adjutant Edwin W. Lindell announces that the series is the first given by a Legion post.

The meetings broadcast include the usual order of procedure, from the call to order to the closing ceremonies. As a part of each program musical features are presented, and at each meeting an address is given by a Past Commander of the Minnesota Department. Each

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Broadway at Prince St., N.Y.

Past Commander tries to make his own program surpass the others and all hearers are invited to send in comments on programs. The Past Commander whose address brings in most comment will be presented with a loving cup.

Scheduled meetings include: March 5, Past Commander Joseph P. O'Hara; April 2, Past Commander Edwin W. Lindell; April 16, Past Commander Ludwig I. Roe; April 30, Past Commander G. V. Barron. Past Commander A. A. Van Dyke is also to speak at a date that had not been announced when this was written.

### Record

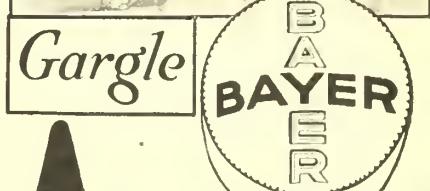
BETWEEN Central Park and the East River in New York City is the neighborhood which Lexington Post calls home, and, resisting the temptation to tell in detail why his post is the best post in the Legion, Post Commander Abraham J. Rosenblum rises to tell of a record his outfit holds. "Our post is the only Legion post having two National Commanders as members," writes Commander Rosenblum. "One is National Commander Edward E. Spafford—we hope everybody knows by this time that we have him. But we have another—Past National Commander Henry D. Lindsley. While I am about it, I may as well claim another record. Can any other post lay claim to having two Department Commanders? National Commander Spafford, of course, is a Past Commander of the New York Department, and so is another Lexington Post member—Ogden L. Mills."

### Marked Farms

THE action of the Paris convention in recommending that the whole Legion help in the establishment of aviation fields calls attention to work already done to induce posts to take the lead in their communities to obtain the establishment of landing fields. The Community Betterment Division at National Headquarters has supplied posts with ideas on procedure. This division, however, has cautioned posts against proceeding with over-ambitious projects, enterprises not in keeping with the anticipated needs of their towns.

The Department of Oregon has undertaken a statewide program of developing landing fields at little expense under a method which is expected to provide fields everywhere in the State in blocks of territory from fifteen or twenty-five miles square.

"These facilities are not to be leased," writes George E. Love, 1928 Department Commander, last year head of the Aeronautical Committee. "They are simply to be identified as portions of the terrain which, through the normal rotation of crops, lend themselves to the landing and taking-off of planes. The tracts will include fields of twenty, thirty or forty acres belonging to farmers who have planted them in alfalfa, grass or clover or use them permanently as pastures. (Continued on page 68)



# ASPIRIN

For sore throat, there's a swift and sure way to soothe away the inflammation. Every singer knows the secret! Dissolve Bayer Aspirin tablets in pure water, and gargle. Nothing in the whole realm of medicine is more helpful in cases of sore throat. And you probably know how Aspirin dispels a headache; breaks up colds, relieves rheumatic pain, neuralgia, neuritis, lumbago! Just make certain to get genuine Bayer Aspirin; it has Bayer on the box, and on each tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

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The new 1928 Membership Poster and Window Card of The American Legion

## IRRESISTIBLE!

IRRESISTIBLE exactly describes the new American Legion membership posters and window cards, for no ex-service man can pass without reading them. They are real go-getters that he cannot turn down. Hundreds of American Legion Posts this year will substantially increase their membership with these compelling billboard posters and window cards.

The Billboard Poster is 9 x 21 feet in size, beautifully reproduced in six colors. It is a sure-fire member getter that can be easily read for more than a block. See your local bill posting company today. They will doubtless be glad to furnish billboard space free of charge. Try it! The Window Card is 14 x 22 inches—just the right size for window display—and is attractively done in six colors. Every merchant in your town will be glad to display them. A MEMBERSHIP SLIDE for use in motion picture theatres is also available. Your local theatres will all be glad to use these attractive six-color slides. Every Legion Post should make the most of its opportunity to get its message before the public through the use of billboard posters, window cards and slides. The supply is limited and you are urged to order immediately!

### PRICES

BILLBOARD POSTER	.....	\$1.00 each plus delivery charges
WINDOW CARD	.....	.05 each plus delivery charges
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Office Positions**

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- ( ) Skilled Laborer
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- ( ) Stenographer-Typist
- ( ) Emigrant Inspector
- ( ) Seamstress
- ( ) Auditor
- ( ) Stenographer-Secretary

**(Ex-Service Men Get Preference)**

NAME ..... ADDRESS .....

## Keeping Step

(Continued from page 67)

"We are marking the fields with the conventional circle marker, fifty feet in diameter with a four-foot band. A system of reports insures that our list of fields will be kept up to date and aviators will receive notice when listed fields are unsuitable for use. Whenever a field is abandoned, the post sponsoring it is expected to lay out another field as near to it as possible. Each of the department's 118 posts has been asked to supply the department aeronautical committee with full facts about fields. Using these facts, the committee is preparing air maps of Oregon, marking various types of fields in different colors and with symbols giving essential information."

### The Torch of Patriotism

OUT of the annual observance of American Education Week has come an all-year-round American Legion interest in schools.

Reading of battles and other historic events doesn't compare with trips to the actual scenes of great happenings, believe the hundreds of pupils of the schools of South Orange, New Jersey, who have made a series of visits to historic places within easy traveling distance of their city as guests of South Orange Post of the Legion and Essex County (New Jersey) Voiture of the Forty and Eight. The first trip was made to the Statue of Liberty.

### Letters of Thanks

EVERY morning when the boys and girls of the sixty-eight schoolrooms in the school buildings of Norwalk, Ohio, take their seats at their desks, they see before them the American flag, symbol of love of country. In each schoolroom the flag is displayed on a pedestal because Ken-Bur-Bel Post of the Legion donated sixty-eight flags to the schools at a ceremony in which Past National Commander John R. McQuigg of Cleveland, Ohio, delivered the principal address. The post got sixty-eight letters of thanks from pupils, one from each school-room which received a flag.

### Among Those Present

TWO Legionnaires new to these pages and two known for past contributions are among the contributors to this issue. In order:

Sydney G. Gumpertz, author of "The Play's the Thing," is Commander of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City. . . . Parkhurst Whitney is another New York City Legionnaire. . . . Arthur Van Vlissingen, Jr., is a member of George Alexander McKinlock, Jr., Post of Lake Forest, Illinois. . . . Harvey Dunn, who painted the cover for this issue, belongs to De Witt Coleman Post of Tenafly, New Jersey.

RIGHT GUIDE

# You Belong to the Largest Society in the World

(Continued from page 38)

just what it is, what it is doing and what it aims to do. Leave out the frills and give it to 'em straight."

So here goes, and if any of you want to know what FIDAC's all about, come and get it!

The FIDAC is the big league of the leading veterans' organizations in the countries allied in the World War. With a combined membership of more than six million, it is the largest society in the world. The name is a diminutive derived from the initial letters of the confederation's jaw-breaking name in French—Fédération Interalliée des Anciens Combattants.

The American Legion through Fritz Galbraith, National Commander in 1921, was instrumental in founding the FIDAC and it is the sole member society of this country. Nine other countries are represented. They are Belgium, Czechoslovakia, France, Great Britain, Italy, Poland, Portugal, Rumania and Serbia.

The headquarters of FIDAC is in Paris. The president is elected annually from one of the delegations of member countries. He serves without salary but gives virtually the whole of his time to the job. He is in contact with the Paris office and visits the member organizations in other countries much as the National Commander of The American Legion maintains touch with the National Headquarters and keeps on the move constantly to visit the departments throughout the United States.

Nicola Sansanelli, a member of the Italian Chamber of Deputies and for the last three years chief of the principal Italian veterans' society, the newly-elected president of the FIDAC, has a distinguished record as a soldier. He was decorated for valor in the Turkish-Italian War of 1911 and was again decorated for his repeated heroism during the World War. He was six times wounded. He is an attorney, an author of several novels, and a great orator. He is ranked among the leaders of his nation and is said to be one of the high-ranking counsellors to Mussolini. He was for some time one of the high officers of the Fascist Party.

Sansanelli is expected to visit America in May and a tour will be arranged for him under the auspices of The American Legion.

Each member country of the FIDAC is represented on the official board by a vice president, who is elected at the annual congresses.

The annual congress of the FIDAC is rotated through the capitals of the member countries. The American Legion delegation to these congresses is selected by the National Commander and the individual delegates pay their own expenses. The next congress is to be held in Bucharest, Rumania, next September.

Between congresses the affairs of

FIDAC are administered by a Council of Direction which meets in Paris and is composed of the officers of the organization and twelve representatives from each member country.

The American representatives are selected by the National Commander from Legionnaires resident in Europe. They are distinct from the delegation that is appointed to the annual congresses and whose members for the most part are residents of America.

The FIDAC is supported by dues from the member organizations, based on a per capita of their membership. One cent of the national per capita dues every American Legionnaire pays is in payment of his dues in FIDAC—every Legionnaire is a member of FIDAC.

Like the Legion, FIDAC has its women's auxiliary. Lady Edward Churchill, of Great Britain, is the president and Mrs. William H. Schofield, of New Hampshire, is the American chairman.

Through encouraging the exchange of international scholarships FIDAC hopes to promote the sort of understanding and international consciousness in coming generations that have resulted from the comradely contacts between ex-service men.

It conducted recently an international contest for a design for a medal to be awarded annually to the university or college in each member country that has done most to encourage among its students an interest in international affairs. This contest ended February 1st.

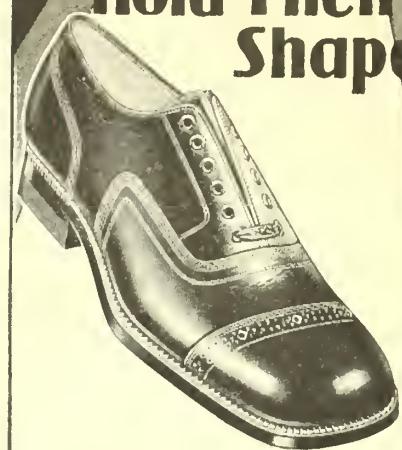
FIDAC is publishing a monthly review of international problems of especial interest to ex-service men. The name of the publication is *Fidac*. The subscription is \$2 a year or twenty cents a copy. It is published at FIDAC headquarters at 96 Rue de l'Université, Paris VII.

FIDAC headquarters at the address above given, is also (as far as its limited resources will admit) conducting a bureau of information for all ex-service men and is receiving and answering many inquiries from ex-service men in all parts of the world.

American Legionnaires going to Paris should visit FIDAC headquarters. They may secure there the addresses of the headquarters of ex-service men's organizations in other countries that they may visit and that are affiliated with FIDAC. At these headquarters my experience has been that American Legionnaires presenting their Legion card with its FIDAC certification will always receive a cordial welcome and will make the sort of friendly contacts that FIDAC seeks to encourage.

FIDAC also seeks to counteract false impressions arising from sensational items coming from non-representative journals in one country and gaining importance by being quoted by representative journals in (Continued on page 70)

# Hold Their Shape



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Estab. 1869

Numerous Legionnaire References

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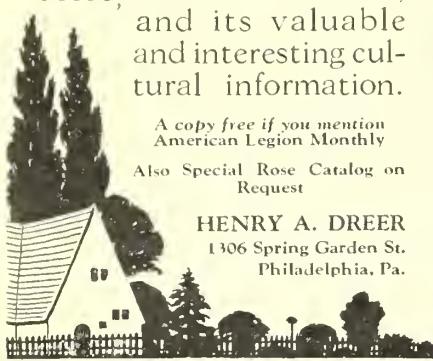
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1611 No. Lincoln St., Chicago, Ill.

## You Belong to the Largest Society in the World

(Continued from page 69)

other countries. In this alone it can render a signal service to the cause of better international understanding.

FIDAC has recently gone a step further. It is seeking without including them in its membership, to co-operate with the ex-service men's organizations in the former enemy countries where such organizations like the FIDAC are genuinely interested in promoting international good will. With this end in view the FIDAC last year arranged for a conference with representatives of ex-enemy veterans' societies. It was held in Luxembourg and on most points there was unanimity of feeling. Another such conference is to be held this year, on a broader scale.

FIDAC seeks to bring about a world peace based on intelligent patriotism plus better international understanding and has nothing in common with pacifist movements that seek to destroy patriotism and inculcate in youth a spirit of non-resistance.

There is nothing in this peace movement suggestive of the pacifism of the "we-won't-fights." It is the will of the fighting man who knows, better than all others, the wreck and ruin and futility of warfare.

General James G. Harbord, who led the Marines at Belleau Wood and in the campaign around Chateau-Thierry, commanded the Second Division in the operations around Soissons, and is now president of the Radio Corporation of America, is certainly neither a pacifist nor an idle visionary. He has said:

"No one comprehends the meaning of modern warfare more clearly than the World War veteran. . . . Yet whatever our experiences and recollections may have been in the World War we are promised even greater and more destructive scientific weapons for any war to follow. . . .

"But there is a weapon to meet the

potential terrors of a future war. In fact, the more terrible becomes warfare, the more effective becomes that weapon—and it is expressed by just one word—*understanding*."

So far as the respective governments of member organizations are concerned FIDAC is entirely unofficial. It has no connection with the League of Nations, but for the purpose of understanding certain questions under discussion at Geneva it sends there an official observer. At the London congress it was voted to have the FIDAC press bureau follow the work of the League of Nations closely and to consider the possibility of later establishing a press bureau at Geneva in behalf of FIDAC work.

By interpreting to its former comrades the American viewpoint and gaining and interpreting to Legionnaires at home the viewpoint of comrades abroad, it can without interfering in European politics render a service to America in promoting good will abroad and in counteracting hostile sentiment.

At the Congress in Brussels when England and France were disagreeing on the occupation of the Ruhr and at a subsequent Congress when the settlement of the debt was a source of ill feeling, bitter resolutions were tabled and FIDAC representatives went back to their organizations to allay bitterness and correct misunderstanding, as a result of frank exchange of viewpoint such as is possible only between comrades.

Europe for some years has recognized the value of FIDAC, but America, far removed across the seas, has taken it less seriously. Now, however, the impressions and experiences of the Second A. E. F. have revealed FIDAC's real possibilities to the Legion, and the Legion will, I believe, turn loose to carry FIDAC's objectives with the old spirit of the first A. E. F. and the old cry of "Let's go."

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us before eleventh day  
of month preceding issue with which it is to take effect

## Why America?

(Continued from page 15)

luxuries. Anybody, any nation, which has them may well be proud. . . . And of course we must hang our heads because we never have produced or appreciated anything of the sort. I understand a great book has never been written here, nor a great picture painted, nor a great piece of music composed, nor a great philosophy written. It is humiliating. It makes one hide in cellars and cover his face. . . . But even granting that there never were such writers and poets as Edgar Allan Poe and Washington Irving and Longfellow and Whittier, and William James and Fiske, and some hundreds of others, or such pieces of architecture as the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, or the Woolworth Building, or this and that and the other, or even the Symphony in Blue, or Down on the Suwanee River, or such a painter as Watts—to put a name to only one of them. . . . we have done one little, inconspicuous thing. We have lifted the education of the entire nation to a point never reached by any other nation; we have had more full stomachs; we have spread luxuries more widely among the people even than some of the countries which are our most severe critics.

Curiously enough these European persons who point the finger of shame at us, and the finger of pride at themselves are not patting themselves on the back for what they have done in the present generation. Art? Certainly. Michelangelo and Titian and Raphael and Rembrandt and Gainsborough and a thousand others. They produced them. But was it this year? Well, not exactly. Anywhere from a hundred to five hundred years ago. Literature? Of course. Shakespeare—in Queen Elizabeth's day. Somehow I got the idea they were being pretty puffed up about something that they had very little to do with. I asked myself if it was better to be able to point with pride to geniuses dead these many centuries than it is to be able to look forward to geniuses which we are bound to produce in the future.

After a while I began to hold up my head a little bit. I took me a look at the charges they bring against us of newness, of wealth, and of being businesslike.

Really, not so bad after all. Spain was wealthy once—with gold it stole from Mexico and Peru which labored to produce it. England has known great wealth, brought to her by the conquest of incredibly rich empires such as India. Then I look at our wealth. Subject peoples haven't brought it to us. We didn't find it hidden in the earth—though vast natural resources have been at the root of it. On the contrary our wealth seems to me to be the direct product of intelligence. We have grown rich because we have had the brains to invent. The riches of the world flow (Continued on page 73)

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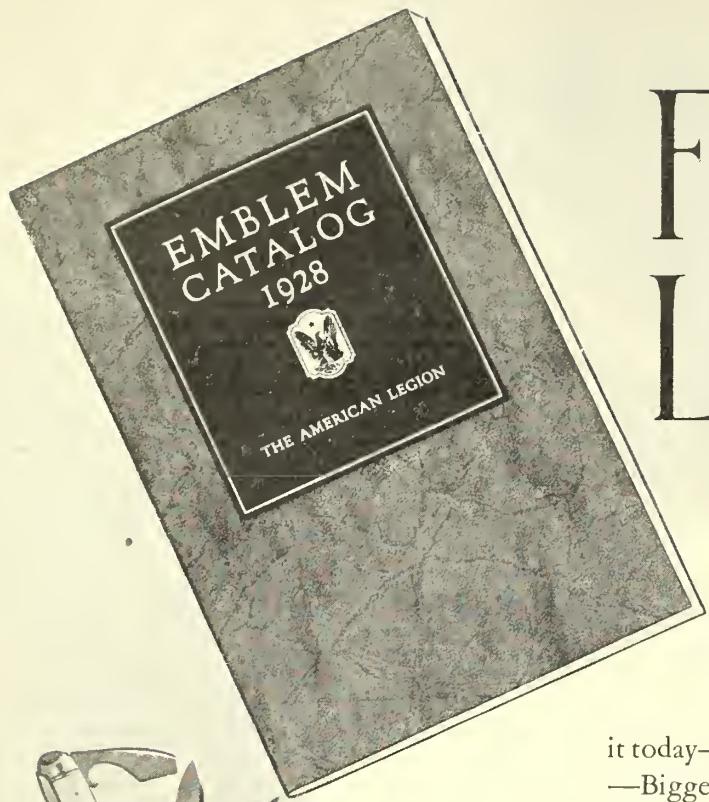
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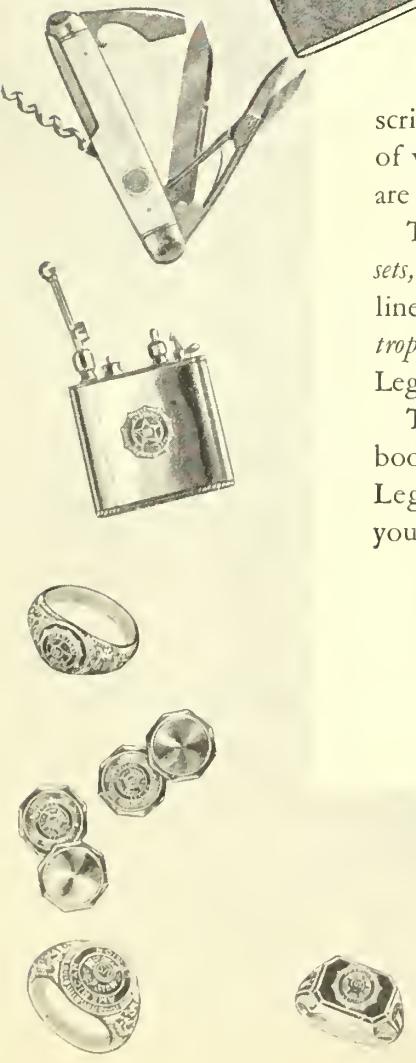


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## Why America?

(Continued from page 71)

our way because we have had the skill to think up and to produce articles which all the world must have. . . . After all it is a more intellectual achievement to invent a phonograph than it is to jab a lance into the interior mechanism of an Inca chieftain.

And youth. We must admit we are young as nations go. But Egypt was young once upon a time, and Greece and Nineveh. And there were older nations hanging around sneering at them.

But how about the nasty charge of being businesslike? I'm afraid we are businesslike. We keep books and set down in order what we buy and what we sell and what we borrow and what we lend. I find the charge against us is made by folks who would have preferred us to keep no books at all. In short, by folks who came more or less frantically to us asking us to lend them money to save them from a destruction which did not threaten us at all. And who, having spent the money we loaned them in good faith, tell us we are a lot of money-pinchers and usurers because we ask them to pay back part of it with interest at a rate so small it is ridiculous.

And there you are. Nothing is left for us but to realize what a poor lot we are. We have no tics. Not even altruistic! Which is, perhaps, the best of them all. They say that altruism is the last virtue to be achieved by civilization. And what is altruism? In plain words it is the desire to be helpful to others without thought of repayment.

Well, along about 1918 we were moderately helpful to a number of nations. And so far as I can discover from a search of the documents, we never have asked for any payment for it. Which

leads one to wonder what became of Germany's rich colonies? We hear little mention of them. Only a few hundreds of thousands of square miles of the richest territory on earth. . . . And Germany hasn't it any more. Somebody must have it. . . . No, we haven't any altruism, but we did for nothing what we did, sincerely to be of assistance to a troubled world—and we let the other fellows walk off with all the swag. It makes us look pretty bad as a nation of money-grubbers, doesn't it?

Taking it all into consideration we should all wish to have our children born in Europe. They will have all the advantages—of a past superiority, of social inferiority, they will have atmosphere. They will be born where culture abounds—just inside a high brick wall, where they can never hope to reach it. But it is there, just the same. Though probably they never will hear of it.

Against this, what have we to offer? Well, nothing but fourteen chances of success against one. Nothing but real equality of opportunity. Nothing but the fact that every office boy carries in his pocket the key to the president's office. Nothing but the knowledge that intelligence and industry can get you any place you want to go. Nothing, in short, but those very things which any and every nation of Europe would give its heart and soul to possess in just half the degree that is ours.

And one thing more: A national honesty of purpose; a national good sportsmanship; a national integrity which every other nation recognizes and depends upon every day of its life.

Oh, yes, and just one last thing: That we are Americans.

## Then and Now

(Continued from page 40)

presented a real entertainment with soloists, quartet numbers, string trio, violinists, a Jew monolog by a real Jew, a vocal imitator who was a wonder, a female impersonator with a Spanish dance which made the officers look twice, and four end men as good as the best. How many remember the sour-looking negro that just wouldn't laugh? There were also a three-piece orchestra, a stage manager and an electrician and wardrobe man along for good measure.

"Considering the fact that not one of the troupe was a professional and that ours was only a small outfit from which to select talent, these men furnished an evening's entertainment equal to any in the A. E. F."

**N**OW that we're delving into our pending Lost and Found files, we're glad to report that another member of the gang has safely returned a

service souvenir to its owner. Not all of the letters we receive on this subject have to do with recovering property. Legionnaire Arthur S. Reeks of Newburgh, New York, formerly private 1cl. Ambulance Company Seven, Third Division, told us:

"The other day while looking over some souvenirs, I came across a little book which I picked up near Viffort a day or two before the Germans crossed the Marne at Mezy on July 15, 1918. It is a copy of 'As a Man Thinketh' by James Allen and in the back of the book is the inscription: 'Anthony J. Dalie, 6th Eng. Train.'

"I belonged to Ambulance Company Seven of the Third (Marne) Regular Division and worked with the Sixth Engineers and crossed the pontoon bridge which they built over the Marne at Mezy, many times, bringing wounded from Mont St. (Continued on page 74)

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## Then and Now

(Continued from page 73)

Pere and Jaulgonne. If Mr. Dalie is still alive, and I hope that he is, I would like to return the book to him. If he made the supreme sacrifice, as many of the Sixth did while building that bridge, I would like to send it to his relatives if they would like to have it."

Comrade Dalie was located in North Bergen, New Jersey, and when we told him about the book, he wrote: "I was mighty glad to know that Arthur Reeks found that book of mine and I would like to have it as I have no overseas souvenirs to speak of." And so another war memento has returned to its owner.

**E**XTRY! EXTRY! With the cooperation of one of our active Then and Nowers, the Company Clerk has been able to unearth a brand-new "first" of the A. E. F. and he will welcome any arguments which may follow this disclosure. Some months ago Legionnaire H. Work of the Library Committee of Howard Gardner Post of Tyrone, Pennsylvania, filed a request in the orderly room for certain back numbers of the *Weekly and of the Stars and Stripes* to complete his post's files.

Some of the wanted issues were dug up and possibly out of a sense of gratitude, Comrade Work announced out of a clear sky, "Some of these days I am going to send you a portrait of the first horse born in the A. E. F.—this happy event taking place in October, 1917, near Levier, Doubs, France. The mother was attached to Company F, 10th Engineers."

Several months went by and we reminded Work of his promise. He wrote that he intended writing to former Stable Sergeant Smith in California to "work up the historical data concerning the horse." Another wait and then Work came across with the "portrait" which we reproduce on this page. His letter of transmittal said:

"I have not had much luck in getting exact data on the first horse born in the A. E. F., but am enclosing a picture of the critter. This animal made its appearance at the Levier camp sometime in October or November, 1917, and I claim it was the first event of its kind, unless someone can come across with an earlier arrival. Stable Sergeant George Smith

of somewhere in California no doubt will be able to supply the exact date of the birth."

Will Sergeant Smith please produce the necessary service record of the critter?

Work sent also some mighty interesting pictures and information regarding the logging activities of Company F, 10th Engineers, in France, and we hope to show these exhibits to the Then and Now Gang fairly soon.

**S**O much for the first (?) colt—we're open to conviction—born in the A. E. F. Now we have a little story about what is reported to be the *only* American mule ever born in France. And we lifted this story from the book entitled "As They Passed Through the Port," about which we told you in these columns in January. Major General David C. Shanks, now retired, who commanded the Port of Embarkation at Hoboken, New Jersey, during the War and who wrote the book, has signed up as an active member of the Then and Now Gang and gave us his permission to "salvage" this bit of interesting historical data:

"*Soldiers* were not allowed to take their mascots across, but they brought



*A lately-arrived recruit in Company F, 10th Engineers, does a parade rest. Here we have the first colt born in the A. E. F.*

*Date of birth, October, 1917*

them back by the hundreds. The ships' officers were not at all enthusiastic about allowing mascots on board ship; they made a lot of dirt and a lot of trouble. There was a good deal of grumbling among the crews of some of the vessels to such an extent that I was asked from Washington for recommendations as to whether it would not be better to prohibit all mascots, but I strongly advised against such a course. I felt that every concession possible should be made in favor of those who had fought and suffered on the other side and the prohibition against mascots was never put into effect.

"The most famous of all the mascots brought back from the other side was a mule colt. This was the only American mule ever born in France and when she was foaled on April 17, 1918, she was promptly christened 'Verdun' because her birthplace was on the Meuse River south of Verdun. The colt accompanied her mother in all marches and operations





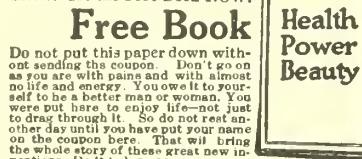
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## Then and Now

(Continued from page 75)

day, from one to twenty-four as the system was in France, instead of the usual twelve hours only. The case was of gun metal. As a souvenir I prized it very highly, particularly in view of the fact that I came to know the Algerian machine-gunner who gave it to me very well.

"To make a long story short, I put up at the Nancy Y. M. C. A. and was so fagged out that I didn't care much about my personal belongings and just took to a cot for a good sleep. There were four other Yanks in the same room, one a friend with whom I traveled, who was a close buddy of mine, two other chaps who were traveling together, and a lone red-headed Yank wearing a Third Division insignia. In the morning my treasured watch, one hundred francs, and the red-headed Yank had gone—flown the coop! I cannot say positively that he turned the trick, although the other two strangers denied any knowledge of the loot.

"That's my little problem. Can you do anything, even at this late date, toward locating the watch? That's the big idea and I won't say a word about the hundred francs."

Another interesting case of lost property has been reported to us by Legionnaire Joseph W. Sutphen of Los Angeles, California.

"On September 29, 1918, the 362d Infantry, 91st Division, made the assault upon the town of Gesnes in the Argonne. I commanded the Third Battalion.

"Just before making the attack I turned over to Sergeant Gower of M Company my map case which held, in addition to my combat maps, a red diary. This dairy I am anxious to recover. Inscribed on the flyleaf is my name, about as follows: 'Capt. J. W. Sutphen, 362d Inf., 91st Div.'

"During the final assault upon the town of Gesnes, Sergeant Gower was killed. After taking the town we were ordered back almost to our starting point and the bodies of the killed were left on the field where they had fallen.

"We were then attached to the First Division and moved to the left of our former sector. The 32d Division afterwards occupied the town of Gesnes and I learned from some men of that division that the bodies of our dead were still on the field when they went into the town.

"It is possible that some men of the 32d Division might have recovered my map case and the diary it contained, although I fear that all bodies of our dead were searched by the Germans who occupied the ground we had taken, after our withdrawal. I am, however, writing this on the off chance that the diary may have fallen into American hands."

The Company Clerk has quite a vast collection of similar requests for as-



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sistance in recovering treasured wartime souvenirs and these will be bulletined to the Gang as promptly as possible.

The Skipper will have to furnish an enlarged bulletin board to take care of the demands on these columns.

**H**AND-HAMMERED shell cases, finger rings made from one and two-franc pieces and gaudily embroidered pillow-tops and handkerchiefs can probably be classed as the most prevalent souvenirs in the A. E. F. It is practically an impossible task to recover any of these kinds of souvenirs unless they bore some particular distinguishing mark, as, for instance, in this request from Edward Lyons of Catlettsburg, Kentucky:

"On December 28, 1918, I was taken to Base Hospital 91 from my outfit, Battery E, 302d Field Artillery, which was stationed at Rupt-en-Woevre, France. Two buddies took me to the hospital and at the time I had two bags with me, in which were such things as shrapnel balls, hand grenades, razors and other toilet articles. I had in those bags two one-pound shell cases which had been decorated by a Frenchman. On one of the cases appeared my name and outfit, 'Edward Lyons, Bttr. E, 302d F. A.' and on the other, the name of my mother, 'Mrs. Effie Lyons, South Point, O.'

"If any of the Then and Now gang has these shells, I should certainly like to get them back."

Legionnaire J. K. Browne, of Akron, Ohio, also asks our help: "During the War the Kentucky Grand Lodge of Masons presented a bronze medal to each Kentucky Mason in service. The medal bore the Masonic emblem and mine was inscribed with my name and 'Fox Lodge No. 386, Dover, Ky.' My mother forwarded my medal while I was overseas with Company H, 58th Infantry, Fourth Division. Transferred to the O. T. C. at La Valbonne about October 18, 1918. I did not receive any mail after that date and did not get the medal. Wonder if any buddy has it?"

**R**OCK of the Marne men—for those not in the know, former members of the Third Division—are going to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the battle in which their division gained its nickname by holding a reunion in Boston, Massachusetts. A national convention of the old Regulars will take place in that New England seaport on July 13th, 14th and 15th of this year. In order to bring back the old service atmosphere, provisions are being made to billet the men in an armory and chow will be served in mess kits during those three days. Hotels will also be available for those men who bring their families with them. A review of the 26th National Guard Division which will be in camp at Camp Devens at the time is also on the cards. All former Third Division men are requested to report to once to Walter J. Wells, Secretary, 44 Chetwynd Road, West Somerville, Massachusetts.

Following is a list of additional reunions and proposed reunions of the old outfits which will interest many of the Then and Now Gang:

89TH DIV.—Annual reunion and convention of the 89th Div. War Society will be held in Denver, Colo., in September. All former members are requested to report to Harry Carlson, c/o Carlson-Fink Dairy Co., Denver, Colorado.

104TH INF.—Former members of the 104th are expected to raise \$10,000 as their share of the \$75,000 YD Memorial Church near Belleau, France. Company quotas are placed at \$700.

All former members are requested to contribute by mailing check or money order, payable to Treasurer, 104th U. S. Inf. Vet. Assoc., A. E. F., to Lawrence A. Wagner, secy., 201 Oak st., Holyoke, Mass.

M. G. CO., 108TH INF.—"Martin's Gorillas" will hold fourth annual reunion in Rochester, N. Y., Mar. 31st. For details address J. L. Viallis, 40 Gregory st., Rochester.

23RD ENGRS.—Meeting, reunion and dinner at Hotel Bellevue, Boston, Mass., Mar. 10th. Address C. D. Smith, pres., The Hawthorne, Salem, Mass.

103D ENGRS.—Former members interested in permanent veterans' organization and in proposed reunion in May, 1928, address William J. Cosgrove, Regent Theatre, Scranton, Pa.

F. H. NO. 42.—Reunion at Hollenden Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio. Sept. 1-3. Address W. K. Priest, 1102 Victory court, Anderson, Ind.

EVAC. HOSP. NO. 3 To complete roster and arrange reunion, former members are requested to write to Herman J. Worst, 6355 S. Ada st., Chicago, Ill.

45TH AND 143D AERO SQUAD.—Ninth annual reunion of all Essington, Pa., and Lake Charles, La., air service men to be held in Philadelphia, Pa., in April or May. Address Samuel M. Paul, East Gravers lane, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

FIRST ARMY P. OF W. E., SOUILLY, FRANCE.—Former members of this prisoners' camp outfit interested in proposed reunion communicate with J. C. Minchinette, ex-adjutant, 818 Keogh st., Greensboro, N. C.

BATTLE OF MANILA BAY—To compile roster, veterans of U. S. Navy, Marine Corps and Revenue Cutter Serv. who served under Comm. George Dewey on May 1, 1898, are requested to write to Chas. J. Dutreux, Dewey C. M. M. Assoc., 719 Thirty-third ave., San Francisco.

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the best-laid plans and advance announcements in quantity, most outfits can muster only a mighty small percentage of their wartime strength for actual physical reunions. Loss of original members and filling in of the ranks with replacements mean that former members of any one outfit are now scattered all over the country. To overcome this difficulty, some of the old outfits have adopted the reunion-by-mail idea, and more of them are following this plan.

Department Adjutant J. M. Carr of the Legion in Georgia, former skipper of Machine Gun Company, 328th Infantry, 83d Division, is planning such a long-distance reunion for May 1st, the tenth anniversary of the date his outfit sailed for France. He wants every former member of his company to write him a letter telling where he is located, what he is doing and such other interesting facts. With the letter, fifty cents should be enclosed to cover the cost of printing the collection of letters in a booklet which will then be mailed to each man who reports. Ex-skipper Carr's address is Department of Georgia, The American Legion, Rome, Georgia.

Among the outfits which have used this idea with great success is the Fifth Company, 20th Engineers, originally Company E, Second Battalion, which every so often publishes its "Haywire Bulletin" under (Continued on page 78)

# \$351<sup>00</sup> CLEARED IN ONE DAY

So writes W. H. Adams of Ohio. Letter from V. A. Marini of California reports \$11275 sales in three months. Jacob Gordon of New Jersey "\$4000 profits in 2 months." Alexander of Penna. "\$3000 profits in four months." Ira Shook \$365 sales in one day. Bram bought one outfit April 5 and 7 more by August 28. Iwata, bought one outfit and 10 more within a year. Mrs. Lane of Pennsylvania says "sold 8000 packages in one day." J. R. Bert says "only thing I ever bought that equalled advertisement." John Culp says: "Everything going lovely."

Crispette wrappers scattered all over town. It's good old world after all." Kello, \$700 ahead end of second week.



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# Reduce This Fleshy Spot

DON'T weaken yourself with starvation diets—don't strain your heart with violent exercises. Here's a wonderful new invention which gives you an instant appearance of slimness and quickly reduces the actual fat without any danger, discomfort, or disagreeable self-denial!

## Take Off 2 to 6 Inches With New Self-Massaging Belt

The moment you put on this wonderful, new, self-massaging belt your waist is instantly reduced from 2 to 6 inches—but, better still, you should actually grow thinner day by day. Your stomach disorders, constipation, backaches and shortness of breath generally disappear; as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. You are filled with a wonderful new energy and will probably look and feel 10 to 15 years younger!



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This new, wonderful Weil Reducing Belt produces the same results as an expert masseur—only quicker and cheaper. It not only reduces your waistline when you put it on, but is so constructed that every movement you make, every breath you take, imparts a constant, gentle massage to every inch of your abdomen. In a few weeks inches of fat should actually disappear.

The Weil Belt is made of the same kind of scientifically treated rubber that is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys and is highly endorsed for its healthful principles by physicians everywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money instantly refunded without question. The Weil Co., 583 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.

### THE WEIL COMPANY, 583 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your special 10-day trial offer.

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## Then and Now

(Continued from page 77)

the editorship of Carl E. Boorman, Station G, Oakland, California.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column in this department, we stand ready to assist in locating service men whose statements are required in support of claims for compensation, hospitalization, insurance and similar matters. Queries and responses in these cases should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 417 Bond Building, Washington, D. C., and not to this department. The committee wants information in the following cases:

KASSON, Rutgers S. Former captain, 400 Aero Sq. at Romorantin. Living at 3025 Grand Blvd., Detroit, Mich., in May, 1925. Information wanted from captain or any person knowing his present location.

DE BLASIO, Antonio, former pvt., Seventh Co., 154th D. B., born in Italy Oct. 15, 1888. Not heard from since service.

KAHNS, Julius, former sgt., Q. M. C., discharged Jan. 21, 1919, at Camp Travis, Texas.

SMITH, Edward L., former fireman, 1st U. S. N., discharged Sept. 11, 1919; last known address: New Bern, N. C. Requested postmaster at New Bern to forward mail to Detroit, in September, 1924.

WOODWARD, Dickson Arthur, discharged from Army June 4, 1919. Present address wanted.

ZERIOS, Nicholas. Finance Office, War Department, holding \$50.00 Second Liberty Loan Bond for him. Address at enlistment and discharge: 219 W. Eighth st., Cincinnati, Ohio.

FIRST CO., ORDNANCE R. S. DET., IN FRANCE. Men who served with Hd. Co., R 8 Detachment, at Meun-sur-Yer, remembering "Doc," the elderly gentleman who was in charge of the Y. M. C. A. at Meun and who lived in Nice, France.

CO. E, 103d INF. Any members of this outfit having knowledge of whereabouts of Bezwin MIKOVERT alias Geo. Ronch, who enlisted at Cleveland, Ohio, Apr. 28, 1918, and was discharged Apr. 21, 1919.

CO. K, 102d INF. Information desired from former members at Mandres, France, remembering accident to Charles Sabo, which occurred about May 14, 1918.

UNIT K, SHIPS CO. BARRACKS, NAVAL OPERATING BASE, HAMPTON Roads, VIRGINIA. Former shipmates who were stationed in Unit K barracks about spring of 1918, and who remember accidental poisoning of men in this unit by food furnished in mess hall.

EVAC. HOSP. NO. 37, AND EVAC. HOSP. NO. 1. Former comrades, especially of the Casual Co.

which joined No. 1 in Aug., 1918. Information particularly from two members of Casual Co.—one from Hartford, Conn., and formerly with 26th Div., and the other from Macon, Ga.—both wounded.

U. S. S. *Charleston*. Names and addresses of former members who served on this ship in the "Black Gang" and remember William Walfrid WENTELA, Fireman, 1st, injured in fire-room in Oct., 1918.

43d CO., FIFTH REG. U. S. MARINES, SECOND DIV. Former members who served overseas with this outfit, remembering Robert Melvin ESSEX.

CO. M, 49TH INF. Former members of this outfit remembering Harry D. GLOTH.

GREAT LAKES NAVAL STATION, GREAT LAKES, Ill., from Sept. 18, 1917, to Jan. 10, 1919. Doctors who remember treatment of R. W. CIBOR for sinus trouble from Nov. 1st to about Dec. 10, 1917, in sick bay.

ROCHE, George F., Sgt., 1st, 410th A. C. S., born in Derby, Conn.

338TH INF. HQ., 85TH DIV. In France Aug. 3, 1918, to March 26, 1919. Former members of this outfit remembering Charles HELFER, particularly Cpl. Edward YOST, Pvt. James PRITCHETT, Cpl. MILLER, Pvt. James DONAHUE and Sgt. MILLER.

U. S. S. *Black Hawk* 1918-1919. Particularly Sidney A. CLARK, pharmacist's mate; John A. DEAN, coxswain; Kirby WEBSTER, commissary; Slim MORITZ, boatswain mate; also pharmacist's mate called "Sandy."

HART, JOHN, seaman 1st, Army transport Service, U. S. N. U. S. Veterans' Bureau claimant furnished transportation from Bennington, Vt., to Chelsea Naval Hospital, Mass. Left home December 9, 1927. Not since been heard from. About 25 years of age, medium height, brown hair, dark eyes closely set, rather prominent nose, thin face, slight stoop of shoulders, inclined to be shy and very reserved. Was wearing gray felt hat, gray overcoat, dark gray suit and carried dark satchel.

33d INF., Co. L. Jacob Cowan GILLIAM from Sedalia, Mo., enlisted Ft. Slocum, N. Y. July 15, 1918, served in Canal Zone, discharged May 22, 1919, Camp Shelby, Miss., furnishing future address 321½ Ellwood ave., Elmira, N. Y., to which point he accepted transportation. Search for this missing man brought no results to date. Necessary that GILLIAM be located if living and if deceased that proof of death be furnished so that moneys due from Government may be paid to aged and very dependent mother.

CO. A, 30th ENGRS. Particularly 1st Lt. JUDSON, Lt. WEBSTER of the Medical Corps and Pvt. George HICKS, also Miss CUMMINGS of Base Hospital No. 15, Chaumont, France.

107TH INF., 27TH DIV. Information wanted from former comrades of Lt. John BENNY, now deceased, who know about his being wounded and gassed. Required to support compensation claim of his widow who lives in Corinth, Miss.

THE COMPANY CLERK.

## The Play's the Thing

(Continued from page 23)

only it is not feasible. It is the same thing when you ask an actor to entertain you for nothing. That is the reason our post quit, and we probably could have continued to err in this particular, without any expressed resentment, as long as any post in the country—barring only our friendly rival the National Vaudeville Association Post. (Corking good outfit, too, if you want my unofficial opinion.)

In 1923 we gave our last show as a post show, but that was a ready-made entertainment and in line with what we have had from them on, and which has been adopted by other New York City posts looking for profitable entertainment. In 1923 we took over a performance of the annual show of the National Stage Children's Association.

an organization that educates children for the stage. Many of these little folks are the children of actors, and in this entertainment several were the children of members of our post. There were two hundred and fifty of them in the show and it was a good one.

From then on our annual show has been on the ready-made basis entirely. Now we simply go onto the New York rialto and buy out a show for a night. We pick a good one. Once we bought "The Desert Song," and the year before that "The Greenwich Village Follies." This year's selection has not been made. There are more good shows to pick from in New York now than in any season in years.

The procedure is simple. We select show and date well in advance. We go

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The inventor is now ready to place this remarkable discovery on the market and has an introductory free sample offer to mail you. Write Mr. Willy today. Charles Hickey wrote for this free sample offer. Since then Mr. Hickey has made \$4,931.50 profit and earned \$977.25 in prizes. To get this liberal offer simply write your name and address, enclose this ad in an envelope and address it to W. M. Willy, C-195 Logan Bldg., Mitchell, S. Dak.—Adv.

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to the owners of the show and offer them half price of the box office rate for the whole house, or the lower floor, according to our needs. We take an off night—Monday and Thursday are the off nights in the show business—when in the ordinary course of things in the spring of the year even a good show will have unsold seats. We sell the seats at box-office prices to our members, their friends, the regular patrons of the theater or whoever will buy. The boxes are bought by patrons of the post. Thus with a minimum of effort, no worry and no solicitation other than one formal notice to our post mailing list we clear an average of \$1,000. We have a return arrangement with the theater covering unsold tickets. For that matter we could fall back on the brokers to help us get rid of unsold tickets. The fifty-per-cent margin gives leeway for a lot of possibilities.

This policy is spreading among other posts in New York. East Side Post bought the house of "Rio Rita." Signal Post bought the lower floor of the movie "The Better 'Ole" and made a profit of several hundred dollars on an investment of nothing. The post in Astoria, Long Island, bought another show and did the same thing.

I appreciate that New York City posts stand in a different relation to the theater from posts elsewhere, excepting only those in three or four of our largest cities. But I believe the lesson we have learned can be profitably used as a guide for the post in the small town. I am not a stranger to small communities. I was born in San Rafael, California, and brought up in Stockton, which was not so big in my days as it is now. I do not spend all of my time on Broadway by any means and am fairly familiar at this writing with the entertainment possibilities and limitations of the average town where the real strength of The American Legion is.

The motion picture theater has superseded the old road show "opry" house of my time, but that theater holds. I think, as many possibilities for the active post as the rialto, with its fifty playhouses, holds for the post in the metropolitan area. It should be a simple matter, I believe, to buy out a house at a reduced rate and take an off night and rely on the post's prestige and push to fill the seats. I think the post that has an entire town to itself possesses a real advantage over our post, which has so many other live posts to compete with in a city that offers more rival attractions and distractions, with which we also must compete every time we sponsor a show, than any other place on earth.

We think a lot of our post but we realize that it is only a little frog in a very large puddle. That is not the same as being a big frog in a little puddle or even a little frog in a little puddle, and the average Legion post that has a town to itself is a pretty big frog. If we can make a show go in New York by the simple methods I have outlined, I do not see why any live post cannot do the same thing anywhere else.

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**Get Your Machine FREE**

Live wire salesmen are dropping everything else and flocking to Ve-Po-Ad. Ve-Po-Ad brings them quick money and lots of it. Shapiro out in California made \$47,000 in one week! You can "clean up" too! Only 10 sales a day in spare time will bring YOU over \$95.00 a week! You need no previous sales experience—Ve-Po-Ad sells itself! If you are really interested in earning a steady, substantial income, write at once for full details of my **MONEY-MAKING PLAN** and **FREE VE-PO-AD** given to new Agents. Do it **NOW-TODAY!**

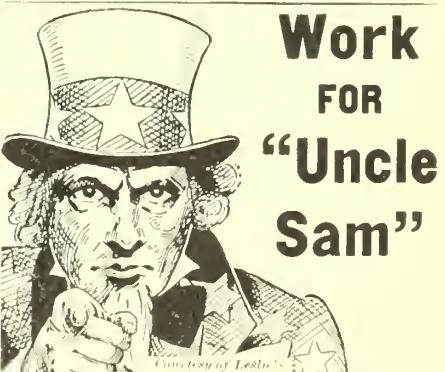
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# Bursts and Duds

(Continued from page 42)

#### AGAIN THE A.-M. PROFESSOR

"And so the professor has been sent to the asylum, poor fellow."

"Yes. You see, he was terribly absent-minded, and one night his wife told him he hadn't kissed her for three months, and he lost his mind trying to recollect who it was he had been kissing."

#### STRATEGY

"Ye're a hard worker, Dooley," commented Casey to his fellow laborer. "How many hods av mortar have ye carried up that ladder today?"

"Shh, man!" whispered Dooley. "I'm foolin' the boss. I've carried the same hodful up an' down all day, an' he thinks I'm workin'."

#### IF WE TOLD THE TRUTH

"Isn't it wonderful that you were only frightened once during the war?" gushed the pretty girl. "When was that?"

"From the day I got in," answered the modest hero, "on."

#### THE TENDER AGE

"How old are you, Mary?"

"Fifteen."

"A girl of fifteen should tell her mother everything."

"I know it. But mother is so innocent, really I haven't the heart."

#### NO FOOLIN'

"A woman's 'no' always means 'yes,'" observed the top sergeant sententiously.

"Well, that Jane I was with last night ain't no woman, then," replied the rookie, as he exhibited a new black eye and half a dozen fresh scratches.

#### IN THE MODERN STYLE

"Boo, hoo!" sobbed a tot. "Muvver, all the clothes is goned offa my new dolly."

"Sh, dear," her mother comforted her. "Big sister wore them to the prom to-night."

#### NOT QUITE SO GOOD

"I knew that old man Brown's son was in the air service during the war, but I didn't know he was really an ace."

"Oh yes. He brought down and de-

stroyed five planes—but each of them was his own."

#### C'EST LA VIE

A kind-hearted moralist was spreading the message through the night clubs of the great city.

"My dear girl," he said, "wouldn't you like to give up this gay life and return to your little country town before it is too late?"

"What?" ejaculated the blonde villager, now quite at home on Broadway. "And give up a swell apartment, a bucket of jewels, more furs than any Eskimo ever had, a Rolls-Royce and a lot of good times? Say, this is real life, not a confession story!"

#### NO HOPE

"Now," cautioned the judge, "remember you are to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

"Golly!" exclaimed the dusky defendant. "Mah case am los' right now!"

#### THERE'S NO JUSTICE

"So your druggist refused to cash a personal check for you?"

"Yes, the horrid thing! And after me buying all my postage stamps from him the past year."

#### IMMUNE

It had always been Sam's ambition to own a fur coat, and after years of skimping he had achieved it. On the first day of its possession, as he was strutting down the street, a friend approached him.

"Mo'nin', Sam," the friend remarked, his teeth chattering from the wintry blasts. "Pretty col' day, ain' she?"

Sam lifted his chin haughtily from the depths of his huge fur collar.

"Ah really kain't tell 'bout the weather," he replied carelessly. "Ah ain't looked at de paper today."

#### THE FACE WITH THE SMILE

Mrs. Flint: "Well, there's one good thing about being a woman—we don't have to shave."

Mrs. Steele: "Oh, my dear, how can you say that? How can you read the shaving cream ads and not think how much enjoyment we're missing?"



# Step into BIG BUSINESS where a single sale will net you '\$125 to \$350

ONLY about once in a decade does an opportunity open for men to get into an old established organization with proven money-making background. This opportunity is now open in one of the world's highest paid selling organizations, and in the fastest moving, best advertised, most romantic, and biggest paying field—the field of Fire Prevention.

## A \$4,000,000 Business

The tremendous expansion program of the Fyr-Fyter Company, Dayton, Ohio, makes this great opportunity possible. Here is a \$4,000,000 business whose reputation is nation-wide.

Never before has the field of Fire Prevention yielded such high pay. Now, everyone is awake to the absolute necessity for proper protection. National, State and City governments

are co-operating in the fight against fire which last year claimed \$570,000,000 in property and over 15,000 lives. Now, right at the time when



### A Few Fyr-Fyter Customers

Customers like these do note Big Business—this list shows the nation-wide acceptance given to Fyr-Fyter products.

Ford Motor Co.  
General Motors Corp.  
Chicago School Board  
Chicago Street Railways  
Detroit Street Railways  
Diamond Match Co.  
Morrison Hotel (Chicago)  
Bethlehem Steel Corp.  
U. S. Government



Advance!—Here is a Wide Open Door to a Business of Your Own That Pays \$5,000 to \$12,000 a Year

everyone is thinking Fire Prevention, Fyr-Fyter Engineers have developed an amazing new addition to their line which is doubling and tripling the income of Fyr-Fyter men.

## An Opportunity for 100 MEN

The steadily increasing demand for our products has created new high pay positions for 100 additional men. These positions call for men of high character and responsibility, with average education and a desire to succeed in the most dignified and best paid branch of the Direct Selling field.

By our plan, the men selected will be started in business for themselves in a good paying territory. All inquiries from prospects in that territory will be referred to our representative. No capital is required. You can sell to your customers on open account—we will take care of the credit and protect you against losses. This is just one of the many advantages you will have when working for a large company with national standing. You act as our appointed representative with fullest authority in selling all customers in your territory from the smallest to the largest.

## Free Training

Experience, though helpful, is not necessary. The Fyr-Fyter Company will give successful applicants complete training in Fire Prevention methods, and sales strategy.

## Quick Advancement

We want only men who are ambitious enough to want advancement into bigger business as well as advancement of income. Probably the most desirable feature of a position with Fyr-Fyter is the opportunity for quick, permanent personal advancement. To men now in mediocre positions or in selling jobs paying only from \$15 to \$70 a week, Fyr-Fyter offers the step

**RAY C. HAHN, Director of Sales  
FYR-FYTER CO.  
9-C Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio**

into Big Business. In this organization a man may rise to fill his greatest capacity. We want permanent men. Once you are with Fyr-Fyter you can cease to look for greater possibilities or opportunities—the opportunities are right in the organization. You can make this your life's work knowing that you will be advancing continually without changing positions. All of our biggest jobs are held by men advanced right from the ranks.

## \$7,500 to \$12,000 a Year

The earnings of our present sales force stands as proof of the great money-making possibilities in the field of Fire Prevention and show why Fyr-Fyter has gained a reputation as having one of the "highest paid selling organizations in the world." Louis George of Illinois, for 3 consecutive years, has averaged over \$10,000 a year. L. D. Payne, Iowa, made \$4,590 his first 200 days—makes as high as \$800 in a single month. Deppre, Ohio, averages over \$500 a month. Many others averaging from \$7,500 to \$12,000 a year.

## State and City Co-operation

No wonder our men make such money! Everyone is a prospect. See the list of a few Fyr-Fyter customers printed on this page. Schools, hospitals, hotels, office buildings, factories, warehouses, give quantity orders. State laws, city ordinances and insurance regulations actually force many large orders! We give our men support by national magazine and direct-mail advertising.

## My Amazing Offer



Ray C. Hahn

Director of Sales for the Fyr-Fyter Company whose national sales plans make successes of his men.

In appointing the 100 new men which I need at once, preference will be given to men who can devote full time to the work. However, men who can start on part time will be considered if good references are furnished.

I have outlined our amazing representative's plan and have given all details of this money-making opportunity in a booklet which will be sent free to those interested.

Appointments must be made at once—send coupon today for full details and application blank for position.

## CLIP AND MAIL

Ray C. Hahn, Director of Sales,

FYR-FYTER COMPANY

9-C Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

Send full details of new representatives' plan and application blank for position.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

# “I got the idea from Florenz Ziegfeld”

Said Gladys Glad to Flo Kennedy behind the scenes at The Ziegfeld Theatre between acts of The Follies.



Florenz Ziegfeld,  
famous theatrical producer, writes:

“As the producer of ‘The Ziegfeld Follies’ I know full well how important it is for my stars to have clear voices at all times. Several years ago, when I first began to smoke Lucky Strikes, I noticed that my voice remained unirritated after a most strenuous time directing rehearsals. I passed this information on to my stars and now we are all agreed: Lucky Strike is a delightful smoke and most assuredly protects the voice, eliminating any coughing, which often interrupts a perfect performance.”

*Florenz Ziegfeld*



# “It’s toasted”

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.